THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

In "Red Pottage."

It is interesting to note that although *Red Pottage* has been so widely read, discussed and criticised, no one has yet called attention to a couple of very flagrant literary errors which the book contains. On page 244 (volume i.) the following instance either of carelessness or of ignorance is found:

> Rachel is a good woman, a saint. Such a woman does not love in a hurry, but when she does, she loves forever. What was that poem he and she had so often read together? Tennyson, wasn't it? About love not altering *"when it alteration finds,"* but bears it out even to the crack of doom. Fine poet, Tennyson, he knew the human heart.

Miss Cholmondeley in this case ascribes to Tennyson a very well-known sonnet of Shakespeare's (cxvi.).

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments. Love is not love
> Which alters *when it alteration finds,*
> Or bends with the remover to remove.

Another blunder is to be found in the very first sentence of the same novel when the author refers to Sterne's famous starling as "Swift's starling."

> "I can't get out," said Swift's starling, looking through the bars of his cage," etc.

This latter is, of course, to be found in the *Sentimental Journey.*

Dickens's Minor Writings.

Mr. F. G. Kitton, the Dickens enthusiast, is about to publish an important addition to Dickens's bibliography under the title *The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography and Sketch.* The book will contain a complete bibliographical history of Dickens's various writings, from the time when his first printed paper appeared in the *Monthly Magazine,* and will include a full list of Dickens's ephemeral contributions to periodical literature, notably to those journals of which he himself was editor. Dickens's contributions to *Household Words* can be identified only by internal evidence, but the list given by Mr. Kitton was endorsed by the late Mr. Charles Dickens the younger, and may be taken as complete. With respect to *All the Year Round,* Mr. Kitton has discovered an office set of that journal, in which the name of the writer has been inscribed against each article.

Mr. Kipling as Financier and Politician.

There is a good deal of rather trivial small talk about Mr. Kipling going the rounds nowadays. Most of it has to do with his forthcoming story, *Kim of the Rishti,* and the amount of money that he is to receive for it. Five thousand pounds is the price that it is understood will be paid to him for the serial rights. There is also talk of his being made a Town Councillor. The English *Outlook,* commenting on this

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MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

rumour, calls the attention of the scornful to the fact that Mr. Thomas Hardy is a justice of the peace, and that Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a vestryman. There is a significant interest in the price to be paid for *Kim of the Rishti*. The story may be worth its price for literary as well as business reasons, but it would be interesting to know how much Mr. Kipling received for such stories as *The Man Who Would be King, The Drums of the Fore and Aft* and *Without Benefit of Clergy*. The subject is not a very dignified one, but there is a great deal of human nature in the interest that surrounds the prices which well-known writers have received for their books. People who have never read ten lines of *Paradise Lost* can tell you without a moment's hesitation that Milton received ten pounds for the manuscript.

Mr. William Nicholson.

Mr. William Nicholson is a young English artist whose work has become, during the past two years, so widely and so favourably known that his forthcoming book, dealing with some of the famous characters of fiction, needs little or no introduction. The volume contains, among others, sketches which convey Mr. Nicholson's ideas of Don Quixote, Sophia Weston, Baron Munchausen, Chicot the Jester, Porthos, Du Vallon, De Bracieux, De Pierrefonds. An English contemporary expresses wonder that Tartarin of Tarascon was not included in the collection. The remark is a very pertinent one. There is no character in all fiction who seems better fitted for presentation through Mr. Nicholson's pictorial talent. The accompanying photograph shows the artist leaning against one of the windows of Chaucer's house at Woodstock.

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American Lighter Rhyme.

While it would be absurd to deny that very little of the serious verse which has been done by American writers during the past few years is worthy of much attention, we have, on the other hand, been singularly fortunate in the quantity and the quality of our lighter rhyme. There is no need to mention the names of men like Eugene Field and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, whose reputations are not limited by the boundaries of the United States. There are to-day several younger writers of light verse who are doing work that is marked by real humour and felicity, and who, above all, are distinctly American. Among these are Mr. William J. Lampton, of the New York *Sun;* Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, Mr. Gelett Burgess, Mr. Oliver Herford, Mr. Frank L. Stanton, of the Atlanta *Constitution,* and, by no means least, Miss Carolyn Wells. Miss Wells has, by her work in the magazines and the weeklies, won for herself a name and a reputation which may not lightly be ignored. We believe that the casual reader of a magazine containing one of her poems will be likely to turn to it about the very first thing. At all events, he certainly will not leave it unread. In *Idle Idylls,* which has just come from the press, Miss Wells has made a collection of what, in our opinion, are the best bits of verse she has ever done.

MISS CAROLYN WELLS.

A CARICATURIST'S IDEA OF MISS WELLS.

The Verse of Miss Carolyn Wells.

What strikes one who takes up Miss Wells's work critically is, first of all, her fastidiousness. She seems to have begun writing rather laboriously. In reading over her earlier verses, one cannot but feel something of the zeal, the industry and the ardour with which she was forever seeking the *mot juste.* And by dint of this patience and this care she always found it, until now the appreciation of it has become instantaneous and instinctive. Her humour, her quaint way of looking at commonplace things, was a natural gift; her felicity of phrase, on the other hand, has been, of course, in a measure

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acquired. The great charm of her work lies in the fact that she is so full of surprises. One never knows just what is coming next, or rather one mentally makes up the next rhyme only to have the guess turned completely topsy-turvy. Her ability to find rhyming words is at times quite amazing, and while speaking of this particular turn of her talent, we wish to call attention to "The Ballade of Petition," because we deem it one of the very best bits of magazine verse that has appeared during the last ten years.

Miss Wells and "The Lark."

Of the ups and downs of her literary career, Miss Wells talks with great humour and vivacity. Her first literary impulses were aroused by the sight of the first number of *The Lark,* which chanced to fall into her hands in the summer of 1895. For some reason, she writes, it appealed to her love of nonsense, and she at once wrote to the editor, Mr. Gelett Burgess, asking him if he cared for contributions to his somewhat erratic paper. In reply Mr. Burgess said that he was exceedingly difficult to please, but if the contributions suited his fancy, he would gladly accept them. For over a year she tried vainly to write something that would be found worthy of publication in *The Lark's* pages. Her efforts, however, were not only rejected, but spurned and hooted at, and it was not until *The Lark* had reached its fourteenth issue that she succeeded in having an article accepted. But in the meantime there had been a very amusing correspondence, which is described at length as a "Gossip on Belles-Lettres," in number nineteen of Mr. Burgess's paper. Two years later the editor came East, and he and Miss Wells met, and have since been firm friends and literary chums and collaborators.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

During the years of *The Lark's* publication many similar ephemeral magazines sprang up all over the country, and to many of these Miss Wells was a contributor. From this she turned her attention to the comic weeklies and the larger magazines. Juvenile matter appealed strongly to her taste, and some of her best work appeared in *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion.* "In 1897 I met Mr. Oliver Herford, whose mentality seemed to run in the same groove as my own. He, too, is a man whose Muse has high ideals and whose Pegasus is a thoroughbred. He has illustrated my best verses, and always with an instant appreciation of their intent that is even subtler than my own." Another of her sponsors in literature is Dr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge. When she met him, in 1895, Mr. Bellamy's book of rhyme charades was having a phenomenal vogue. She and Dr. Rolfe took great interest in guessing the charades, and when they had all been mastered, Miss Wells wrote one for him to guess. It was at his suggestion that *At the Sign of the Sphinx* was written. Miss Wells insists just a little strenuously that she is in no sense really "literary." Her favourite word in either reading or writing is "nonsense." Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear are among her favourite authors, and it is when writing nonsense verses that she feels sure that she is at her best. A paper by her on "The Sense of Nonsense" is soon to appear in *Scribner's,* and she is at work compiling an *Anthology of Nonsense Rhymes,* which is designed to be an exhaustive work on the subject.

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Miss Hilda Johnson.

While on the subject of Miss Wells we wish to say something of a little book of verse which has been printed for private circulation. It is the production of Miss Wells's intimate friend and literary collaborator, Miss Hilda Johnson, who died in Rahway, New Jersey, December 13, 1899. Miss Johnson was a young woman who, had she lived, might have done some very remarkable work. We remember a story by her which appeared in an English magazine about five years ago, and was very rich in promise. It was just a little bit immature, but underlying it there were power, vigour, a fine sincerity and a passionate earnestness. The pathetic little volume of which we are at present speaking contains some very charming light verse. Here are fancy, humour, facility, tempered by a peculiar shyness and sensitiveness.

Mrs. Stetson.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson is at present somewhat specially in the public mind by reason of her recent marriage. Apropos of the note regarding her, contained in our last number, we give a portrait of her which bears out a description of Mrs. Stetson written some time ago by Helen Campbell.

Born in 1860 at Hartford, Connecticut, she is still young, and life is in every line of the eager, restless figure. Slender, dark, alert, straight as a pine-tree, her rarely beautiful head, with its crown of darkest hair, would mean at any point an instant interest, a conviction that while the erratic might, vea would, *happen, that unselfish zeal for the right,* unceasing battle with wrong, would be the overmastering facts of her life.

The description continues as follows:

She is the owner of what New Englanders know as "faculty." The work of her hands is faultless. She can cook to a turn. She can design and fit and sew. She can even, if demand arise, " clean house," and is as fertile in resources in an emergency as the mother in *Swiss Family Robinson.* She has keen artistic sense, and draws and colours with marked ability. As story-teller, in private theatricals, in her dealings with children, her delightful humour and quick sympathy are always upper-

"CHEVEREL MANOR," WARWICKSHIRE.

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MR. PERCY WHITE.

most. She is a good comrade for young or for old, for all sorts and conditions of men.

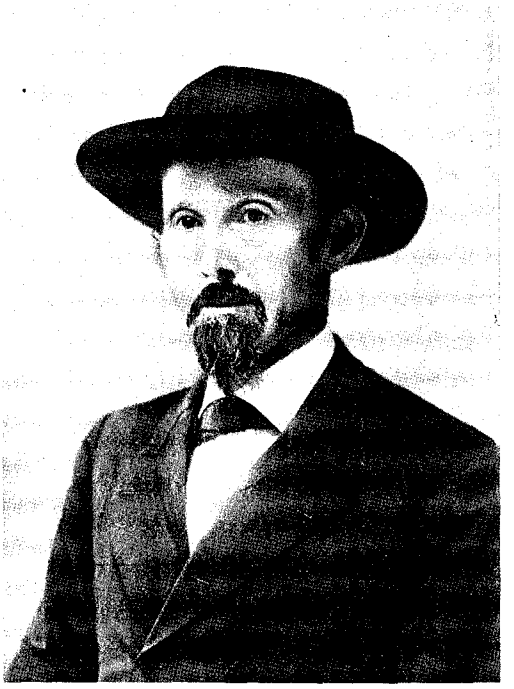
The Real Charles Brandon.

A writer in a recent number of the London *Sphere* made merry over the discovery that Charles Brandon, the gallant lover of Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* was less of a gallant knight and hero and more of a rascal and a bit of a domestic blackguard. The writer wondered whether the author was aware of the true character of his hero. There is very little doubt that Mr. Major knew all about Charles Brandon; it served his purpose to take such facts from history as were consistent with the making of a good love story, and there it ends. Mr. Major was not concerned with Brandon's history, either antecedent or subsequent to the events narrated in his novel. We wonder, however, whether Mr. Major or his critic is aware of the interesting fact that the duke and his royal spouse used to walk through the park, beautifully timbered with portions of the old Forest of Arden, which was to become famous in *Scenes of Clerical Life.* For "Cheverel Manor" in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* is the Italianised architectural pile known as Arbury Hall in Warwickshire, once the seat of Augustinian monks and the home of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor after they were married.

Arbury Hall.

Arbury Hall and the estates, covering three hundred acres, and well stocked with deer, were sold by the heirs of Charles Brandon to Sir Edmund Anderson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who demolished the old monkish house, and reared upon its ruins "a faire structure of quadrangular form." But this stern adherent of Protestantism in Good Queen Bess's reign seems to have still been haunted with monastic memories; for shortly after the building was completed he wished himself well out of it, and succeeded in exchanging it for the Manor of Harefield in Middlesex, where the Newdegate family had been settled since the days of Edward III. Arbury Hall thus became the seat of this old family, who subsequently spelled the name Newdigate

About the year 1770, Sir Roger Newdigate, to whom the estates had descended, returned from "the grand tour" and set about remodelling the unsightly ancestral Hall into the "Cheverel Manor" of to-day. On the estate was employed



MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

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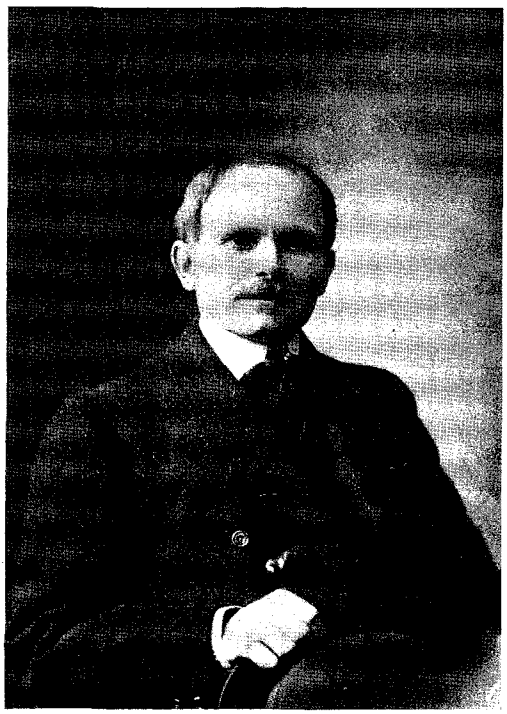
a young man of trustworthy character and excellent craftsmanship, who became Sir Roger's confidential servant, and whose name was William Evans. William had a younger brother, Robert, who in 1799 became the steward and land agent of the young squire, Francis Newdigate, when the latter took possession of a large estate at Kirk Hallam in Derbyshire. This Robert Evans it was who in 1819 became the father of the future George Eliot; and when the novelist came to write *Adam Bede,* it was the intimacy between her father and the young squire which suggested the friendship between Arthur Donnithorne and Adam.

George Eliot and "Cheverel Manor."

The curious and archæological minded will find in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* a most intimate and minutely accurate description of the Hall, with which George Eliot from childhood was daily familiar. And in Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel they will discern the portraits of Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate most sympathetically limned and void of all offence. An earlier attempt to use the fine old character of the baronet may also be recognised in Squire Oldinport, who appears in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.* Griff House, to which George Eliot was taken to live while yet an infant, is a large brick building, overlooking "Cheverel Manor." Sir Roger was a contemporary and an intimate friend of Sir Horace Walpole.



FREDERICK BURR OPPER.

RONALD MACDONALD.

Mr. Percy White, whose excellent novel, *The West End,* is reviewed on another page of this number of THE BOOKMAN, was born in London in 1852. He was professor of the English language and literature in a French college for a time, afterward becoming a private instructor. Mr. White turned to journalism in 1880, and for ten years was editor of *Public Opinion.* He is well known in London as a contributor to the various reviews and magazines. His first novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin,* was published in 1883, and, like *The West End,* shows the author's satirical turn of mind.

The Late Michael Cavanagh.

A very interesting figure passed away with the death some little time ago of Michael Cavanagh, the Gaelic scholar and poet. Mr. Cavanagh was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death. He was born in Cappaquin, County Waterford, Ireland. He was just entering manhood when the rebellion of 1848 broke out, and he became so deeply implicated in that struggle that after its collapse he was obliged to make his escape to the

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THE FIRST "TATTOOED MAN" CARTOON.

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United States. He served through the War of Secession, and at the close of that conflict was employed at the War Department. Mr. Cavanagh was considered one of the best writers on Irish folk-lore of this generation.

❧

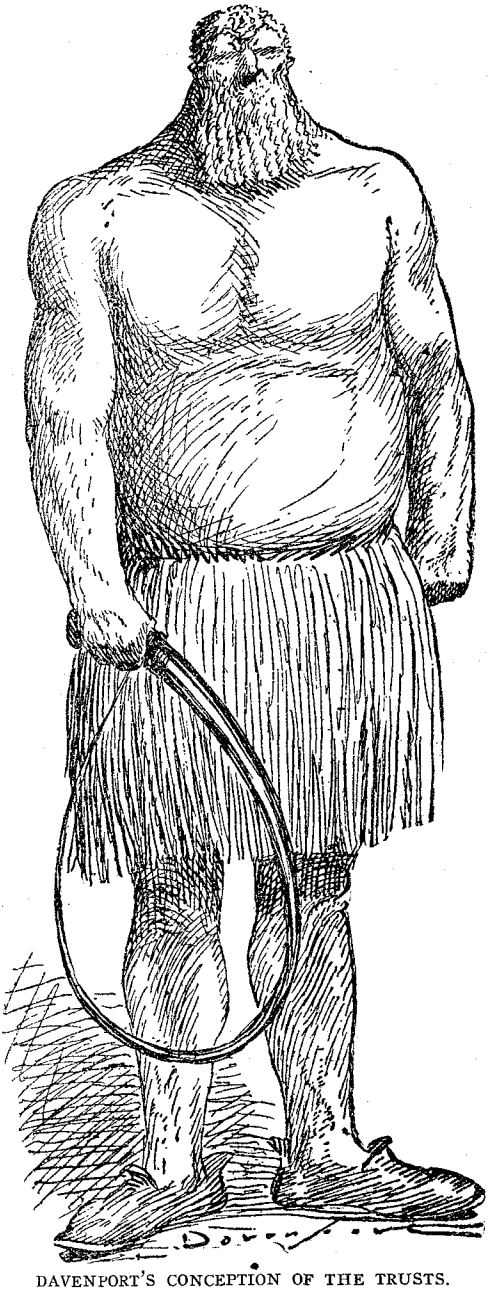
Mr. Ronald Macdonald.

We have pleasure in giving this month a portrait of Mr. Ronald Macdonald, the son of Dr. George Macdonald, and author of *The Sword of the King*, reviewed in our September number. Mr. Macdonald was born in 1860, and after taking his degree at Trinity College, Oxford, was for two years a schoolmaster in England, partly at Clifton College and at the Cathedral School at Gloucester. Afterward he taught for some seven years in the United States, being for the greater part of that time headmaster of a church school in North Carolina. On returning to England, he had some practical experience of the stage in the provinces, and wrote several plays, one of which, *The Eleventh Hour*, written in collaboration with Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, was toured for a year by the authors. Mr. Macdonald's novel, *The Sword of the King*, is founded upon another of his plays.

❧

Frederick Burr Opper.

In the "Here and There" of our October number something was said about political cartoons. Considerable stress was laid upon the work done in the New York *Journal* by Mr. Homer Davenport and Mr. Frederick Burr Opper. We think it would be impossible very much to overestimate the political effect of cartoons like the good-natured series in which Mr. Opper serves up a sketch nearly every day to the readers of the newspaper with which he is connected, under the general title "Willie and His Papa." Quite as amusing and equally effective are his pictorial skits at the expense of the "McKinley Minstrels." While these cartoons depend, first of all, on the effects obtained by Mr. Opper's pencil, the legends and jokes which introduce them contain a great deal of very striking humour. Another series by Mr. Opper, which has nothing whatever to do with politics or social conditions, is the series which, under the head "Wouldn't It Make You Mad?", treats of the little ironies and complications of every-day life.



DAVENPORT'S CONCEPTION OF THE TRUSTS.

Mr. Opper was born in Madison, Lake County, Ohio, in the year, as he expresses it—"well, some time ago." He left school at the age of fourteen, and worked in one of the village stores for a time, and then served as the print-

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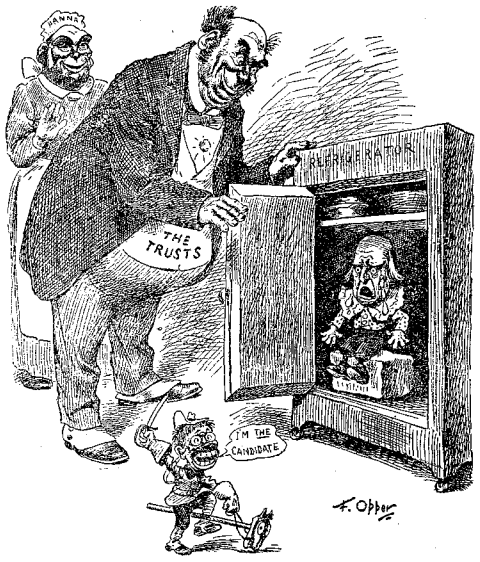
WILLIE AND HIS PAPA.



"What on earth are you doing in there, Willie?"
"Teddy put me in. He says it's the best place for me during the campaign."

er's devil in the office of the local paper. After a year or two of this work he came to New York to seek his fortune, thinking that he could find it by setting type in the office of some newspaper. He found, however, that he had not served long enough at the printer's trade, and finally secured a position in a large store to write price labels on the goods. While here he got up comic sketches and took them to *Wild Oats* and other humorous publications. The fact that some of these were accepted so encouraged him that he gave up his position and began to support himself by the making of humorous pictures. After a little time he was offered a place on the staff of *Frank Leslie's* as a comic draughtsman and special artist. After three years with *Leslie's* he began his connection with *Puck*, which lasted eighteen years. He is now one of the stockholders of the *Puck* Company. Mr. Opper's range of work has been remarkably wide. He has done cartoons, social humour and satire and character work; and made illustrations for books by such humorous writers as Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Hobart, the author of *Dinkelspiel*, and F. P. Dunne. A book of his own has just appeared from the press of Mr. R. H. Russell. Mr. Opper has now been in the employ of the New York *Journal* for more than a year and a half.

Since the appearance of our remarks last month on the subject of political cartoons we have received an additional bit of information about the origin of Mr. Gillam's "Tattooed Man." It appears that Mr. Gillam had conceived the notion of a cartoon in which each of the Presidential possibilities should appear as some sort of freak in a political side-show. As Mr. Gillam had originally thought the thing out, he had (with singular infelicity) hit upon David Davis for the person to be represented as the Tattooed Man, and was describing the proposed cartoon to one of his associates in the office of *Puck* when Mr. H. C. Bunner, who was at that time the editor and who had been quietly listening, whirled suddenly about in his chair and called out, "David Davis? Nonsense! Blaine is the man for that." Mr. Gillam saw the force of the suggestion at once, and thereupon proceeded to draw the terrible cartoon which is now almost a part of American history. For the benefit of those of our readers who may have forgotten them, we reproduce herewith some of the famous cartoons whereof we spoke last month, and also one by Mr. Opper and one by Mr. Davenport, each of which is eminently characteristic of its originator's method.

Mr. Page's Diatribe.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has received a good deal of attention lately because of an address delivered by him in which he set forth the alleged shortcomings of the smart section of American society and denounced them with considerable portentousness. We must confess that in this particular rôle Mr. Page appears to have lost at once his temper, his sense of humour and also his power of right reasoning; so that his utterances are such as might have come from a male Selma White. Why not take a common-sense and philosophical view of our plutocratic fellow-citizens who are trying to crystallise themselves into a distinct and separate caste? Of course, their immediate aims and aspirations are wholly personal to themselves, yet incidentally they are doing a great deal for the country. Their money erects magnificent buildings, which give to our people a much-needed architectural lesson; it establishes art collections and brings to

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this country many of the exquisite treasures which Europe has long possessed. The owners of the money impart to our national *ensemble* a decorative element in their sumptuousness, their imported luxury and the ornamental accessories of their life. Of course, they are not exactly the real thing as yet, nor will they be until at least a century shall have elapsed; but they are doing their best, and ought indeed to be encouraged and perhaps guided a little by occasional criticism in a friendly rather than in an unsympathetic vein. Instead of attempting to deter our plutocrats in their effort to become aristocrats, one should rather help them along and prevent them from making those breaks which arise from an imperfect knowledge of their models. Just at present they are engaged in a sort of debauch of extravagance, which is just a little vulgar. Before long, however, they will come out of this all right, and will acquire taste. Most of us haven't money enough to do the things which they do; but that is no reason for being envious or uncharitable. It is much better to take the attitude of an intelligent and philosophical observer, to admire what is worthy of admiration, and to derive a little quiet amusement from the occasional and almost always quite innocuous absurdities of those who are attempting a task of tremendous difficulty without having yet acquired all the necessary knowledge.

Robert Barr and the Wilkesbarre Clock.

Another one of the practical jokes of the amiably irrepressible Robert Barr comes to light! It seems that the tower of the Court-House at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has a big clock with four faces. This clock is normally sedate and well behaved as becomes the very respectable city which it adorns; but one morning, a number of years ago, Wilkesbarre awoke to find that each of the faces was telling a different story and the bell a fifth story, for when the bell rang out the hour of three in the afternoon it was eight o'clock by the north face, two by the west, twelve by the east and ten by the south. The four faces and the bell were brought into harmony, but the perpetrator of the peculiar atrocity remained undiscovered. A few weeks ago a Wilkesbarre young lady, in reading about the adventures of Jennie Baxter, pounced upon a rather remarkable inaccuracy. She discovered that Mr. Barr on one page gave his heroine light hair and on another attributed to her raven locks, and so she sat down straightway and wrote to Mr. Barr about the matter. Mr. Barr's reply, which we append, not only touches upon the colour of Jennie Baxter's hair, but it clears away the mystery which formerly surrounded the surprising behaviour of the Wilkesbarre City Hall clock.

HILLHEAD, WOLDINGHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.
DEAR MISS:

Your letter has remained unanswered for some time, because I have been very busy trying to make up for time enjoyed for three months in America, when I did nothing but fool around the country in the snow. Why did I make Jennie Baxter have fair hair on page 2, and black hair on page 145? I'm sure I don't know. Can't fair hair be dyed black? I thought it could. But then I don't believe Jennie would have dyed her hair, do you? It was all a mistake on my part, unnoticed when I read the proofs. It was a judgment on me for having put the clock wrong the last and only time I was in picturesque Wilkesbarre. I went up on the tower there (on the City Hall, isn't it?) and pushed the hands of the big clock so that all the faces gave different time and all wrong. I was never caught, but I was young and frivolous at the time, so retribution waited on me until now. I think that must be the true explanation.

Yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Barr, by the way, is said to be at work on a novel which is to deal with the subject of American politics.

The N. Y. "Sun" on China.

Credit to whom credit is justly due. We are moved to put on record a fact to which we hear many bearing witness every day. Since the beginning of the intensely interesting complications in China, just one American newspaper has published adequate letters from the military centre. That paper is the New York *Sun*, whose staff correspondent has sent it, up to the present time, the clearest, fullest and

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best written narrative of what has been going on in the East since the Seymour relief expedition made its abortive attempt to reach Pekin. Each of these communications has occupied about a page in the *Sun,* and each one has been filled full of just the sort of information which every one desires—the important things, the interesting things and, above all, the details. So much has been happening which the public as a whole does not know and never will know that it ought to be grateful to the one man who has lifted at least a corner of the veil and has given us a glimpse of what there is behind it. The fighting will be described, no doubt, again and again; but the darker scenes of what took place at Tien-Tsin and at Pekin will probably remain untold. The *Sun* correspondent, however, gives a clue that will enable a discerning mind to infer a great deal which is best left formally unrecorded.

A Shocker that Fails to Shock.

Last month we said something about the making and influence of the detective story, which was suggested by the publication of a new edition of the best-known works of Émile Gaboriau. The subject we deem an interesting one from many sides, and a little book which we have since read provokes us to further comment. The book in question is *The Circular Study,* by Anna Katharine Green, and we think it an object of curiosity and interest because it shows just how bad a detective story can be. Anna Katharine Green enjoys a considerable popularity which is more or less deserved. *The Leavenworth Case* and *Behind Closed Doors* were in their way rather good stories. Mrs. Rohlfs put in them the ingredients of real horror. In each book she succeeded admirably in keeping suspicion away from the real criminal until the very end, and if they had not been so badly written and so long-winded, they would have been rather striking books.

The Circular Study, on the other hand, has nothing to recommend it. In our opinion, it is an utterly dreary book. The plot is meaningless, or rather the book contains practically no plot at all. One Felix Adams is found murdered in an extraordinary house in New York. The first suspect is his butler, the demented and deaf and dumb witness of the crime. There are false clues, which, of course, are the inevitable factors of the commonplace detective story, and the inevitable Mr. Gryce is aided by a young man by the name of Sweetwater, who is likely to be a character of considerable importance in the stories which Mrs. Rohlfs may in future write. In the present volume, however, he is rather obscure, and the part played by him is comparatively insignificant. The real culprit, or rather culprits, remain in the dark simply because they are not introduced until the latter part of the book, and then the whole thing is so obvious that the reader turns the last page rather disappointed that the closing chapters do not bring about a real surprise. The central episode in the feud between the Cadwaladers and John Poindexter which directly led to the crime is not only utterly extravagant and ridiculous, but is in a measure an obvious imitation of an incident in Mrs. Augusta J. Evans's *St. Elmo.* Of course, it is very likely that Mrs. Wilson took it from some one else, who in turn had filched it from an earlier story-teller.

The Awakening of the East.

M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, the author of *La Rénovation de l'Asie,* which is being published in this country by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company under the title of *The Awakening of the East,* is not very well known in this country. He is a nephew of A. Leroy-Beaulieu, the celebrated writer on Russian topics. The younger man recently spent two years travelling in Siberia, China and Japan, contributing articles during his journeyings to the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* His present volume has attracted considerable attention in Europe, and for this English translation Henry Norman has written an introduction. M. Leroy-Beaulieu regards the main factors of the awakening to be the evolution of Japan from a hermit nation to a world power, the astonishing development of Russia in Siberia, and the changes in China.

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The Lost Chapter of "David Harum."

A "lost chapter" of *David Harum* has been printed in a number of American newspapers during the past year, and has been included as "an unpublished chapter" in *The Real David Harum* by Arthur T. Vance (The Baker and Taylor Company). The editorial comment implies that in the submission of Mr. Westcott's manuscript to several publishers this chapter was lost. It has been accepted widely as genuine, and inquiries have been received asking the reasons for its omission.

The true story of its origin is as follows: In May, 1899, when quotations from *David Harum* were on every one's lips, the idea occurred to one of the members of a literary club in a suburb of New York to entertain his fellow-members with an imaginary account of a visit of David Harum to their town. At the club's annual dinner the toast was announced, "When David Harum visited——" The speaker said that another chapter of the book had been discovered, and suggested that a gentleman present was one of the publishers who had had a chance at the manuscript of *David Harum;* but all who heard the toast understood that it was a bit of pleasantry, and it was so interpreted when published in a local paper. The characters of the chapter are recognised easily in the town of its origin. The gentleman whom David meets at the Horse Show in New York, to whom he sells a pair of horses, and with whom he spends a Sunday, is a leading citizen. The Methodist clergyman who will "do as good a mile in the back pastur' as 'fore all the folks o' Freeland County Fair" is now the chancellor of a university in the West. The judge who is such a "fine looker, sixteen hands high and neck like a Norman" is one of the leaders of the Bar in his State, and one of its best known public men. He is much interested in prison reform, and during the winter of 1899 had made an address such as is described, and at his request the hymn "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" was sung. The story was made up entirely in a minister's study in the town whose citizens it describes, and was conceived simply as an interesting way of saying things about people before their face and in the company of their friends. It was never submitted to a publisher, and its circulation outside the place of its origin has been entirely accidental.

Lucas Malet's Forthcoming Novel.

The new novel which Lucas Malet is to publish next year is nearing completion, and is, we learn, to be entitled *The History of Sir Richard Calmady.* The story, the scene of which is laid in the moorland and forest country of the northern part of Hampshire, in London, and in Naples, opens in the year 1842. The action covers a period of about thirty-three years, and deals with the experiences and adventures of an English country gentleman, of an essentially normal type of character, subjected, owing to peculiar circumstances, to very abnormal conditions of life. The book is, frankly, a romance; but it is also a frankly realistic and modern one. In Lucas Malet's earlier novels, *The Wages of Sin* and *A Counsel of Perfection,* incidental mention has been made of various persons who play an important part in this book.

Frank T. Bullen's Career.

An English contemporary has been interviewing Mr. Frank T. Bullen, whose deep-sea stories have during the past two or three years won such wide attention and recognition, concerning the early experiences on which his tales were based. He was thrown on his own resources almost from infancy. Among other occupations, he was an errand-boy in an oil-shop, an assistant in a laundry, a general utility boy in a lath-render's, an errand-boy for a trunk-maker and for a boot-maker. Next he went as a page to a fashion artist and then to a chemist. He sold newspapers as a West London street arab, and amidst all these vicissitudes he had never any chance of really beginning life afresh, for there was always the danger that his one enemy, who kept a laundry, would hunt him out, and drag him back to a pitiless drudgery. Generous consideration for the living prevents Mr. Bullen from dwelling on the worst

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miseries of his childhood. His one kind friend was the aunt who protected him in his very earliest years.

In his twelfth year he was offered a chance to go to sea in the *Arabella,* a sailing ship, commanded by his uncle, "a stubborn, surly, but thoroughly capable old seaman." The sea held out to him, as to so many others, the certainty of regular food and lodging, however poor. He was sick of his street-arab life, and longed for some security. The relative under whom he sailed was none too kind to the puny lad whom he engaged as cabin-boy. More than once, in an access of rage, he beat the child unmercifully for trivial offences, or for the faults of others. The *Arabella* was little better than a coffin-ship. "She was a survival of a bygone day, clumsy as a Dutch galliot, impoverished by her owner, who was heartily sick of seeing her afloat, and would have rejoiced to hear that she was missing, and withal leaky as a basket." On a gloomy January morning the sea-waif first climbed on deck. The cabin was a dreary place; the atmosphere below, "a rank compound of the reek of bilge-water, mouldering stores and unventilated sleeping-places, caught me by the throat, making my head swim and a lump rise in my chest." The boy spent the night before sailing in a snug corner of Hyde Park, unknown to the police, which had often before served him as a refuge. Next morning he started for the Docks, arriving on board at half-past nine very tired and hungry. The many changes and wonderful adventures of the next few years have been described in *The Log of a Sea-Waif.*

At Sea and Ashore.

Readers of *The Log of a Sea-Waif* have sometimes wondered whether its marvellous tales represent in every instance uncoloured and unexaggerated truth. Mr. Bullen assures the public that in not a single instance has he drawn on his imagination. The scenes and the personages of these early struggles were photographed on a child's memory, which has preserved them unfaded through the stress of years. One of the chief difficulties of his life was to find a new engagement when the old came to an end. He looked so small and childish that captains were reluctant to give him a berth. Often he was forced to resume his street-arab life in London while waiting for a chance at the docks. After many wanderings he found himself, at the age of eighteen, with a sea experience of six years, roaming the streets of New Bedford, Massachusetts. As his money was all gone, he was hungry for a ship, and falling in with a captain wanting men, they went together to a building, round which were gathered a nondescript crowd of landsmen, and along with the others Frank Bullen signed the articles of agreement. Neither he nor his mates knew that they were engaging themselves to serve on a whaler. They learned neither where they were going, nor the name of the ship, nor the amount of the wages, nor the probable length of the voyage. The one concern of each and all was to get to sea and under somebody's charge. "From the time we signed the articles we were never left to ourselves. Truculent-looking men accompanied us to our several boarding-houses, paid our debts for us, finally bringing us by boat to a ship lying out in the bay. As we passed under her stern, I read the name *Cachalot,* of New Bedford; but as soon as we ranged alongside, I realised that I was booked for the sailor's horror—a cruise in a whaler."

In 1882, after many later voyages, Mr. Bullen came ashore for good. A friend offered him a berth in the Meteorological Office, and there he remained till last spring, when he decided to give his whole time to journalism and authorship. His first published article appeared in *Young England* under the title "Port Royal Tom." It is the story of a shark. As Mr. Bullen's earnings were only about £2 a week, and he had a wife and five children to support, he often wondered whether it would be possible to put his adventures into writing, and he sometimes asked himself what style he had better imitate. But as imitation seemed likely to be laborious and unsatisfactory,

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he made up his mind to write as if he were talking. His style has all the charm of the most natural and racy conversation, while in its loftier flights it reaches the level of the best English prose. Except for a first reading, to supply omissions and correct the punctuation, he never attempts to revise his work.

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Mr. Bullen and Mr. Kipling.

For years before he himself thought of writing, Frank Bullen was a Kipling worshipper, and knew by heart the earlier Indian stories. As the material for the *Cruise of the Cachalot* began to take shape in his mind, it occurred to him that Mr. Kipling would treat it much more satisfactorily than he could, so he wrote to offer him the material. Mr. Kipling declined it, but advised him to push on, and several letters passed between them. There was a cherished hope in Mr. Bullen's mind that the great novelist might be persuaded to write an introduction for him. Mr. Kipling said No, but in the kindest way. "When a man can make a steamer move by saying things to it, and at it, and round it, and about it, then you will find that a book can be helped by power outside its own merits." This was before the *Cachalot* had been shown to its eventual publishers, and the experienced author advised the beginner to have it typewritten, and he also offered to look over it. More he could not do, for "some rather interesting experiences have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work. . . . If the book is good, it will go, and if it is not, nothing will make it stir." In another communication Mr. Kipling gave a yet more conclusive reason against writing an introduction, "All the men who want to stick a knife into me would stick it into *you* as soon as they saw my name prefacing your book. Bitter experience has taught me that that kind of thing doesn't pay. If a book stands by itself, it will stand by itself; but if you use another chap's name to help it to a start, you will get all the whacks that the other chap would have got if he had written the book, in addition to a few whacks on your own merits."

The "African Nights Entertainment."

Mr. A. J. Dawson, whose photograph we herewith present, has written a volume of stories, which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. To that review we refer those of our readers who are curious as to the merits of the book, with the simple reservation that we say here merely that the *African Nights Entertainment* combines in a very unique and original way the fearful and the bizarre. In the choice of his title Mr. Dawson was at once very happy and yet very daring. A book of inferior merit would be crushed into utter helplessness by the sheer weight of such a name, because that name naturally invites something of a comparison with the vast store of tales which were brought from the East and given to Europe for the first time between the years 1704 and 1717 through the somewhat emasculated translation of Antoine Galland. The *New Arabian Nights* of Robert Louis Stevenson was, of course, a very admirable bit of literary invention. But to the general reader, we take it, the stories appealed rather through his curiosity than through his sense of horror.

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A great deal can always be said in disparagement of the literary taste and the general reading of the present time. It may be pointed out with perfect justice that we are not getting many masterpieces nowadays; that there are no *Vanity Fairs* nor *Pickwicks* nor *Cousine Bettes* nor *Monte Cristos*, and no Thackerays nor Dickenses nor Balzacs nor Dumases to write them; that if the great book of the old school was at times a little long-winded, if its conversations were too long and its heroics too stilted, it was at the same time vastly superior in solidity and strength. But there is certainly one department of fiction in which we have progressed. Novel readers have been so sated with the grim and tragic that they are growing just a little bit *blasé*, and a romance of particular horror is needed to give them a real thrill. The tales that caused the readers of the first half of the nineteenth century to fumble about tremblingly in cupboards and wardrobes before putting out the light

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seem now ever so tame. The haunted chambers of Mr. G. P. R. James's enchanted castles no longer produce the shudders of old. Even the stories of Edgar Allan Poe are now admired, first of all, as literary productions. They are too palpably feats of the imagination. The horrors which they describe belong to strange lands and an unnatural atmosphere. The personages which troop through them inhabit a strange, weird country—the country of *Ulalume*, where

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sear,
The leaves they were withering and sear.
(It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year),
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty, mid-region of Weir,
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

"Frankenstein."

There is no story which seems to furnish the average newspaper editorial writer with finer opportunities for inept and misplaced metaphor than Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*. It is a book which is far from being ignored by the casual novel reader even in these days, when one is obliged to struggle strenuously even to seem to keep up with the books that are new and popular. Only a few months ago it was printed in a mutilated form in one of the most enterprising of our New York newspapers. By the novel readers of sixty years ago it was passed down as something to freeze the blood. Yet, somehow, it provokes only the mildest of thrills, and judged by the standards of to-day, it is a wofully dreary book. The central thought is wonderful. As an idea pure and simple, it takes rank with the great ideas of all literature. In its way, it is an epic of horror. Condense it to two hundred words as the theme, a romance and its possibilities are infinite. Only this immense seed thought, this vast conception, are in Mrs. Shelley's story submerged, smothered under the mass of platitude, of false rhetoric, of endless dialogue, of absurd claptrap. One very naturally likes to speculate as to what this theme might have been had it been handled by a Stevenson, a Kipling or a Guy de Maupassant. Above all, by a Maupassant. What grandeur there would have been! What cynicism, what horror, what gloom!

The Old Horror Story and the New.

What distinguishes the horror story of to-day from the horror story of the past, what gives to it the supreme, and final touch, is that closeness with which it is linked with reality and which baffles the reader who would say just where the commonplace and the probable ends and the impossible and supernatural begins. You are walking along Broadway or the Tottenham Court Road or the Boulevard des Italiens; you enter a café, a public house or a pastry cook's; you order a cocktail or a pint of twopenny bitter or a tart; you meet people whom you might very well meet, and presto! before you are aware of anything unusual taking place, you are walking stealthily through the streets of Bagdad, and experiencing the adventures of Aladdin of the Lamp or Ali Baba. Everything is quite tangible. The houses are of respectable and substantial brick. The china may be cracked, but it came through the clerk of the crockery store and not through the Djinn of the ring. In a word, when the astounding adventure has been played out the reader and the hero walk out together and sniff the damp asphalt and find a supercilious policeman on the next corner. Up to a certain point it all might have been.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Take, as a modern instance, Robert Louis Stevenson's story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Mr. Utterson, Doctor Lanyon, Sir Danvers Carew and the normal Doctor Henry Jekyll—none of them is anything out of the ordinary. In fact, they are, one and all, rather commonplace characters. Soho is an every-day neighbourhood, and by suppressing two dozen pages one might have one of the most sedate and quiet of narratives. The background is London—London of to-day, vast, complex, big with mystery and strange crime, but the crime which ultimately finds its way into the police court and the newspapers. Jekyll is outwardly the most respectable of men—stiff-necked and punctilious, an observer

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of starched convention—who would have died of sheer horror had his butler passed in a letter without first placing it in a silver tray. The narrative begins quietly and sedately. The dreadful story of Hyde trampling down the child is told in that subdued language which marks the conversation of gentlemen and men of the world. The account of the will is a strange one, but it is only one of those curious secrets of which every reputable lawyer in a great city is the repository. It is this moderation that make the horrors of the latter part of the book so utterly ghastly. Had Utterson, Lanyon and Poole been other than they were, the grim visit of Hyde to Lanyon's house, the finding of the suicide, and the strange story of the transcendental drug would have failed in their effect.

Thackeray's "Notch on the Axe."

It is not often that an author writing in a spirit of sheer burlesque produces a tale which at once inspires laughter and horror. And yet this is just what Thackeray did in "The Notch on the Axe—A Story à la Mode," which ran through three numbers of the *Roundabout Papers*. "The Notch on the Axe" is one of the most important of all of Thackeray's minor works, because it showed that the satirist of *Vanity Fair* and of *Pendennis* might have been, had he so wished, a writer of "shockers" of no mean order. The tale is also a curious example of that contradiction and forgetfulness to which Thackeray was so prone. It contains several odd little blunders. If the reader has not detected these, let him look again, for instance, at the two references to the date of the death of the Countess Rachel in the third part of the story, and he will find something quite as curious as Thackeray's resuscitation of the mother of the Marquis of Farintosh in *The Newcomes*. But, as we have said, "The Notch on the Axe," although founded on pure absurdities, and designed as a caricature of the stories then in vogue, somehow surpasses in pure horror the very tales that it aimed to burlesque.

A. J. DAWSON.

IRVING BACHELLER.

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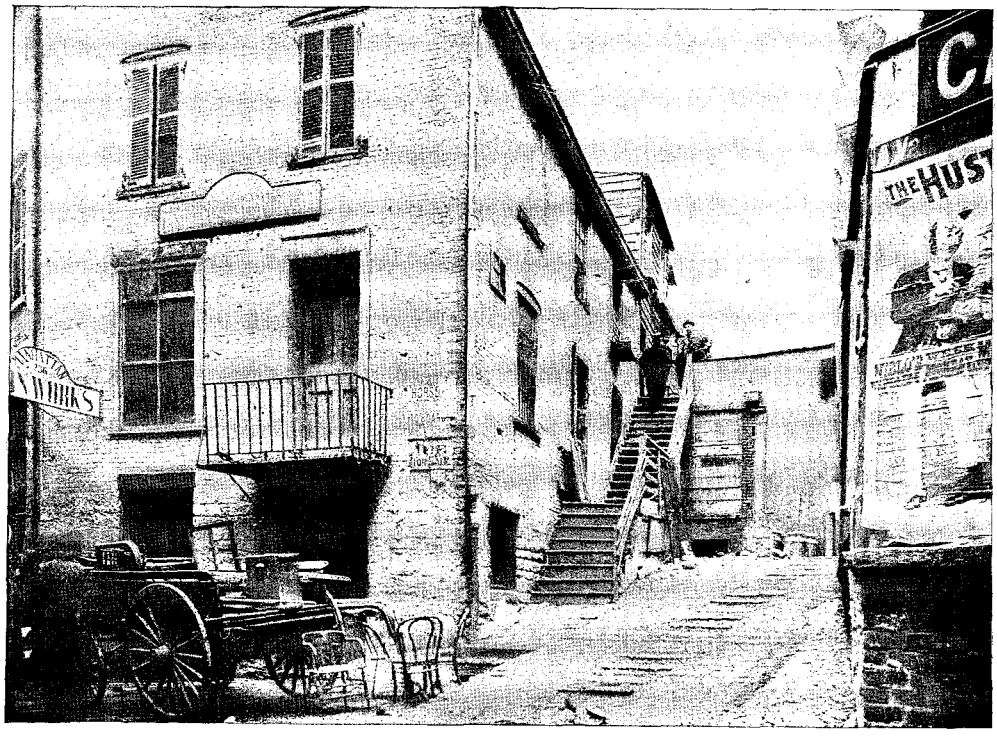
PARADISE VALLEY, SCENE OF FIRST PART OF "EBEN HOLDEN."

Mr. Irving Bacheller.

Mr. Irving Bacheller, whose novel *Eben Holden* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, has had a singularly varied and interesting career as a newspaper and literary worker. He was born in Pierrepont, St. Lawrence County, New York, in the autumn of 1859, in a house on Waterman Hill, overlooking Paradise Valley, the scene of the first part of *Eben Holden*. His school-days began at the old Howard school-house, noted for its wrestlers and the eloquence of quaint characters—Mose Tupper and Jed Feary and Elder Whitmarsh. Readers of the book will remember that Horace Greeley in one of the later chapters refers to Jed Feary's athletic prowess. At the age of thirteen, young Bacheller left home and went to work in a country store. During the



MONKEY HILL, A QUAINT CORNER OF OLD NEW YORK.—IRVING BACHELLER'S "EBEN HOLDEN."

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next few years he was at various times a "telegraph operator, a post-office clerk, a salesman, a scrubwoman, a bookkeeper and a delivery wagon." He grew to be familiar with the gossips of the wood stove and the cracker barrel, and it is to the memory of those days and that environment that is owed the quaint humour and philosophy of *Eben Holden*.

After a time, however, he grew tired of the life. It was too narrow for him. It dulled his spirits and his ambition. So finally he went to Canton, where his father had bought a place, and where he and his brothers were to be educated. But after a short term in the school at that place he again started out in the world for himself and went travelling through Vermont, selling dairy implements. This venture, however, proved unsuccessful, and in 1878, at the age of nineteen, he entered St. Laurence University, from which he was graduated as Bachelor of Sciences in 1882. Four years later he was given the degree of Master of Sciences. While an undergraduate he founded the Alpha Omicron Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega at St. Laurence, now one of the most prosper-

MISS HELEN HAY.

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MR. FRANK VERBECK.

ous chapters in the fraternity. He is also a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

In August, 1882, Mr. Bacheller came to New York City. He worked for a year on the *Daily Hotel Reporter,* and then joined the city staff of the Brooklyn *Times.* During the campaign of 1884 in a great wigwam on Bushwick Avenue he underwent practically the same experience that befell William Brower in the forty-second chapter of *Eben Holden.* In a word, he was mistaken for one General Batcheller, and was overwhelmed with the honours meant for that worthy. On the staff of the Brooklyn *Times,* where the desk of Walt Whitman has always been a relic and an inspiration, there were at that time, working side by side with Mr. Bacheller, Charles M. Skinner, Alexander Black, Elbridge S. Brooks and John L. Heaton. Late in 1884 Mr. Bacheller gave up his reportorial position to start the Bacheller Syndicate. This organisation was from the first a success, and did a great deal toward the revolutionising of literary methods. He was the first to see the power in *The Red Badge of Courage,* and in the winter of 1894 he and Crane and Willis B. Hawkins and Howard Fielding hung out "The Sign O' the Lantern" at the little chalet on Monkey Hill, described in *Eben Holden.* In the Lantern Book the club is thus described by Mr. Bacheller:

> Once a number of young men, being jolly fellows of excellent credit with each other, had a steady habit of dining at the same table. And one of them having invention and the love of good-fellowship, proposed a club where each might show his art in the writing of verses, tales, plays and the like, and where sharp criticism might go without offence. So "the Sign O' the Lanthorn" was hung over the door of an ancient inn, at one time the resort of Captain Kidd, according to old histories. Here often they met together and read things they had written, each trusting bravely in the work of his own hand and getting roundly damned for its imperfections. Great men came to eat and drink with them and sit around the broad chimney of the club and hear the tales of these young men that prospered, some the better for the flicker of the firelight and the tossing shadows and the crackle of the burning logs.

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MR. H. CHATFIELD-CHATFIELD TAYLOR.

Before he gave up active newspaper work for the purpose of writing *Eben Holden,* Mr. Bacheller was one of the editorial staff of the New York *World.* He is a member of the Authors' Club and Kane Lodge of Freemasons.

We present herewith portraits of Miss Helen Hay and Mr. Frank Verbeck, respectively, the author and illustrator of *The Little Boy Book;* and one of the versatile Mr. H. Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor. Miss Hay, it is needless to say, is the daughter of our Secretary of State.

Historic Houses of Bath.

A ceremony of some interest, says a recent number of the London *Academy,* was performed the other day at Bath, when, in continuation of the Corporation's scheme for marking the historic houses of the city, Mr. W. Emerson, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, unveiled upon houses in Gay Street and Queen Square tablets to the two Woods—father and son—whose combined genius did so much in imparting to modern Bath its architectural dignity. Among the buildings with which they enriched the city during the last century may be mentioned

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the Royal Crescent (immortalised by Dickens in *Pickwick Papers* as the scene of Mr. Winkle's midnight escapade with Mrs. Dowler), Queen Square, Gay Street, the famous Assembly Rooms and the historic mansion of Prior Park on the outskirts of the city, which, during the lifetime of Ralph Allen, its founder, was the resort of the most famous men of letters and distinction of the day. The names of Pope, Mason, Hartley, Richardson, the painters Hoare and Gainsborough, Bishops Hurd, Sherlock and Warburton, Lord Chatham and the younger Pitt, represent but a few of those who during the latter half of the last century were intimately associated with this classic spot, while Fielding was a regular guest when he lived near, and it is easy to recognise in Ralph Allen, the genial host, the Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones*.

HERE AND THERE

The Election.

It is the eve of another Presidential election. The campaign which languished through the summer has, during the past few weeks, exhibited much of the energy, the ardour and the intensity of feeling that never fail to mark the closing period of a contest such as this. Whatever the issues and whoever the candidates may be, it is, indeed, always certain that before the decisive day arrives the whole nation will feel that touch of battle-fever which somehow gets into the blood of men when sides are taken, when impassioned appeals are made and when the sights and sounds of a great contest are everywhere about them. There has never been such a thing in our day as a really dull campaign. The stake is too high, the issue is too uncertain and the results are too momentous for any genuine American to look upon the struggle with indifference.

There is no office known to our political system in which the personal equation counts for quite so much as in the Presidency; since with the lapse of time and with the gradual modifications that have been almost unconsciously effected, the American President is to all intents and purposes a monarch—almost an autocrat—and one whose power is all the greater in that, like Augustus Cæsar, he works his will under the forms and through the instrumentalities that are not only republican, but that are as old as the Republic. The American Presidency, at this stage of its evolution, represents a tendency which is essentially characteristic of our time, and which is a working compromise between two great principles that have hitherto appeared to be irreconcilable. The first is the old monarchic principle of centralised and concentrated power, and the other is the democratic principle of political equality and universal suffrage. The American Chief Magistrate is the embodiment of the former, but the limit set upon the tenure of his office is a recognition of the ultimate sovereignty of the nation as a whole. So long as he rules, no constitutional monarch in the world can match him in the fulness of his powers and in the speed and certainty with which he can employ them; yet on the day when his four years expire, he is no more, politically, than is the man who is unknown beyond the street in which he lives. It is an extraordinary system, well fitting the extraordinary people who invented it and who have allowed it to develop into what it is to-day. But because the office is so great, and because, even for four short years, this effective sway over a nation of seventy million souls is so wonderful a prize, and because each one of us has a voice in its award, no contest such as that through which we now are passing can ever fail to be impressive. And this is not because of the perfervid oratory and the shouting thousands, the martial music and those nights when the long avenues of our cities flame into rivers of rolling fire; but rather because we are looking upon history in the making, and are witnessing a choice which, out of two men, shall leave the one a simple citizen, while it elevates his competitor to a place among the mightiest potentates of earth.

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Some days must still elapse before the present contest is decided, and perhaps a forecast of the situation and of the probable result may be allowed us. It ought, indeed, to be quite possible to survey that situation without prejudice and to make a forecast which shall be impartial; and the best way to assure the proper frame of mind for doing this is to remember that whenever the American people are not very unequally divided, all the right and all the reason cannot be wholly upon one side, nor all the wrong and all the unreason upon the other. Furthermore, while political chiefs of every party are naturally desirous of serving their own ambitions, the great majority of them are anxious in so doing to serve their country's interests as well; and when regarded in a generous spirit, the real leaders on both sides are honest, patriotic and sincere. It is not easy to keep this truth steadily before the mind amid the excitement, the recrimination and the unbridled license of abuse that characterise the close of a political campaign; but none the less it *is* the truth, and when the shouting is all over and the votes have been all counted, fair-minded men will not deny it. Some of us, perhaps, can cheerfully admit it even now, and can in consequence regard alike the candidates, the issues and the probable outcome in a spirit of non-partisan detachment, viewing all these things not as a Republican would like to see them, nor as a Democrat would like to see them, but simply as they really are.

The Candidates.

Americans quite naturally lay a good deal of stress upon the personality of the men who ask their suffrages for the highest office in the land. The fierce white light that beats upon a throne is but a feeble flicker when compared with the searching, almost blinding, glare that blazes upon a candidate for the Presidency. This is partly because of the intensely personal note that sounds in everything that, as a people, we do and say and think. It is also, as we have already observed, because the American President is for four years almost an autocrat, so that his individual characteristics are of immense importance. It is, indeed, to this fearful scrutiny, perhaps, that we owe the fact that through our whole history as a nation we have never had a President who was not, at the very least, an honest, honourable, patriotic man, sincerely anxious to uphold the dignity and honour of the nation. Whatever may have happened elsewhere in our public life, no shadow of disgrace has ever rested on the White House. And this is the justification of our interest in personality, as it is the vindication of democracy. In the present campaign the personal note has been less loudly sounded than is usual, and for the reason that the chief candidates are the same as in 1896, and that in consequence they have already passed through their baptism of fire. Moreover, they have both been continually before the public gaze ever since that time, and therefore the nation has nothing new to learn of them. It must be said, however, that although Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan are essentially the same men as they were four years ago, they do not, in the estimation of their countrymen, stand precisely where they did at the close of the last campaign.

Few dispassionate observers will deny, we think, that both the President and his competitor have distinctly gained in public confidence and respect. Personally, both of them are set upon a higher level than was conceded them before. When Mr. McKinley entered on the duties of his present office he was looked upon as being at the most a conservative and conscientious man, of moderate ability, one who would carry out the party bidding, who would be "safe," and who because of his identification with the famous tariff bill which bore his name was "available." When the tariff question was speedily thrust into insignificance by the far more vital question of the currency Mr. McKinley was accepted by hundreds of thousands of voters simply because of the fear with which they regarded the financial theories of his opponent. Many of these men loathed his extreme Protectionism and the measure which embodied it; they were enemies of his party; and for him personally they cared nothing whatever, viewing him as only a *pis aller* and the necessity of voting for him as only a case of Hobson's Choice. Now, in the fourth year of his

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Presidency, they have come to respect and like the man himself. Almost alone among our latter-day Presidents, Mr. McKinley has been able very happily to combine simplicity with dignity, and kindliness and courtesy with reticence and self-respect. He has been always tactful, always genial, always reasonable and always adequate. His appearance at official functions and his share in them have been characterised by invariable good taste. In some way or other he has contrived to keep his private life dissociated from his public duties, and the newspapers have not filled their columns with offensive twaddle gleaned from backstair sources and from kitchen gossip. Attempts have been made to represent the President as a smug and sanctimonious person, a sort of Pecksniff, one who would bid for the political support by insincere appeals to the religious or moral prejudices of particular sections of our population. If any refutation of such a charge were necessary, it could be found in the fact that at the present moment some fanatical woman is trying to extend what she calls an "endless prayer-chain" to prevent Mr. McKinley's re-election because of his firm stand upon the question of the army canteen. We do not pretend to be especially well informed upon the merits of this question. The President is doubtless following the very best advice, both military and medical; but, in any case, his attitude, taken and maintained in the face of violent opposition from the Prohibitionists and amid the disapproval of the great religious body of which he is himself a member, shows him to be neither a fanatic nor a hypocrite, but rather a liberal-minded, resolute and manly man. He has made, moreover, no personal enemies, while his personal friends are his warm admirers as well. In fact, with the single exception of Mr. Arthur, no recent President has so consistently and so well maintained the dignity of his high office.

Again, in his administrative work and in the results which he has brought to pass, Mr. McKinley must be regarded as having been decidedly successful in that he has been able to carry out his policy with thoroughness and efficiency and with the loyal co-operation of his party. When Mr. Cleveland used to have any important measure under way the entire country knew of it by the awful uproar that at once ensued. The whole machinery of the government seemed to strain and creak and groan and heave; there were howls of vituperation from every quarter; it was a sort of governmental cramps—a legislative and executive epilepsy. And even then it often happened that nothing after all was done. But under Mr. McKinley many things *have* been done. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the political events of the past four years, he cannot fail to see that they have been momentous; and whatever future historians may say of the McKinley administration, they cannot pass it over lightly. The President, keeping his party well together by his tact and judgment, has given the country four years of financial tranquillity. Although himself, ten years ago, convinced that "something must be done for silver," and although he voted for the Sherman Silver bill, he has led his party to the recognition by law of gold as the basis of our monetary system. He chose for his official advisers a Cabinet containing at least four men of unusual ability and training. To him belongs the credit of having carried to a swift and successful end a war that had been inevitable ever since the Spaniards seized the *Virginius* and shot down without a trial American citizens who were found on board. Under President McKinley one of the oldest monarchies of Europe has been vanquished by American valour in a brilliant and unbroken series of victories on sea and land; under him the tacit pledges given to Cuba by Grant, by Harrison and by Cleveland have been carried out; and under him the United States has emerged from a position of isolated localism to take her rightful place as a power to be reckoned with hereafter in every quarter of the globe. And within the past few months, when there came a crisis that was startling in its suddenness and appalling in its menace to the Western world, American diplomacy, by its moderation, sagacity and self-restraint won for our country new honours and made clear the way once more to peace. These things, together with a high degree of general prosperity, the nation has beheld since President McKinley first became its ruler; and

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however in the end the credit of them shall be finally apportioned, no small share must inevitably be ascribed to him. It is no longer possible to think of him as a small Western politician, whom good fortune and his adversaries' errors foisted into office. He must hereafter be seriously regarded as a sagacious statesman, whose ability has been put severely to the test and has not failed to meet that test successfully.

If, however, Mr. McKinley has gained much in the estimation of the people, so, too, has Mr. Bryan gained. The recent transformation of popular opinion with regard to him is, indeed, so marked as to be almost startling. This change is naturally more noticeable in the East than in the West; for as Mr. Bryan is essentially a product of the West, the West has always understood him. But in the East the case is different. Four years ago his very name affected timid citizens of New England and the Middle States very much as the name of Andrew Jackson affected their ancestors in 1828. It was to them synonymous with rapine, ruin, ravishment and anarchy. Mr. Bryan was regarded as a showy, shifty charlatan, an unscrupulous demagogue, a man of no convictions and no knowledge of affairs, and possessed of no qualifications for political leadership other than a certain natural gift of oratory, which found a vent in violent and inflammatory harangues. Even those who voted for him in the East did so with profound misgivings; and it is fair to assume that many of them heaved a sigh of genuine relief when they found that he had been defeated.

The case is very different to-day. It may be that his financial and political theories are no more popular than they were in 1896; but the man himself is no longer hated, dreaded or despised. He has compelled respect from all, and even a certain degree of admiration. One who could lead his party to so overwhelming a defeat and yet retain so strong a grip upon it as to be its absolute, unquestioned master through the succeeding years is no mere charlatan. And Mr. Bryan has done this and more. He is not only the master of his party, but he has no rivals in it. Its convention met to register his will. A telegram from him, flashing impatiently over the wires, was sufficient to alter the most careful plans, smash slates, rewrite platforms and suppress debate. Our country has never produced so autocratic a party-leader. His personal force is something astonishing. He binds men to him by some strange magnetic quality, which is felt no less by those whom he has never met than by his intimates. And he is thoroughly sincere. He has never taken back one word of what he said in 1896. He has reiterated all his former principles—not guardedly nor with verbal reservations, but boldly, defiantly, almost fiercely. When the timorous delegates at Kansas City were preparing quietly to shelve the silver issue on the ground of policy, an imperious order from him forced them to take the same attitude as his. He will not quibble. He will not "hedge." He is honest. He means just what he says and he says just what he means. He stills all opposition. And in all of this he is magnificent—magnificent in his courage, magnificent in his confidence, magnificent in his energy and personal power. Mr. Bryan, indeed, is a great partisan chief, a born leader of men, a genius; and his splendid intrepidity puts heart into his followers and makes them serve him with a passionate and supreme devotion.

It is because of these qualities, which Mr. Bryan has displayed during the past four years, that the American people have come to entertain a different feeling toward him from that which was manifested at the time of his former candidacy. He has shown himself to be possessed of two qualities, neither of which can with any degree of plausibility be questioned. The first of these is courage, than which nothing in the character of a statesman is more admired by our countrymen; and doubtless they admire it with all the greater intensity because it is so seldom found. It was his courage that gave to President Grant so strong a hold upon Americans that even his numerous and often most unfortunate mistakes were passed over and forgiven. It was Mr. Cleveland's courage which even his enemies admired in him both as Governor and as President, that carried him finally over many difficult places

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where his absolute deficiency in tact seemed likely to destroy him. The second quality which Mr. Bryan undeniably possesses is sincerity. Party organs have endeavoured to question this, and have placed the word between inverted commas when speaking of him in order to belittle it and make a jest of it. They profess to find a lack of sincerity in Mr. Bryan's refusal to answer categorically a reporter of the New York *Herald,* who asked him point blank whether, upon his accession to the Presidency, he would at once direct the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out only silver in redeeming those obligations of the Government which are not specifically made payable in gold. Mr. Bryan would not answer this question; and immediately a mighty clamour was set up all over the country to the effect that the Democratic candidate was unwilling to be frank, that he was "hedging" in order to attract the ballots of the Gold Democrats, and that, in short, he was not sincere. But all this clamour was absolutely childish. Mr. Bryan, of course, was not going to say six months beforehand just what he would or would not do at some future time and under conditions which no one at the present moment can well foresee. In fact, the sort of statesman who, when waked up in the middle of the night by a stray reporter, should hastily commit himself with regard to his future policy as President would be so close an approximation to an imbecile as at once to disqualify himself for holding any office whatsoever. Of Mr. Bryan's sincerity no unbiassed person can honestly express a doubt. His conduct at the time of the Kansas City Convention was alone sufficient to determine this beyond a peradventure; since upon that occasion he put aside all considerations of what was politic or not, and instead of allowing the silver question to be smothered by the committee that prepared the platform, he absolutely refused to be a candidate at all unless his old position on that subject should be boldly reaffirmed.

Because, therefore, of his courage and of his sincerity, a marked change of attitude has taken place among those who were opposed to him in 1896. They may not be any more willing now to vote for him than they were then; but they most certainly do not feel so sure that his election would wreck the prosperity of the country and destroy its credit. He is no longer a political bugbear, a menace to the Republic, a sort of modern Attila, whose appearance in Washington would be followed by a moral and political *débâcle.* Men have faith to believe that one so able, so courageous and so sincere would be too able to disturb the country's financial interests, and too courageous to allow the wilder fanatics of his party to override his will. And this feeling, while it may not gain him many votes, will almost surely make it easy for those who criticise the present Administration to abstain from voting.

The Issues. Silver.

The vital issues in this campaign are three in number. The first of these issues is Silver, which the Republicans regard as paramount in its importance; the second is Imperialism, which Mr. Bryan desires to have the country view as paramount; and the third is the question of Trusts, which the Democrats, had they been wise and freed from previous mistakes, ought to have made paramount. As to the Silver Question, it may be said during the past few weeks to have come to the front in a surprising way, and it seems likely to determine the result of the election. For, with the country enjoying an unusual degree of general prosperity, the silver panacea appeals with no great power even to Mr. Bryan's own adherents; while all who were averse to it before can surely see no reason for approving of it now. Mr. Bryan's own prophecies which he uttered with so much fervour in 1896 are coming back to plague him. He predicted at that time many direful things that were inevitably to follow upon the further maintenance of gold as a monetary basis; and, lo! the gold basis has been maintained, and the direful things have not yet come to pass. Consequently, it may be said that on this issue Mr. Bryan is weaker than he was at the time of the last election, while his adversary is just as strong as ever, barring the fact that there is no such apprehension felt throughout the country as was felt in 1896.

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Imperialism.

Imperialism as an issue is a most amorphous nondescript. The word is one of those party cries which have the exasperating characteristic of meaning anything and everything or nothing. It is like the cry of "Free Trade!" with which the Republican Party so worked upon the country's fears throughout the early eighties. No intelligent person at that time ever supposed that the United States could in reality adopt the principle of Free Trade, and no Democratic statesman had advocated anything that bore the slightest resemblance to Free Trade. Mr. Cleveland merely desired such a modification of the tariff as had been already urged upon Congress both by General Garfield and by President Arthur. But that made no difference. "Free Trade" was a splendid party catchword, and the Republicans howled it both night and day, until from sheer iteration it loomed large before the imagination of the masses and foreboded frightful things—the ruin of our native industries, the impoverishment of our artisans and the annihilation of American prosperity by the "pauper labour" of the effete monarchies of Europe. The Republicans were very happy for a time over the success of this party slogan; but now it is the Democrats who have produced a cry which is just as meaningless and just as vague and just as foolish as was the Free Trade cry some twelve or fifteen years ago. What is Imperialism, anyhow? At first sight, it would seem as though some one were afraid lest this Republic of ours should be turned into an Empire over night. Yet no one in reality has the slightest fear of any such phenomenon. To shriek about Imperialism in such a sense as this is so very comical a thing to do, that even the most ignorant of our citizens do not take it seriously. A second definition of it, however, identifies Imperialism with militarism, and Mr. Bryan has been talking in an awful and portentous way about the fortresses which his imagination sees already grimly towering above every city in the land, bristling with cannon and filled with a licentious soldiery, prepared at a moment's notice to make our streets run blood. His followers point with horror to what they regard as the startling growth of the military spirit in this country, beginning, they say, in our war with Spain; and they lay the responsibility of that war and of all its inferential consequences at the door of President McKinley. But, in the first place, the war itself was declared by the practically unanimous vote of all parties in Congress, and the bill handing over to the President the sum of $50,000,000 as a war-fund, to be used at his discretion, received the vote of every Democrat and every Populist in both Houses. Was the war spirit fraught with baleful menace to American independence? Mr. Bryan ought to know, because he felt it at the time himself, and, in fact, immediately volunteered and got himself made colonel of a regiment. Did he and that regiment resemble a licentious soldiery? We hardly think so. They were doubtless all good, patriotic men who were glad to serve their country in its hour of need and to get back to their shops and farms and factories as soon as possible after the war was over. Yet, they were probably a typical American regiment; and somehow or other that vivid picture of frowning forts and blood-bespattered streets fails lamentably in its appeal to one's perception of the probable.

But with others, again, Imperialism is the policy of holding territories which are not contiguous to American soil. This means, of course, the Philippines. It is surprising to what an extent this subject has the power to undermine the intellect of certain good and estimable men. They cannot talk about it soberly. They simply rave. One of them got up at a public dinner some time ago and actually prayed to God that He would strike down every American soldier in the Philippines. What can be said to persons such as this? Nothing, indeed, at all; for they are beyond the reach of reason. The great majority of our countrymen are sick and tired of the Philippines and of the desultory fighting that is taking place throughout those islands. But, on the other hand, they are perfectly aware that our possession of them was thrust upon us in a way that took us wholly by surprise,—a way that none could possibly have foreseen. On the day when the news of Dewey's victory set the whole country wild, it was difficult to find a single American citizen who was

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not for the moment an expansionist. We all felt the greatness of the thing and were beguiled by the true American fondness for what is big. This feeling lasted until after the Treaty of Paris had been ratified (largely by the help of Mr. Bryan), and it may be truly said that all of us, Republicans and Democrats alike, are responsible for the muddle that resulted. No one likes the present situation; yet no one sees just how it could have been avoided, and most men feel that the contest is something which must be fought out until armed opposition to American authority has ceased. After that, the Filipinos can have almost anything they ask for. But it is unfortunate for any party to identify itself with those who fire on our flag and who to-day are ambushing American soldiers and mutilating prisoners of war. One would suppose that this lesson had been learned from experience during the Civil War; since, right or wrong, no party can march to power over the dead bodies of the men who fall in defending the supremacy of the nation.

The Trusts.

The Trusts have also to some extent been made an issue, but not very generally nor in a very intelligent and effective way. As a matter of fact, had Mr. Bryan made, in 1896, his fight upon this question, he would in all probability have won. Even now, had he been willing to let Silver and Imperialism go and to take up this other very serious question to the exclusion of any other, his fighting chance would have been better than it is. There is no doubt that there exists a very widespread and very ominous undercurrent of resentment against the evils that have sprung directly from the accumulation of capital in the hands of singularly able but thoroughly unscrupulous men. This feeling of resentment exists not only among the very poor, but it extends to a very large and very influential portion of the American people. Intelligent men freely recognise that the union of capital is not only necessary, but desirable. Without it, most of the great enterprises of which our country is so justly proud could never have been carried to success. Without the Trusts, the cost of living would be greater than it is to-day. Consolidated capital employed by able, generous and public-spirited Americans has built our railroads, developed our manufactures, irrigated our waste lands and won triumphs for us over foreign competition. The inimical feeling which exists and which is loosely described as antagonism to Trusts does not spring from envy of the rich. It does at all not resemble the hatred which the proletarian of Europe cherishes for the rich *bourgeois*. No one who is imbued with the American tradition feels dislike for the very wealthy man. Americans, in fact, rather admire those who have made great sums of money, and they admire them because the money bears witness to certain qualities that are needed to make money—thrift, perseverance, energy, sagacity and judgment. Among us there is little worship of wealth for its own sake, and there is no hatred at all of wealth as such. Those great corporations whose interests are managed with wisdom, honesty and public spirit have no enemies. But, unfortunately, there are corporations and there are combinations which seek their ends, not through legitimate effort and lawful enterprise, but through instrumentalities that are unlawful, baneful and corrupting. The wreckers of railroads, the procurers of purchased legislation, men who buy judges and bribe legislatures—these men and the money of these men not only foul the fountain of justice and paralyse the administration of the law, but they taint the whole atmosphere of our public life, so that their activity is a serious menace alike to the welfare of the State and to the rights of the individual citizen. The time must come when this insolent tyranny shall be overthrown, and the longer the nation waits for decisive action, the more terrible will that action be. Some party will sooner or later get control of the Government upon this very issue, and then will come the final struggle between the nation as a whole and the bandits who so long have preyed upon its people. Mr. Bryan would be wise in making an issue such as this a well-defined one, letting it be known that he wages no war on wealth, but only upon those who use their wealth to debauch and to destroy. So long as his denunciation of capital and of corporations are indiscriminate, for just so long will he continue to alarm conserva-

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tive men of all parties with the fear of a communistic propaganda; but when he or one who may come after him shall strike only at the evils which all men recognise, then will a vast majority of his countrymen rally to his support and bid him Godspeed in a task that only waits on time for its accomplishment.

A Forecast.

Mr. McKinley is strong in the record of his administration. He is strong in standing for financial measures that have given to the country stability and prosperity. He is strong in having a united party to support him. As compared with the situation in 1896, however, he will probably lose many votes through the absence from the polls of voters who have lost their fear of Mr. Bryan, and who, without that fear to rouse them, are rather apathetic. He will lose votes also on the issue of the Trusts, but not so many as he would have done had Mr. Bryan been less indiscriminate in his denunciations of the capitalist. Finally, he will lose the votes of many who dislike the prominence in this campaign of Mr. Hanna—a prominence which is interpreted, whether justly or unjustly, as giving colour to a popular belief that the Ohio Senator, in this Administration, has been the power behind the throne; and that the President's independence of action has been hampered by his personal obligation to the man who rescued him from bankruptcy some years ago. Nevertheless, we should be exceedingly surprised if Mr. McKinley failed of re-election, and everything seems to point to his success; though we predict that his majority both in the Electoral College and in the popular vote will be somewhat smaller than it was in 1896.

H. T. P.

ON READING "THE DEATH OF MARLOWE."

All this was long ago—so long ago
That I can dream I have forgotten all
Save that thy glory stands, though the years fall
Like withered leaves before the effacing snow:
And thou, too, hast forgotten, and I know
(Between old trees, while tawny thrushes call)
The gleam of thy unfading coronal
Where some green country's summer passeth slow.
And there, O Passionate Shepherd, thou dost roam
Seeking thy love all day by valley and hill;
Chaunting thy golden verses, joyful still,
Although forever more she do not come;
More joyful, even, at dusk to hasten home
Where grave old Ben keeps house, and kindly Will.

Francis Sherman.

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FOUR RATHER NOTABLE BOOKS OF FICTION

I.

A. J. Dawson's "African Nights Entertainment."*

This is a remarkable and brilliant book. We came upon it quite unawares, knowing nothing of the author and having read neither of his two preceding books. The perusal of a dozen pages satisfied us that here was something not only new in scene, in motive and in theme, but original also in the literary style and manner of its writer. It is a collection of stories, some of them quite long and others almost fragmentary sketches, but all having to do with that strange life in Northern Africa where the civilisation of the West touches the civilisation of the East, and where both take on something of the colour of the barbarism which in that inscrutable, impenetrable land envelops and transforms them both. The publishers have done the book a serious injustice by stating in their announcements that "the tales are palpably modelled on the *Arabian Nights*." This may be faintly true of the last story in the volume, but it is quite untrue of all the others, and it is unjust to a brilliant and original writer who has obviously used no models, but who has written straight out of his experience and observation things that have no resemblance whatsoever to that older book of purely Eastern origin, except such as may be found in the title chosen.

In the *African Nights* we have the splendid tropical background of Morocco and the Western Coast of Africa, and for personages we have the men and women of modern Europe living and moving and loving and suffering among those other half-tamed and sometimes quite untamed men and women who think other thoughts than ours, who understand all things differently, whose blood is full of fire, and who know no law save the law of the stronger, and no motive save the motive of their own instincts and desires and passions. It is difficult always to give the reader any adequate conception of a book whose stories are not definitely related to each other. One theme, however, stands out conspicuously in this book of Mr. Dawson's. It is a theme that runs through some of the Polynesian stories of Louis Becke—a theme which has to do with the strange possibilities of a life in which the conventions and prejudices of our own civilisation have been swept away, where the opinions of others count for nothing, and where any one may do anything that is within his power. More particularly defined, the theme can be narrowed down to a study of the relations of the sexes under these conditions. Almost every story in some way touches on this question. In the first we have the love of a Moorish Shareef for an English girl, and the same story is practically repeated in another form in "Ben Hamed El Askar." In a "Daughter of Accra Queens" we have the love of a young Englishman for a splendid savage woman of the Western Coast. In "The Treatment of Brierly" there are detailed the complications which arise from the marriage of an Englishwoman to a black man and from her speedy disillusionment when she afterward meets a man of her own race who comes to her just as she has reached what Mr. Dawson calls "the shuddering stage." In "The Prose of It" we have a strange and cynical little sketch illustrative of the easy virtue of the Creole; and in "The Richard Merlin Document," the passion of a white man for a Moorish girl whom he has the daring to approach under the very shelter of her father's house, and that father a Kaid. This story is a masterpiece of the horrible. It is a story of Oriental vengeance detailed with an unsparing realism that is unforgettable; for the picture of the girl bound naked to her Christian lover whose tongue has been torn out and his body mutilated, while upon her breasts two red-hot horseshoes hiss and scorch into the tender flesh, is one of those awful scenes which the genius of a really great writer can burn into the memory forever.

We cannot summarise or even touch upon the other narratives which the book contains. It is an extraordinary collection of vivid impressions caught from life itself and transferred to the pages of a book with swiftness, fidelity and power.

*African Nights Entertainment. By A. J. Dawson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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Mr. Dawson has Kipling's absolute certainty of touch; he has also a splendid vigour of description that is all his own; and he alternates with a perfect sense of what the theme requires, from the easy, yet effective colloquialism of a born story-teller, to the noble, fiery, splendid diction that so well befits the strange and gorgeous Orientalism that gives a background and an atmosphere to what he has revealed. To our mind this book is distinctly one of the most important volumes of the year. It is brilliant. It is fascinating. It is original. It ought to be read by every one who, amid the flood of books that come pouring from the presses of two continents, desires to find a single one that can create in even the most jaded mind a new sensation and an unforced admiration.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II.

Anthony Hope's "Quisanté."*

Anthony Hope's new novel, *Quisanté,* appropriately takes its title from the man whose character is the pervading and predominating force in the book. Quisanté weaves his own plot and causes the results. An author achieves much when he not only surprises but satisfies his public. Anthony Hope has been altogether associated in the reading mind with the clever evanescence of *Dolly Dialogues,* and with that other quality of authorship which is more obvious—the vividly dramatic, keenly active, trenchant depiction which denotes a perfect sense of proportion. This, like the artistic sense and that of humour, is inherent, however far training or scholarship may conduce to perfection. Some will lament that Anthony Hope has changed his style. *Quisanté* does not denote an actual change of style, but an intellectual maturity, a result of mental receptivity, and a growth of talent; all of which are far more indicative of great possibilities than would have been evinced by the further sustainment of a younger, if attractive, literary manner.

There are certain of Anthony Hope's earlier stories which may be rather valueless; but a critic will mark the fluctuating line of development from his first work to this last novel, *Quisanté,* as psychologically significant of the working of possibilities toward their line of least resistance.

The Prisoner of Zenda showed an unconscious mastery of stage-craft, and was an unusual example of persuasive story telling; in that, while its colour and movement were cajoling the reason, its impossibilities were subtly convincing the imagination. The colour-loving, action-loving imagination finds so limited a playground in the many metaphysical and purposeful novels, that it revelled in *The Prisoner of Zenda.* But it could not be blinded by the theatrical sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau,* which was insincere at its basic point—that of the sending of a compromising letter from Queen Flavia to Rudolf.

The scene of *Quisanté* is laid in English social and political circles of to-day; but other than in a few allusions to local politics, it is quite as interesting to an American as to an English reader, for Quisanté's inordinate ambition and his methods are by no means indigenous to English soil. As impossible as Quisanté may appear at the outset, and as difficult of analysation as he really is, his is not the improbable character, but the one seldomest exposed in life. It is the nature which persuades the majority by personal force and magnetic enthusiasm in its dangerously inspired "moments." He moves and muzzles the finer-sighted minority by his sheer inexplicableness and by his propelling force which involves them in spite of themselves.

Quisanté baffles every one. He baffles the intellects nearest to him by rising in one of those inspired oratorical "moments" to that which they inwardly believe him not to be. He convinces them in mass and repels them individually. He insists his great results upon others as conclusive justification of the means which attained them. That which they feel to be a dishonourable basis invariably foils denouncement, either through lack of circumstantial evidence or—where the inner circle is concerned—because he is Lady May Gaston's husband.

This peculiar marriage, ill-assorted in

*Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $1.50.

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a worldly sense, and the attitudes of Quisanté and his wife to each other, make the story one of absorbing interest. Marchmont, the man whom Lady May might have loved and married, says of Quisanté: "He hasn't the mind of a gentleman." Dick Benyon, who has come under the thrall of that marvellous personality, says that Quisanté invariably rises to the occasion. Lady May herself declares that there is something inhuman in the way others regard him. Before she determines to marry Quisanté, she says to him: "Be yourself. It's worth while." But Quisanté's self-consciousness is of so overpowering a quality that he plays eternally to his audience, even though the audience be himself.

The deliberate revelation of the characters of Quisanté and his wife is very fine. The author employs no unnecessary effects, but develops the story in a direct line of sequence. Quisanté is a gigantic figure, requiring a large perspective. He is cast, therefore, upon a rather neutral background of personalities which are not sufficiently accentuated to foil any effect of his own. Without assertion from the author, and with little or no utterance from Quisanté himself, he looms, preponderates and absorbs. Certain obvious results of his influence go to make the interesting incident of political life; but the subtler question, that of the effect of Quisanté's character, is the profound and psychological point in the book. The results of active or predetermined evil are easy to deduce. But the unconfessed influence of that nature which is not based upon honour, which is unmoral rather than immoral, and how far the proximity of such a nature may affect those who do not partake of like parts, is a grave psychological question. In life every character attracts circumstances, to be controlled or misused according to his strength or weakness. Other beings, moving within that nature's orbit, are necessarily involved, and, in proportion to their powers of resistance, in turn are influenced along certain lines.

This is peculiarly noticeable in the character of Alexander Quisanté. However mistaken and disastrous his marriage may appear, it is, in a manner, fitting. Lady May's ambition is of a unique order. She endures no torture of disillusion, because she has walked open-eyed into the web. Though agonised, she cannot be surprised on the night when Quisanté stands exposed through the contents of old Foster's note, which she, unknowing, reads aloud to her husband in the presence of their mutual friends.

> A silence followed her reading. She knelt by him. . . . Fanny and Jimmy stood without moving, their eyes on her and Quisanté. . . . She walked to the mantelpiece . . . lit a candle and burnt the note in its flame. . . . Suddenly May broke into a laugh.
>
> "Just as well to burn it; it might be misunderstood," said she. . . . And so, pale and smiling, she left her husband to their care.

Lady May Quisanté is not deceived by her husband; she hopes for him; she feels herself irremediably meshed by his less fine sense of honour; she is controlled by his powerful will, even to the point of declaring that she will be no man's if not his; though she has previously acknowledged the possibility of love for Marchmont.

Before her marriage Marchmont says to her: "I feel rather as though he were hurting you by being near you." Long afterward, the scene at dinner, when Lady May lies to defend her husband, is a fine and coherent fulfilment of this prediction.

The suspense of the story, the uncertainty of the reader whether to believe in Quisanté or not, the deliberate disclosure of the truth and the absorbing interest of expectancy are finely sustained. There is no thread in the book crudely left unknotted. The *dénouement* leaves the reader vividly impressed by the vampire-like quality of Quisanté's mind, and convinced that the one who knew him best, without effort or volition, is Aunt Maria Quisanté, who partakes of his own blood, and whose fate is ultimately and consistently allied to his.

Anthony Hope has risen to that careful literary narration which is, of itself, a style, and which gives promise of a reserve of strength and subtlety which should become wholly comparable to that of Henry James, and which may hereafter prove to hold an even finer sense of art's responsibility.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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III.

Eden Phillpotts's "Sons of the Morning."*

This book was written by an author whose interests are full-blooded. The substance of the novel, its images and discourse, had, first of all, a living existence in the writer's brain. It was none of it dimly fashioned for effect. A work of which this is true has an undeniable claim upon your time; it is not a mere product of the human machine, it is an expression of the human soul. *Sons of the Morning* has exactly as many faults as Mr. Phillpotts in his present state of development has limitations as an artist, yet the whole outpouring is delightful. It comes straight from the heart of a man.

The mistress of a Devonshire farm is a girl of two and twenty. "Her face betrayed some confusion of characteristics," says the author. "In repose the general effect suggested melancholy, but this expression vanished when her eyes were lighted with laughter or her lips parted in a smile." Then a beholder carried from Honour Endicott "not the impression of her more usual reserve, but the face with its rather untidy black hair, pale brown eyes and bright lips all smile lighted." She is utterly the creature of her moods. A light man loves her, and Honour, not very whole-heartedly, consents to marry Christopher Yeoland. This youth is one who, "succeeding upon several generations of shiftless and impractical ancestors, men of like metal with himself," stands the penniless possessor of exhausted Godleigh. "He lived an open-air life and spun courses of action, quite majestic in their proportions, for the succour and restoration of his property, but the taking of a definite step in any direction seemed beyond his power." Yeoland himself is a palace of brightness, his moods are all sparkling; but the infusion of Yeoland's very personality into the serious moment of the proposal causes faint vestiges of pain to appear in Honour's picture of her happiness. This child-man is not eager to marry her; on the contrary, once in the position of possessor he exhibits perfect equanimity before the prospect of an indefinite engagement, and here Chance, not backward, thrusts into the middle of the somewhat anæmic love episode a violently disturbing factor. Myles Stapledon, Honour Endicott's cousin, comes to live at Bear Down. He is a solid man, grave and unhumorous, as prosaically strict in the performance of his duty as Christopher is frisky in the sun. The natures of the two men so exactly complement each other that for Honour the perfect personal equation is therein attained. When she wearies of looking at the world from the outside, and laughing, with Christo, Myles will present a religion of necessity grim and terrible enough to satisfy her most considering mood; when Myles's abiding seriousness begins to bore her, there is the charming companionship of Christopher, a mental atmosphere as sprightly as the hill wind. Here is a pretty pass, in which only a readjustment of the circumstances is necessary to pop the secret out: Honour loves both men; remove the dancing-master from the scene (this is done) and she is wretched with the sober farmer; transport honest Myles and she becomes the unhappy wife of Christo. This is the whole situation first as well as last; mischief was in the bud the day Stapledon came to Bear Down, and the matter is simply developed epically in the form of a tale, until there is nothing more to be told.

The main weakness of the novel must be glaringly apparent. With all the means of an important character-study before himself and the reader, Mr. Phillpotts employs these materials to another end, and the effect of the confusion is loss of power to the result. A fine romance is partially spoiled by the introduction of a promise that sends the reader away on a false scent, for Mr. Phillpotts deceives himself in imagining that he understands his heroine sufficiently to see her through her most peculiar trial. The girl exists for him, but he does not know her well. The two men are better done, but a certain failure with Myles also is apparent. This is how appearances are kept up. There is a blind man in the story in whom the author finds a rarely handy tool—a blind senatorial sage, who thinks for Myles Stapledon and for Honour. Mark Endi-

*Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

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cott was stricken with a total blindness at about the age of thirty, and after many years of terrible mental wandering he acquired an untaught philosophy, a point of view of looking at life which not only saved him for peace and happiness, but was absolutely right and wholesome, a treasure if it could be the possession of all mankind. The author does not characterise Mark Endicott's wisdom thus, but he substitutes it for that of his central characters. When Honour and her husband Myles are floundering deep in misunderstanding created by the false relation of both to Christopher Yeoland (Honour is an unfaithful wife, but does not know it; Stapledon has lost his self-respect, but does not know how to regain it), both are sent in turn to old Mark Endicott. The blind man tells each one the naked truth, and maps out a perfect course of conduct. Each is open to receive the light, childlike in listening to advice, ideally frank in acting at once upon it. Thus, a complication which is inherently human and fit, if nature were permitted to have its course, to uncover the deeps of both these characters is disposed of by a trick so neat that the reader is almost staggered into approving it. Two human beings about to enter the most interesting crisis of their lives are put to death as by a miracle, only to rise again as spirits; the wise words of an old man wash away all that was of earth in Honour and Myles; it should be easy for angels to settle their difficulties, and so it proves. Here are but two instances of the blind man's preposterous interference with the development of certain features of the novel, but these are typical, and, moreover, they are crucial.

Mark Endicott is a mouthpiece, not a character, but you are certain to forgive at last the old man's officiousness, and to reflect upon his honest talk, which strikes the ear as the true word spoken and never better said. Indeed, when the blurring business of the realistic failure in the matter of truly depicting Honour and her two lovers is counted out there remains scarcely anything that the reader will not love to remember or the reviewer to harp on and on in praise. The purely romantic passages in the story are deeply thrilling, not with the thin crystalline echo of the swords-and-boots variety of sublimated anecdote, but after the huge and thoughtful fashion of the wide woods at night. "In Spring Moonlight" is a chapter which is a masterpiece in the art of forcing an overpowering mood. Honour, who is about to become a mother, has insisted that Myles should drive her into the forest on a damp, moonlight evening after rain.

> They crossed Chagford Bridge where a giant ash fretted the moonlight with tardy foliage still unexhausted; then Myles drove beyond a ruined wool factory, turned to the right, passed Holy Street and the cross in the wall, and finally reached the neighbourhood of Lee Bridge. Here the air above them was dark with many trees, and the silence broken by fitful patter of rain-drops falling from young foliage. The green dingles and open spaces glittered with moisture, where the light fell and wove upon them a fabric of frosted radiance touched with jewels to the crest of the uncurling fern-fronds, and the wide shimmer of the bluebell folk—moon-kissed, as Endymion of old. Pale and wan their purple stretched and floated away and faded dimly, rippling into the darkness; but their scent hung upon the air, like the very breath of sleeping spring.
>
> "Stop here, my love," said Honour. "What a bed for the great light to lie upon! What a silence for the tiny patter of the rain-drops to make music in! And thoughts that hide by day—sad-eyed thoughts—peep out now upon all this perfection—hurry from their hiding places in one's heart and look through one's eyes into these aisles of silver and ebony. The glory of it! . . . Nay, I must talk, Myles, love, or I shall cry."
>
> "I'm only thinking of all this ice-cold damp dropping upon you out of the trees," he said.

The human voice vibrates an instant and is lost in this eerie wilderness of Nature; it is inevitable that the man and the woman should seem intensely helpless and alone, and it is by the grace of perfect art that this is so. When, a few moments later, the catastrophe occurs, the threatening image of the scene breaks bounds and dominates supreme. Mr. Phillpotts constantly shows a feeling for the look of the country that is his strongest gift. His descriptions are bettered among English writers of the present day only by Mr. Hardy's, the essential difference between the two writers being an inherent genius for expression. Mr. Hardy paints the picture of Egdon Heath

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so that you feel *its* mood; Mr. Phillpotts describes Dartmore so that you share *his* mood. He pours out his feelings in a torrent of details, which, not seldom, are too many for a fine coherence, but the eloquence of which is overpowering.

Of the group of minor characters in *Sons of the Morning*—Cramphorn, Ash, Collins, Bates, Pinsent and the other pompous worthies—it must be said that they are excellently done; right, true and humorous, one and all.

Carl Hovey.

IV.

Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden."*

At the beginning of this review the writer wishes to say that Mr. Bacheller's book seems to have been very strongly suggested by *David Harum.* Once this is pointed out there is nothing else that demands serious adverse criticism, and the reviewer may go about his business of saying some of the pleasant things which the book deserves. Mr. Bacheller has written a very charming story. It is simple. It is natural. It is a book that will be widely read and as widely enjoyed. For the benefit of those readers who relish a novel in proportion to its resemblance to *David Harum,* it should be said that there is an excellent fish story, a droll horse story and that Eben Holden is a genial philosopher with a quaint philosophy of his own and an overwhelming fund of high spirits and good-nature. For the benefit of those who are growing just a little bored at the monotony of these constant reincarnations of Mr. Edward N. Westcott's creation, it should be added that everything in the book that has to do with Eben Holden could comfortably be skipped and that a very admirable and entertaining narrative would remain. It is not likely, however, that there will be very much skipping done by any one who takes up the book in real earnest. The author has succeeded in putting atmosphere into his pages. He conveys to his readers something of the impression which he himself feels when he thinks of the North Country—that wild region which lies between the Adirondacks and the St. Lawrence River. He is not less successful in treating of events of which he had no personal knowledge. The descriptions of New York newspaper life at the time of the outbreak of the War of Secession are very fine and graphic. Before sitting down to write the chapters which deal with the personality of Horace Greeley and the conditions of the *Tribune* office of that time, Mr. Bacheller spent many months in interviewing old *Tribune* writers and typesetters, in haunting the libraries, in poring over old files—in short, drenching himself thoroughly with the spirit of that paper, which did so much to further the cause of abolition and to bring about the war.

At the beginning of the story the hero, Willie Brower, is a very small boy in a very large basket, who is being carried on the back of Eben Holden. They were the survivors of a ruined home in the north of Vermont, and were travelling far into the valley of the St. Lawrence, but with no particular destination. The two wander about rather aimlessly, sleeping under the stars at night and trudging through forests which abound with game and wild beasts. Theirs is rather a light-hearted and jovial existence, but one not without its dangers and its discouragements. At length, after months of this existence, the old man and the boy find a home in Paradise Valley, at the house of David Brower, who adopts the youngster as his son, and who cares for them both until the boy reaches manhood. How the years pass, how William Brower begins to look out upon the world, how he goes to college and how his heart begins to beat fast as he looks upon Hope Brower, the daughter of his adopted father, shall be left to the reader to find out. The time comes when he leaves college and seeks his fortune in New York, going to live in a strange boarding-house on the summit of Monkey Hill, a quaint bit of New York hard by the old Printing House Square. His intention is to find work with the New York newspapers, and he very naturally turns to the *Tribune,* to whose great editor he carries a letter of introduction. The manner in which Mr. Bacheller has brought his hero face to

*Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.

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face with Horace Greeley is singularly felicitous.

From Grace Church down it was much of the same thing we see now, with a more ragged sky line. Many of the great buildings, of white and red sandstone, had then appeared, but the street was largely in the possession of small shops—oyster-houses, bookstores and the like. Not until I neared the sacred temple of the *Tribune* did I feel a proper sense of my own littleness. There was the fountain of all that wisdom which had been read aloud and heard with reverence in our household since a time that I could but dimly remember. There sat the prophet who had given us so much—his genial views of life and government, his hopes, his fears, his mighty wrath at the prospering of cruelty and injustice.

"I would like to see Mr. Horace Greeley," I said, rather timidly, at the counter.

"Walk right up those stairs and turn to the left," said a clerk as he opened a gate for me.

Ascending, I met a big man coming down hurriedly and with heavy steps. We stood dodging each other a moment with that unfortunate co-ordination of purpose men sometimes encounter when passing each other. Suddenly the big man stopped in the middle of the stairway and held both of his hands above his head.

"In God's name, young man," said he, "take your choice!"

William Brower takes his choice, and after a little while finds himself in the sanctum of Mr. Greeley, who, he is told, has just gone out, but will soon return.

In a little while I heard the same heavy feet ascending the stairway two at a time. Then the man I had met came hurriedly into the room.

"This is Mr. Greeley," said the young man who was reading.

The great editor turned and looked at me through gold-rimmed spectacles. I gave him my letter out of a trembling hand. He removed it from the envelope and held it close to his big, kindly, smooth-shaven face. There was a fringe of silky, silver hair, streaked with yellow, about the lower part of his head from temple to temple. It also encircled his throat from under his collar. His cheeks were full and fair as a lady's, with rosy spots in them and a few freckles about his nose. He laughed as he finished reading the letter.

"Are you Dave Brower's boy?" he asked, in a drawling falsetto, looking at me out of gray eyes and smiling with good humour.

"By adoption," I answered.

"He was an almighty good rassler," he said deliberately, as he looked again at the letter.

"What do you want to do?" he asked abruptly.

"Want to work on the *Tribune*," I answered.

"Good Lord," he said, "I can't hire everybody!"

He does not hire young Brower just then, though he gives him kindly advice, encouragement and something in the way of a chance. While waiting for the opportunity to join the staff of the *Tribune* the boy finds time to see something more of life, to make new acquaintances, notably that of a mysterious John Trumbull, a very important character in the working out of the story, and to find himself more deeply enamoured than ever of Hope. The love story which runs through *Eben Holden* is one of the prettiest that we remember having read in recent fiction. But as the time passes and the long-awaited opportunity to go to work seems wofully slow in coming, young Brower finds that his store of money is being rapidly diminished. He concludes that he would be willing to take a place on one of the lesser journals. Finally he concludes that he is willing to do any work that he can find, and in this frame of mind goes out upon the streets, and taking up a pick and a crowbar, helps in the paving of Park Place. It is while engaged thus that, in the middle of one afternoon, he straightens up a moment to ease his back and look about him.

There at the edge of the gang stood the great Horace Greeley and Waxy McClingan. The latter beckoned me as he caught my eye. I went aside to greet them. Mr. Greeley gave me his hand.

"Do you mean to tell me that you'd rather work than beg or borrow?" said he.

"That's about it," I answered.

"And ain't ashamed of it?"

"Ashamed! Why?" said I, not quite sure of his meaning. It had never occurred to me that one had any cause to be ashamed of working.

He turned to McClingan and laughed.

"I guess you'll do for the *Tribune*," he said. "Come and see me at twelve to-morrow."

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So Brower goes to work and plays his minor part in bringing about and recording the great events of that great time. While on the subject of his experiences as a reporter and writer in the *Tribune* office, it may be well to quote another very interesting and significant paragraph. War had just been declared and he had determined to go to the front, and was going to Mr. Greeley's office to bid him good-by.

He stood by the gas-jet, in a fine new suit of clothes, reading a paper, while a boy was blacking one of his boots. I sat down, awaiting a more favourable moment. A very young man had come into the room, and stood timidly holding his hat.

"I wish to see Mr. Greeley," he said.

"There he is," I answered, "go and speak to him."

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "I have called to see if you can take me on the *Tribune*."

The printer continued reading as if he were the only man in the room.

The young man looked at him and then at me with an expression that moved me to a fellow-feeling. He was a country boy, more green and timid even than I had been.

"He did not hear you—try again," I said.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, louder than before, "I have called to see if you can take me on the *Tribune*."

The editor's eyes glanced off at the boy and returned to their reading.

"No, boy, I can't," he drawled, shifting his eyes to another article.

And the boy, who was called to the service of the paper in time, but not until after his pen had made him famous, went away with a look of bitter disappointment.

We quote this because our first guess, which has subsequently been confirmed, was that this young man was no other than Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman.

There are some very striking pages descriptive of the battle of Bull Run, and for sheer horror one paragraph is quite unique. Brower has been wounded, and is lying on the battle-field. He does not know what has happened; he feels no pain.

I remember feeling something under me, like a stick of wood, bearing hard upon my ribs. I tried to roll off it, but somehow it was tied to me and kept hurting. I put my hand over my hip and felt it there behind me—my own arm! The hand was like that of a dead man—cold and senseless. I pulled it from under me and it lay helpless; it could not lift itself.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MISS JOHNSTON'S VIRGINIA

DIXONDALE, GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Allow me to correct a slight error in your September number. It is contained in the following paragraph:

One of the very few disappointing features of Miss Johnston's delightful *To Have and to Hold* is the fact that the atmosphere, the Virginia which is so graphically described, belongs so completely to the irrevocable past. Everything which might suggest the period of the tale has passed away. The little island off the Virginia coast, where Captain Ralph Percy fought Red Gil, the Spaniard and Paradise in turn, and won the command of the pirate crew, was one of a number which Miss Johnston used to visit in the summer. A few years ago it was rendered uninhabitable by the encroachments of the sea, and is now almost completely submerged.

The island you refer to here is Cobb's Island, where Miss Johnston used to spend her summers. At that time I had a cottage on the island, and a hotel accommodating a hundred and fifty guests was situated there. All the cottages and the hotel have been washed away by the encroachments of the sea, but the United States Life Saving Station and a small club-house still stand, and offer hospitality to all comers. The island still has a beach seven miles long, though very narrow. But the point I wish to make is that Cobb's Island is not the island described as the scene of the pirate duel in *To Have and to Hold*. The scene of this encounter is undoubtedly Smith's

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Island, on which the Cape Charles Lighthouse stands at the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay. This island has not suffered as Cobb's, and Mr. George Hitchens, the genial keeper of the life-saving station, situated now on the very spot Miss Johnston describes, will take pleasure in showing any visitor the beach, sand-dunes, scrub trees, marshes and myriads of gulls just as they were in the olden days. Smith's Island is separated from the mainland but three miles at its southern end and nine miles at its northern, and forms the ocean beach eight miles northward from the Cape Charles Lighthouse. Cobb's Island, where Miss Johnston spent her summers and learned the language of the waves, is of very much the same formation, but without any trees, and is twenty miles farther up the beach, separated from Smith's by many intervening islands and inlets. The Virginia of Miss Johnston's books is not so completely lost as you imagine. I've just returned from a visit to old Rosewell, on the York, or Pamunky, River, and viewed the scene of Powhatan's home, and walked over the fields where Nantauquas and Opechancanough held their councils. I live but fifteen miles from the site of Powhatan's capital on the York, and the country is to-day a wild and undeveloped one, beautiful and fascinating as a dream. There are still tracts of primeval forest here, containing thousands of acres of land that never felt the touch of a ploughshare. These woods are yet full of wild turkeys, the unbroken descendants of those hunted by Nantauquas and his friends. There is not a railroad, express office or village in this county, and there are many white men and women here who are fifty years old and yet have never seen a locomotive. The country is so cut by rivers and creeks that it can be reached only by boat, and the Old Dominion Steamship Company sends its steamers *Mobjack* and *Accomac* here daily from Norfolk. I have had my country home in this tidewater region for the past eight years. I have travelled over all our States this side the Rocky Mountains, including Colorado and Wyoming, and I am firmly convinced that old tidewater Virginia is to-day the garden spot of the New World, the most primitive, the most hospitable, the most beautiful spot in America—as yet unknown and "undeveloped" in the modern sense, for which I, for one, devoutly thank God.

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

THE FUTURE LITERARY CENTRE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

There is a wide gap between the proverb asserting that "figures never lie" and the opinion expressed now and again by experts that nothing can be more mendacious than statistics misapplied; and the truth seems to lie between these extreme sayings. Just as chronology is the backbone of history, so a statement of fact can be made terser and more convincing if the figures are set forth that illuminate it. If we wish to perceive the change of the relative position of Great Britain and the United States in the course of the centuries, nothing can help us better to a firm grasp of the exact facts of the case than a comparison of the population of the two countries at various periods.

In 1700, the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland numbered between eight and nine millions, while the inhabitants of what is now the United States were, perhaps, a scant three hundred thousand. In 1900, the people of the British Isles are reckoned at some thirty-seven millions more or less, and the people of the United States are almost exactly twice as many, being about seventy-five millions. To project a statistical curve into the future is an extra-hazardous proceeding; and no man can now guess at the probable population either of the United Kingdom or of the United States in the year 2000; but as the rate of increase is far larger in America than in England, there is little risk in believing that a hundred years from now the population of the American Republic will be at least four or five times as large as that of the British monarchy.

Just as the centre of population of the

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United States has been steadily working its way westward, having been in 1800 in Maryland and being in 1900 in Indiana, so also the centre of population of the English-speaking race has been steadily moving toward the Occident. Just as the first of these has had to cross the Alleghanies during the nineteenth century, so will the second of them have to cross the Atlantic during the twentieth century. Whether this latter change shall take place early in the century or late, is not important; one day or another it will take place assuredly.

Inevitably it will be accompanied or speedily followed by another change of almost equal significance. London sooner or later will cease to be the literary centre of the English-speaking race. For six centuries the town by the Thames has been the heart of English literature; and there are now visible very few signs that the days of its supremacy are numbered. Even in the United States to-day the old colonial attitude, not yet abandoned, causes us Americans often to be as well acquainted with second-rate British writers as the British are with American authors of the first rank. Yet it is not without significance that at the close of the nineteenth century the two most widely known authors of the language should be one of them an American citizen and the other a British colonial, owing no local allegiance to London—Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling.

The disestablishment of London as the literary centre of English will be retarded by various circumstances. Only very reluctantly is a tradition of pre-eminence consecrated by the centuries overthrown. The conditions of existence in England are likely long to continue to be more favourable to literary productivity than are the conditions in America. In a new country literature finds an eager rival in life itself, with all its myriad opportunities for self-expression. No paradox is it to say that more than one American bard may have preferred to build his epic in steel or in stone rather than in words. The creative imagination has outlets here denied it in a long settled community, residing tranquilly in a little island, where even the decorous landscape seems to belong to the Established Church. But the Eastern States are already, many of them, as orderly and as placid as Great Britain has been for a century. The conditions in England and in America are constantly tending toward equalisation.

A time will come, and probably long before the close of the twentieth century, when there will be in the United States not only several times as many people as there are in the British Isles, but also far more literary activity. In other words, the most of the leading authors of English literature will be American and not British in their training, in their thought, in their ideals. That is to say, the British in the middle of the twentieth century will hold to the Americans about the same position that the Americans held toward the British in the middle of the nineteenth century. The group of American authors between 1840 and 1860 contained Irving and Cooper, Emerson and Hawthorne, Longfellow and Lowell, Poe and Whitman and Thoreau. These are names endeared to us and highly important to us, and not to be neglected in any consideration of English literature; but it is foolish for an American to seek to set them up as the equal of the British group flourishing during the same score of years. So in the middle of the twentieth century the British group will probably not lack striking individualities; but, as a whole, it will probably be surpassed by the American group. The largest portion of the brain, as well as the largest body of the English-speaking race, will have its residence on the western shore of the Western Ocean.

What will then happen to the English language in England when England awakens to the fact that the centre of the English-speaking race is no longer within the borders of the little island? Will the speech of the British sink into dialectic corruption, or will the British resolutely stamp out their undue local divergences from the normal English of the main body of the users of the language in the United States? Even now, at the end of the nineteenth century, more than half of those who have English as their mother-tongue are Americans; and at the end of the twentieth century the numerical superiority of the Americans will be as overwhelming as was the numerical superiority of the British at the beginning of the nineteenth. Will the British frankly accept the inevitable? Will they

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face the facts as they are? Will they follow the lead of the Americans when we shall have the leadership of the language, as the Americans followed their lead when they had it? Or will they insist on an arbitrary independence, which can have only one result—the splitting off of the British branch of our speech from the main stem of the language? To ask these questions is to project an inquiry far into the future, but the speculation is not without an interest of its own. And although it is difficult to decide so far in advance of the event, yet we have now some of the material on which to base a judgment as to what is likely to happen.

Of course, the question is not one to be answered offhand; and not a few arguments could be brought forward in support of the opinion that the British speech of the future is likely to separate itself from the main body of English as then spoken in this country. In the first place, England, although it has already ceased to be the most populous of the countries using English, will still be the senior partner of the great trading-company known as the British Empire. That the British Empire may be dissolved is possible, no doubt. The Australian colonies have federated; and having formed a strong union of their own, they may prefer to stand alone. South Africa may follow the example of Australia. India may arise in the might of her millions and cast out her English rulers. Canada may decide to cast in its lot with the greater American Republic. But each of these things is improbable; and that they should all come to pass is practically inconceivable. All signs now seem to point not only to a continuance of the British Empire, but also to its steady expansion. London is likely long to be the capital of an empire upon which the sun never sets, an empire inhabited by men of every colour and every creed and every language. For these men English must serve as the means of communication one with another, Hindu with Parsi, Boer with Zulu, Chinook with Canuck.

That this will put a strain on the language is indisputable. Wherever any tongue serves as a *lingua franca* for men of various stocks, there is an immediate tendency toward corruption. There is a constant pressure to simplify and to lop off and to reduce to the bare elements. The pidgin-English of the Chinese coast is an example of what may befall a noble language when it is enslaved to serve many masters, ignorant of its history and careless of its idioms. Mr. Kipling's earliest tales are some of them almost incomprehensible to readers unacquainted with the vocabulary of the competition-wallah; and the reports of the British generals during the war with the Boers were besprinkled with words not hitherto supposed to be English.

Some observers see in this a menace to the integrity of the language, a menace likely to become more threatening as the British Empire spreads itself still further over the waste places of the earth. But is there not also a danger in the integrity of English close at home—in England itself, even in London, and not afar in the remote borders of the Empire—the danger due to the prevalence of local dialects? To the student of language one of the most obvious differences between Great Britain and the United States lies in the fact that we in America have really no local dialects such as are common in England. Every county of England has an indigenous population, whose ancestors dwelt in the same place since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and this indigenous population has its own peculiarities of pronunciation, of vocabulary and of idiom, handed down from father to son, generation after generation. But no one of the United States was settled exclusively by immigrants from a single English county; and, therefore, no one of these local dialects was ever transplanted bodily to America.

And no considerable part of the United States has a stationary population, in-breeding and stagnant and impervious to outside influences; indeed, to be nomadic, to be here to-day and there to-morrow, to be born in New England, to grow up in the Middle West, to be married in New York and to die in Colorado—is not this a characteristic of us Americans? And it is a characteristic fatal to the development of real dialects in this country such as are abundant in England. Of course, we have our local peculiarities of idiom and of pronunciation, but these are very superficial indeed. Probably

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there has been a closer uniformity of speech throughout the United States for fifty years past than there is even to-day in Great Britain, where the Yorkshiremen cannot understand the Cockney, and where the Scot sits silent in the house of the Welshman.

This uniformity of speech throughout the United States is, perhaps, partly the result of Noah Webster's Spelling-Book. It has certainly been aided greatly by the public-school system, firmly established throughout the country and steadily strengthening itself. The school system of the United Kingdom is younger by far; it is not yet adequately organised; it has still to be adjusted to its place in a proper scheme of national education. In the higher institutions of learning in England, at Oxford and at Cambridge, there is no post-graduate work in English; and whatever instruction an undergraduate may get there in English literature is incidental, not to say accidental.

Probably there is no connection between this lack of university instruction in English and a carelessness in the use of the language which strikes us unpleasantly, not merely in the unpremeditated letters of scholarly Englishmen, but sometimes even in their more academic efforts. Jowett's correspondence, for example, and Matthew Arnold's offer examples of a slovenliness of phrase not to be found in Lowell's letters or in Emerson's. And no American writer of an equivalent position would allow himself the use of a piebald jargon such as annoys our eyes and our ears in nearly every one of the works of a certain prolific journalist now holding the chair of English in one of the Scottish universities.

Certain Briticisms are very prevalent, not merely among the uneducated, but among the most highly cultivated. *Directly* is used for *as soon as* by Archbishop Trench (the author of a lively little book on words), and by Mr. Courthope (the Oxford Professor of Poetry). *Like* is used for *as*—that is, "like we do"—by Charles Darwin; and in more than one volume of the English Men of Letters series, edited by Mr. John Morley. The elision of the initial *h*, which the British themselves like to think a test of breeding, is discoverable far more often than they imagine on the lips of those who ought to know better. It is said that Lord Beaconsfield, for example, sometimes dropped his h's, and that he once spoke of "the 'urried 'Udson." And if we may rely on the evidence of spelling, the British often leave the *h* silent where we Americans sound it. They write "an historical essay," from which it is a fair inference that they pronounce the adjective 'istorical. In Mr. Kipling's *From Sea to Sea* he writes not only *an hotel* and *an hospital*, but also *an hydraulic*.

Thus, we see that the immense size and variegated population of the British Empire may be considered as a menace to the integrity of the English language in the British Isles; and that a second source of danger is to be discovered in the local dialects of Great Britain; and, finally, that there is observable in England even now a carelessness in the use of the language and a willingness to innovate both in vocabulary and in idiom.

But however formidable these three tendencies may look when massed together, there is really no weight to be attached to any of them singly or to all of them combined. The language has already for two centuries been exposed to contact with countless other tongues in America and Asia and Africa without appreciable deterioration up to the present time; and there is no reason to fear that this contact will be more corrupting in the twentieth century than it has been in the nineteenth. On the contrary, it will result rather in an enrichment and refreshment of the vocabulary, which is ever in need of reinvigoration, as words wear themselves out by over-use. So, also, the danger from the local dialects of Great Britain instead of increasing is decreasing day by day as the facilities for travel improve and as the schoolmaster is able to impose his uniform English upon the young. Lastly, the willingness to use new words not authorised by the past of the language is in itself not blameworthy; it may be indeed commendable when it is restrained by a conservative instinct and controlled by reason.

The Briticisms that besprinkle the columns of London newspapers are like the Americanisms to be seen in the pages of the New York newspapers in that they are evidences of vitality, of a healthy liveliness of the language itself, of a most

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necessary ability to renew itself and to keep itself fit for the use of future generations. Only a dead language can get along without neologisms, without a steady stream of new words, new uses, new phrases, new idioms. In Latin it may be proper enough for us to set up a Ciceronian standard and to reject any usage not warranted by the masterly orator; but in English it is absurd to set up any merely personal standard and to reject any term or any idiom because it was unknown to Chaucer or to Shakespeare, to Addison or to Franklin, to Thackeray or to Hawthorne. Latin is dead, and the Ciceronian decision as regards the propriety of any usage may be accepted as final. English is a living tongue, and the great writers of every generation make unhesitating use of words and of constructions which the great writers of earlier generations were ignorant of or chose to ignore.

The most of these British innovations, both of to-day and of to-morrow, will be individual and freakish; and, therefore, they will win no foothold even in the British vocabulary. But a few of them will prove their own excuse for being, and these will establish themselves in Great Britain. The best of them, those of which the necessity is indisputable, will spread across the Atlantic and will be welcomed by the main body of users of English over here—just as certain American innovations and revivals were hospitably received in England when only the smaller branch of the English-speaking race was on the American side of the ocean. And, of course, the new terms which spring into existence in the United States after the literary centre of the language has crossed the Atlantic will be carried over to England in books and in periodicals.

When the bulk of contemporary English literature is produced by American authors, and when the British themselves have accepted the situation and resigned themselves at last to the departure of the literary supremacy of London, then the weight of American precedent will be overwhelming. Without knowing it, British readers of American books will be led to conform to American usage; and American terms will not seem outlandish to them, as these words and phrases do even now, when comparatively few American authors are read in Great Britain. And these American innovations will be very few, for the conservative instinct is in some ways stronger in the United States than it is in Great Britain, due perhaps partly to the more widespread popular education here, which gives to every child a certain solidarity with the past.

It is education and the school-book; it is the printing-press and the newspaper and the magazine; it is the ease of travel across the Atlantic and the swiftness of the voyage; it is a combination of all these things which will prevent any development of a British branch of the language after the numerical preponderance of the American people becomes overwhelming. And working toward the same union is a loyal conservatism, due in a measure to a proud enjoyment of the great literature of the language, the common possession of both British and Americans, having its past in the keeping of the elder division of the stock and certain to transfer its future to the care of the younger division.

To declare that the literary centre of English is to be transferred sooner or later from the British Isles to the United States may seem to some a hazardous prediction. To those who have taken in the full significance of the statistics of relative population, given in the earlier pages of this paper, the prediction will appear to be as safe as any prophecy before the event can hope to be. Such a transfer, it is true, is perhaps unprecedented in literary history, although the scholar may see a close parallel in the pre-eminence once attained by Alexandria as the capital of Greek culture. Unprecedented or not, phenomenal or not, the transfer is inevitable sooner or later; and if it is to take place, an effort to suggest certain of its probable results is not without instruction for us all.

Brander Matthews.

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SURVIVALS IN AMERICAN EDUCATED SPEECH

II. Bostonisms.

The broad sound of "a," so common in the European languages, we ventured in a recent paper to designate as the Cavalier "a" in English and American speech, because of the extravagant reaction against Puritan simplicity which followed the Restoration, and which continued to mark the educated speech of the age of Queen Anne and of the Court and aristocracy during the eighteenth century. This speech became a shibboleth, distinguishing the aristocracy from the common folk in England and in Virginia, and was recognised as the most elegant of English sounds until the Cockneys appropriated and applied it promiscuously in classes of words where it was a graceless intruder. It was then, as it passed into the folk-speech of London, that a second reaction set in, which continued until the true sounds of "a," as now differentiated in educated speech, gained literary acceptance.

As already suggested, this pursuit of a supposed grace in English expression was but one of many fads which marked the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Great Britain; and that some of them reached America we have already observed in Virginia, and their survival in cultivated speech accounted for on the ground of political isolation. Nor should we marvel that the New Englander, who proverbially "never gets left," would be a fair sharer in any good thing which might concern a common speech. But it does seem strange that Boston—the mind and eyes of a continent; the sun, shedding its light over a provincial people; the literary oracle; the Western nursery of letters and of art; the Athens of a new world—that this school of the nation should not have kept its own philological house in order. As remarked, it is not strange that Yankee ingenuity should have availed itself of anything that in its day was considered best. This was only characteristic; but it is remarkable that the dawn of the twentieth century should reveal cobwebs and dusty traditional speech—seventeenth and eighteenth century survivals—still in educated use; archaisms which for more than a century have been elsewhere under literary ban. Nor is the surprise lessened when in this field there is recalled the withering satire of our American Dean Swift, James Russell Lowell, who was of the manor born. The wonder is intensified when we reckon among the brilliant coterie of the Concord school, Noah Webster and Joseph E. Worcester, whose efforts resulted in such benefit to English speech in two hemispheres. Nor can philological explanation be found, as in the South, traceable to political isolation. Perhaps it is not extravagant to conclude that Boston, during the period of her literary ascendency, took such aërial flights into the rarefied ether of Mount Parnassus, that dazed by unexpected achievement and sudden splendour, or from a pardonable egotism which followed the flowering of New England Puritanism, she disdained to be introspective, or to consider that any blemish might attach to her regnant speech; for might she not proudly reflect, "*I* am the Hub: my literary dictum is law for the nation, and who shall criticise when Boston makes precedent?"

It shall be the purpose of this paper to lift the curtain just a little upon this flawless article, and hesitatingly ask why Boston has abused her trust as godmother to American speech. Readers interested in this subject will have noticed the propensity among Virginians to introduce and to retain the sound of the vowel "e" in classes of words where the literary judgment of the nineteenth century has condemned it. A cursory examination will show that the same proclivity existed, and that it took, perhaps, even a broader range, among the New England Puritans. Particularly is this observable in folk-speech—the domain of which is outside the purview of the present discussion. The c(e)ow, h(e)ow, n(e)ow, v(e)ow of the Puritans have been banished from educated speech, and even in dialectal and rustic speech soon will be recalled only as a memory.

Likewise, the old Saxon short forms, rum (for room), stun (stone), hum (home), once in universal use in the vernacular, have been laughed at until

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they, too, have reached the vanishing point.

Heerd (heard), to rhyme with feared, is a survival of the days of Addison and Dryden, when it passed as literary coin in the literary world; and yet, after two centuries, refuses to quit the classic walks of Boston. When now, as occasionally heard from the lips of that grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, it pathetically suggests the passing glory of the Concord school, and how justly to this last survivor of the splendid group comes the thought:

It seems that, like a column left alone,
The tottering remnant of some splendid fane,
'Scaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul
And wasting time, which has the rest o'erthrown,
Amidst our house's ruins, I remain
Single, unpropped, and nodding to my fall.

G(y)ide, g(e)uard, g(y)ile, c(e)ar, reg(e)ard, disg(y)ise are also noticeable survivals in New England speech, showing that these eighteenth-century Britticisms infected alike the speech of Puritan and Cavalier in America. Likewise, g(e)irls, sk(y)ies, mank(e)ind are occasionally heard among cultivated New Englanders, and are openly defended as birthrights which ought to be retained on the ground of a supposed grace in language.

The Cavalier "a," which so characterises polite speech in Virginia and England, is also a notable survival in the educated speech of Boston. But perhaps it is fairer to say that only those who assume to be especially precise and up to date in Boston culture affect this English mode, giving the broad sound of Cavalier "a" in words as advance, example, answer, command, grant, sample, ask, grass, past, etc. Recently from a New York platform one of the most polished of Boston lecturers gave this English pronunciation in fifteen common words, in all of which it was archaic.

In the light of literary history this obsolete speech may seem surprising in "up-to-date" Boston, when it is remembered that Walker, the literary sponsor for g(y)ide, disg(y)ise, c(e)ar, sk(e)y and g(e)irls as elegancies pronounced the broad "a" sound in this class of words as "bordering on vulgarity." But this opinion is mere dictum, and with such expletive we have little patience. Happily for American literature, the day is passed when the extrajudicial opinions of Walker and Dr. Samuel Johnson can be cited as commanding precedents. As stated in the July paper, Walker gave these words the short sound of "a," identical in many words with that now heard in Puritan speech, while the true sound, according to all current authority, is medial. Still, the Cavalier "a," while adjudged a vitiation, and which represents so radical a departure from American national speech, is a decided improvement upon the Puritan "a" in this class of words, since it is musical and furnishes variety in tone as distinguished from the monotony and uniform plainness in Puritan speech. Its close affinity to Cockney among the careless, as illustrated in the broad pronunciation of the Britons, makes it objectionable, and particularly so in common Saxon words of every-day speech.

However, in the United States there is little danger that the Cavalier "a" will ever become popularly established as in the literary speech of Great Britain. The danger in the United States seems rather to threaten from the side of the Puritan "a"—that symbol of carelessness—of don't care, of democratic Bohemianism; the merger of all distinctions and grace of language into one inharmonious and graceless expression. Still, there are not wanting hopeful signs that this tendency to cleavage in the speech of the United States and Great Britain will be compromised to international advantage.

But more particularly shall we call attention to a notable and most offensive corruption in the educated speech of Boston, where the broad sound (of "a") is given to the unaccented "a" when forming the final syllable in a word. It is especially obnoxious in words as idea, sofa and criteria, and in proper names as Anna, Julia, Victoria, etc. If the "e" sound, delicately insinuated before "a" in words as reg(e)ard, be excused because of an alleged graceful effect, and is to claim recognition on its merits in American educated speech, surely the broad "a" (ar) sound in the ending of words should claim no such extenuation, and ought to find no standing in any rational court of euphony, English or American.

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In *Notes and Queries*—the philological voice of Great Britain in periodical literature—there recently appeared a caution to its English readers against such pronunciation as Victoriar, showing that this corruption is not restricted to Boston, but has also infected the educated speech of Great Britain. The caution was most just, for the broad "a" in such endings inevitably identifies itself with the sound of "ar," especially among the careless, as when idéa becomes idear; phenomena, phenomenar; peninsula, peninsular, etc. If possible, this sound is even more offensive in proper names. For example, take such suggestive and musical Christian names as Anna, Bertha, Eugenia, Julia, Martha, Paulina and Victoria, in all of which the "a" final is obscure under a definite linguistic law—unless, forsooth, under some "higher law" Boston may claim exemption. There we are assured that lovers, like Romeo, seem persuaded that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and address cultured women as Annar, Mariar, Juliar, Virginiar, etc. Such linguistic corruption is almost inconceivable among the blind alleys and cowboy associations of a Western town; but when it invades the very citadel of American culture it seems regrettable that a court of chancery is not empowered to protect the wearers of these charming names from such forms of Cockney contamination.

This tendency to Cockney in English speech is also observed in nomenclature as Africa, Asia, Austria, Persia and Russia. In American folk-speech it has contaminated the names of States as Alabama(r), Indiana(r), Minnesota(r) and Virginia(r). It is also distinctly heard among the uneducated in America.

Finding this tendency in American folk-speech and in Boston educated speech, we modestly ventured the philological inquiry where such utterance originated, and if it could possibly represent grace and elegance in American expression. To many persons familiar with the musical intonation of other sections of the Union, the sound seemed ungraceful and unmusical, and, if safely out in the backwoods, we would be prompted to add vulgar, even though the criticism touched the literary selection of Bostonians. Heard repeatedly from the lips of Boston public speakers, and learning by report that it characterised the colloquial speech, we fell to musing and wondering if the wild waves and harsh winds breaking on the New England shores were responsible, and if it represented some imitative sound, made homelike and attractive to the New England ear from early association of the wild music off the coast of Cape Cod and Plymouth. While still wondering, and with our philological sympathy fully aroused for a people who are not suffering as we had heard from any malignant influence—at least since the days of Cotton Mather—great was our relief during certain investigations to find that this Boston speech was not American at all in its origin. Cape Cod, Plymouth Rock and even the wild fury of the wintry New England winds were at once absolved, when it was found to represent an English exotic,* which had burst its insular environment and swept the broad expanse of ocean—crossing possibly in the *Mayflower*—and that Boston, wrapt in the solitude of her literary splendours, had failed or disdained to recognise that any imperfection could root itself in her immaculate speech.

An allied offence against purity in American expression is prominent in words as stead'fast, where, in the unaccented syllable, the vowel "a" is given any of its broad sounds; but this, with other vitiations in New England speech, are national in character, and it would be unfair to class as Bostonisms.

There is, however, one other phase or perversion in Boston educated speech probably at this day unknown to any other section of the Anglo-Saxon world. Within recent memory a distinguished Boston scholar surprised a New York

*Walker's Dictionary, edition of 1791, says: "When the unaccented 'a' is final in a word it seems to approach the Italian sound, as in the last syllable of papa, and as may be heard in the deliberate pronunciation of idea, Africa, delta, etc."

In another connection he says: "When terminating a syllable not under the accent it seems more inclined to the Irish "a" than the English "a," and the ear prefers Americah to Americay."

Luckily for American speech, neither of these forms has been accepted (unless in Boston), and the true sound both in England and the United States, by the overwhelming consensus of literary opinion, is recognised as obscure.

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audience with such emphasised pronunciation as histō'ry, victō'ry, theō'ry, giving the long sound of "o" and the accent to the obscure syllable in these words. The shades of John Lyly and the school of Euphuists would certainly have been entranced could they have listened as histō'ry was repeatedly brought back in impressive style and in rhythmic utterance. They would surely have fancied themselves carried back to an epoch in English history when all *outré* forms met the applause of an English court and its faire ladies. For the time we were dumbfounded, and again unjustly began to suspect the wild waves and winds of the New England coast—so instinctive is the impulse in man to seek a natural cause for psychic phenomena. Undeterred, we began investigation, determined to run down this Boston elegance (?) in speech; for it was manifest from the repeated emphasis given histō'ry that it was from design and not accident, and that the Gotham audience should consciously understand that Boston is again in the vanguard of the literary procession of the Western Continent.

After a patient search need we again confess gratification at the discovery that what we feared to be a Boston corruption was but another reflex of the philological glory of Great Britain? Memō'ry was literary in the age of Queen Anne, when all forms ran to the classical, and was probably handed down from the Euphuists, while histō'ry was recognised by Dr. Johnson in his dictionary (edition 1785). Plainly here was another of the eighteenth-century fads so much the vogue in the England of Pope and his school, but which for generations seems to have hid along the byways of English literature, finally to reappear in philological undress before a Gotham audience a full century after it had gone to the literary guillotine in England. It seems as if wonders will never cease in philology, since hundreds of such survivals are periodically met with among the dialects of Great Britain and the folk-speech of the United States. Still, should it excuse Boston—so long the inner court circle, as it were, which assumed to give vogue and fashion to American literary culture—that she should neglect her own philological garden? The pruning-knife seems indispensable in all soils where growth is luxuriant.

S. D. McCormick.

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AT ST. GALL, A.D. 850

Without a slip, without a blot,
  The monk transcribed with loving care
What treasured text it matters not,
  Of homily or prayer.

And as he toiled, with sudden thrill,
  From bough of beech or spire of pine,
A blackbird with his golden bill
  Fluted a strain divine.

The busy fingers ceased to write;
  But, while the blackbird sung,
The monk found rhymes for his delight
  In Erin's witching tongue;

And penned them thus, with starry look
  And simple heart aglow,
Upon the margin of his book,
  A thousand years ago:

"Great woods and high do ring me round:
  Now, from my pages closely lined,
A blackbird with angelic sound
  Distracts my gladdened mind.

"Most sweet he sings upon the tree,
  Concealed among the leaves of green;
May God take equal joy in me—
  So love me, too, unseen!"

William Canton.

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THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

It is now nine years since the Art Students' League of New York began the custom of closing its yearly term, the last of May, with a good deal of fun and frolic; but this year there was an especial reason for rejoicing, for it closed the first quarter century of an exceptionally successful career among art institutions.

It was in June, 1875, that a little band of students started out from the National Academy of Design, determined to wait no longer for the establishment of a life class and other changes which none of the established art schools then saw fit to make. They hired a room over a piano shop on the corner of Sixteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and began work on lines mapped out by themselves.

Of the number and names of these rather daring pupils the League has kept no very accurate record. The uncertainty of attendance and other causes made it, no doubt, difficult to do so; but among those best remembered there is none of especial note, none actively engaged in art to-day, and none who is not nearly forgotten by the present generation. Among those who are in a measure remembered, however, were William St. John Harper, M. W. Wall, Julia E. Baker, Frank Waller, Helen L. Nesmith, C. Y. Turner, Lena Raybey, William F. Koester and F. S. Church.

Pioneers numbered as many women as men; the present pupils of the League number two-thirds more women than men. For several years past its annual membership roll has not been less than one thousand, and there are never less than four hundred in daily attendance. These students come from every part of the land, ranging from Maine to the extreme West; even the British possessions contribute; and the work of the League takes up all of the beautiful Fine Arts Building on West Fifty-seventh Street except the exhibition hall.

If it seems strange that from such a beginning should grow an institution which within ten years made itself heard from throughout the land, it should be remembered that its initiative steps were taken at a period when the art feeling in America had begun to foment and expand. Giving all due praise to the faith and courage of the little band who founded the League, it may still be questioned whether they would have been quickened into action just then, or even have fully realised the sterility of general art teaching in America, had it not been for the large impetus given to art-feeling in the whole Eastern section of our land by the return to his home in Boston shortly before that of William Morris Hunt (in many respects the most unique artist this country has yet produced) and all the enthusiasm he brought with him from his studies under master artists in France, and especially from his intimacy with Jean François Millet and others of the famous Barbizon school. Hunt was a magnet that roused slumbering art-instinct wherever he touched it. He did more than this; he inspired some of the rich men of America with a sense of art-values, which culminated in their buying the more famous of the works of the masters whom he knew, with the result that this country is richer to-day than any other land, except, perhaps, France, in works of the modern French masters, and in owning the best Millets, America takes precedence even of France.

It was certainly an inborn intelligence, quite in touch with the spirit of the times, which prompted that band of League pioneers to start their enterprise on the co-operative and self-supporting plan. The movement being an expression of the desires and needs of the students themselves, it was bound to grow. Beginning at first with only an evening class, the new students as they rolled in brought with them ideas as well as needs, and these naturally and gradually developed into broader lines of study and wider scope of action, so that even during the earlier years, and while it still confined itself mainly to a study of the cast and nude, its standard quickly grew to be the highest of any school in this country. Another saving instinct of the League was to eschew conservatism. With growth in numbers and funds it grew yearly more elastic, with the result that for long past it has come to be recognised as America's leading institution for the study of the pictorial and plastic arts (including architecture, and touching even upon the higher industrial arts) in their fullest and widest application. The

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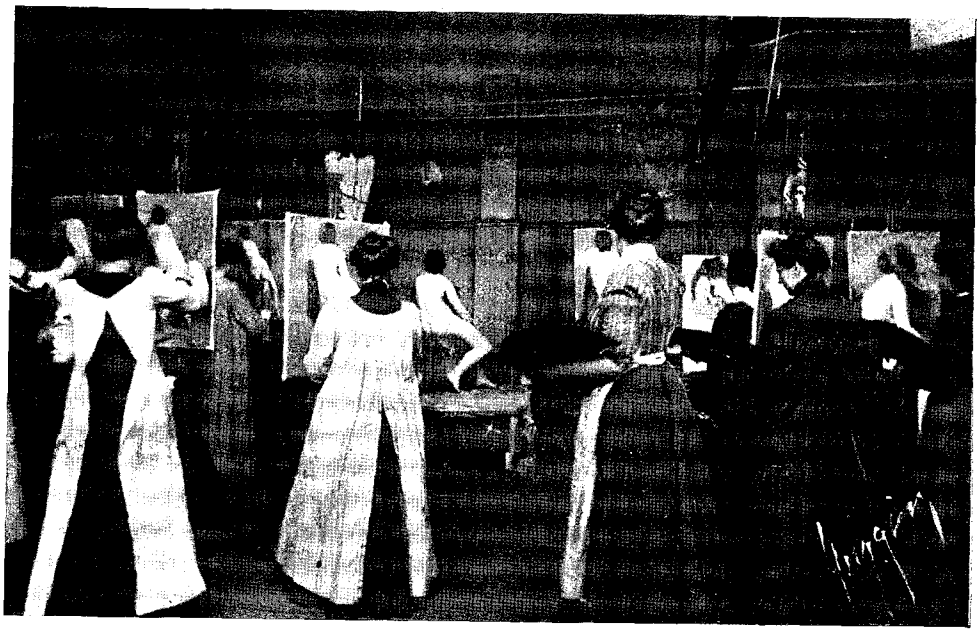

WOMEN'S LIFE CLASS—SERIOUSLY AT WORK.

fee, $50 per year, keeps the institution entirely self-supporting. Its management is intended to be as democratic as human nature will allow. It is governed by a Board of Control, consisting of twelve members, elected annually, and receiving no pay for services rendered. Most of the board are workers in the classes, any one being eligible to election who has spent three months in the life

GIRLS' TREAT—NOON HOUR.

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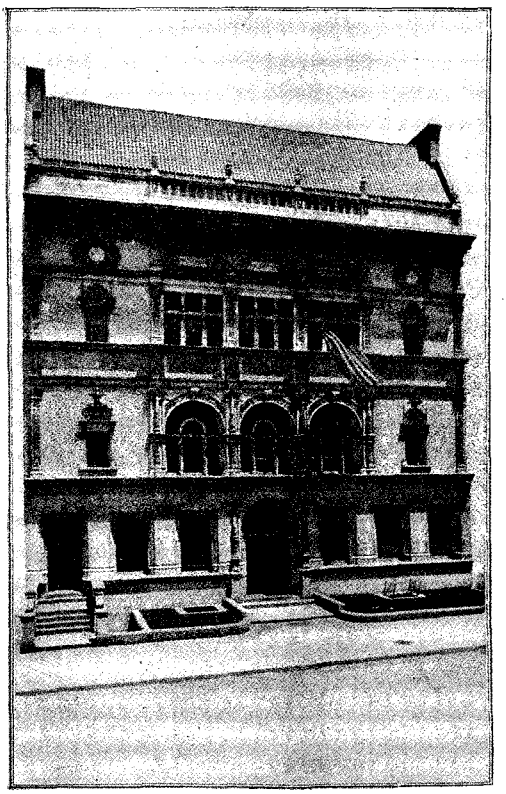
classes, and who intends to follow art as a profession. The plan being so broad, if routine in office creeps in, it can be explained only by saying that such conditions seem inevitable sooner or later.

Another policy of the League, and one often questioned, is to insist on an exceptionally high standard in drawing. Only a very clever pupil leaves the antique classes to enter the life in less than a year; and it has been known that even then the pupil himself—or herself—has sometimes asked to be returned again to the preparatory class after the difficulty of drawing from the living figure had become evident. With the school's expansion, the standard of the life and composition classes grows yearly more difficult to reach. Every class in drawing is also a class in composition. The school maintains that nothing can be expressed—a common poster no less than a dramatic incident—until the pupil has learned to compose as well as draw. Besides the combined classes in drawing and composition, there are also two special classes confined to composition alone; one simple and inductive, leading the pupil on to the more complex principles of composition; the other carries composition into the highest art expression and subtlest criticism. These classes form the basis of all or any line of art to which the pupil may subsequently devote himself, and from them branch out other classes more specific; for example, illustration in all its branches, etc. Classes in modelling are conducted on the same plan, and these are not patronised by sculptors alone, but by sculptors' assistants, marble-cutters, carvers and others.



THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE, FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

Each year sees some new effort made by some master artist with a view to advancing pupils. An experiment of the year now closed was to merge into one class pupils from the antique and life classes. This grew out of a desire observed on the part of the pupils themselves to bring the two modes of drawing into closer relation to one another. This enables the student to see the work of one stronger than himself as it grows under hand and also to compare cast drawing with that from life, while the instructor can illustrate the one by the other to the advantage of the pupil.

Another class also was started last season; this is called the advanced life class for drawing, painting and composition, and requires for admission into it work of a higher order than was ever demanded by the League before. This is the standard class of the school. Like all classes in the school, it has four divisions: one in the morning and one in the afternoon for men and the same for women. The life classes for men and women are always separate. In the antique classes they work together. The latter classes are under Mr. J. H. Twachtman and Mr. Bryson Burroughs. An antique class for men in the evening is conducted by Mr. George B. Bridgman. There are also evening classes for men, in clay, cast and life, under Mr. C. J. Harvey. The illustration classes, day and evening, are under Messrs. Walter Appleton Clark and Howard Christy. The combined painting and drawing class is under the widely known artists Joseph De Camp and Kenyon Cox. These are the largest classes in the school. Messrs. De Camp and Blum are also over

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the advanced classes in painting, drawing and composition. Specific classes outside the general term are those in artistic anatomy, progressive composition, etc. These meet occasionally, and are under Messrs. Kenyon Cox and Arthur W. Dow. Throughout the whole season there is a constant succession of free evening lectures on all manner of art subjects, delivered by persons eminent in the art world.

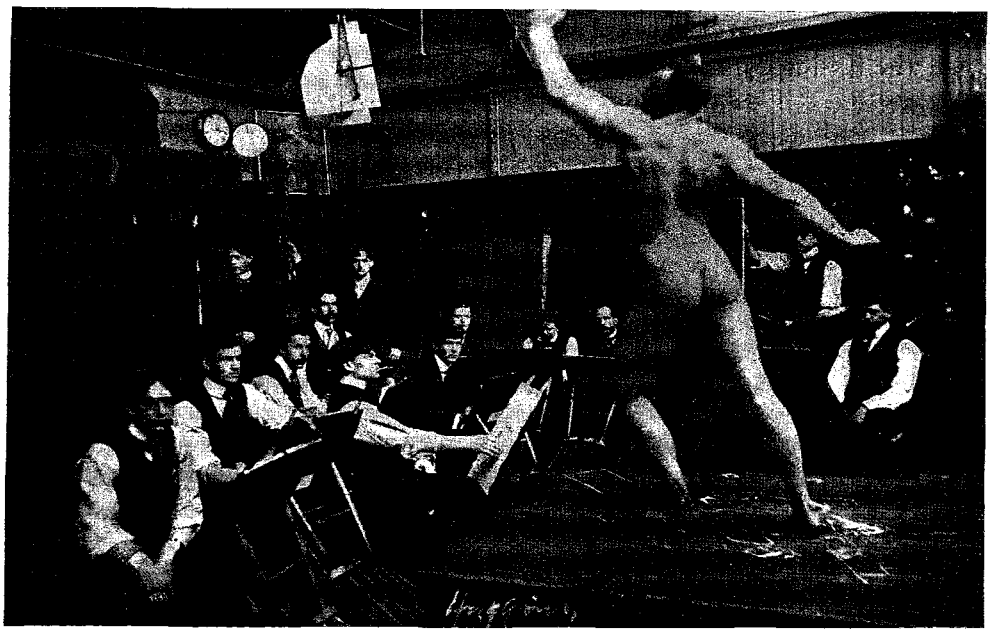
The League student who would make headway must work hard. The idler and the dullard is, of course, sometimes lured thither, and may continue dropping in and out at intervals for a goodly number of years; but if such are visited by a spark of ambition at all, their lot is scarcely a comfortable one when contrasted with students more enterprising and ambitious, to say nothing of the yearly "roastings" and "hazings." It need hardly be said that a goodly percentage of League pupils are recruited from those bitten with the art mania so prevalent in later years, yet whose work as it grows presents no warrant for selecting art as a profession. It is doubtful if the people who think they can write stories or make verse can compare at all numerically with the youth of either sex who want to paint, and think they can, if only they could take "lessons enough." The glory and the glamour of tangible colour is apt to lure one on much longer than will the colourless labour of trying to put art into writing after one discovers that ideas cease to come at bidding. At the same time, nothing could be more wholesome than a season at the League for people who desire to test themselves by study and discover by comparison with others just where they stand. The fact that

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,"

is likely to come home to them with a peculiar keenness.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed an outspoken League student of the past season, "what a missionary work some of America's millionaires might do if they would pay a season's tuition here for a certain number of conceited fellows every year! Nothing cures a swelled head like a spell at the League."

Doubtless he was pretty near the truth. Close competition in a laborious, painstaking, elusive art is rather crushing to that personal conceit which misses in itself that sort of initiative which uplifts



MEN'S LIFE CLASS—MODEL POSING AS AN ATHLETE.

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and bears one on toward a distinct goal. But the student in love with his work and in touch with its conditions contrives to get a good deal of fun out of the situation. There are rules and unwritten laws in the League, but they are not of cast iron. There are so many hours for work in morning or afternoon class, but nobody can decide how much or little a pupil gets out of those hours. There are few noted American artists of the younger school, whether residing at home or abroad, who have not put in more or less time at the League. Yet these are, no doubt, quadrupled by those whom the League turns out and who are never heard from as artists at all. It is safe to say that the majority of the women students are diverted into quite other channels than those of professional artists; but it does not follow that what these women learn there is not of great value to them even in a domestic career. An American residing in Paris wrote home not long ago, saying he had looked the matter up, and nearly every American artist whose work got prize or mention in the Salon had been at some time a League student.

The place, too, seems to have a hold on those who have studied there; it is as if they felt themselves a part of its co-operative spirit. Among students low in funds the shifts made and privations endured in order to keep on would often make pathetic, even painful reading if fully told. Some have been known to live almost literally on the proverbial meal a day. Others who prove themselves facile in drawing discover means of selling their wares to the cheaper publications, and thus help pay for their tuition while supplying themselves with very meagre fare. Necessity compels others to drop out, who never find their way back again, although it may be their most ardent desire to do so. Only the very smallest percentage ever realise anything approaching their early dreams. Many succeed in supporting themselves decently, and it would be hard to find one who would, under any circumstances, confess he was sorry for the time spent there.

With the League's growth in prosperity, the college trick of "hazing" has, of course, waxed stronger. In this the life-class students are the aggressors and the moving spirits those lads who find themselves in an easy condition of pocket. Let it be known, too, that in these hazing tricks the girls are never molested, and

A SECTION OF THE "ANTIQUE"—STUDENT IN FOREGROUND WEARING A MASK OF NAPOLEON I.

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the fun, though often annoying and a bit humiliating to the lads of the "antique," is never cruel. The raid when on generally announces itself by an uproar in the life class above, followed by shouts and songs in the descent over the stairs. Then the doors of the "antique" class are burst in. Sometimes the antique boys will try to defend themselves, and block against the doors from the inside chairs, stools, easels and every available article, holding them there by main strength. This is the prelude to a breaking in of doors, panels and a tumbling in of "lifes," in which casts, pictures and other properties are likely to be demolished. The vengeance then wreaked on some defenceless "antique" is likely to be more farcical than fierce. Last season, for example, one was captured bodily, carried upstairs, placed upon the models' table, robed as a darkey and made to enact a cake-walk, sing songs and perform whatever other antics the captors could devise. After this he was bound in cheese cloth, after the manner of an Egyptian mummy, with his hair in curl papers, and thus attired was carried down again and placed in the midst of the students of the antique class. Ludicrous as was the sight, he had, of course, the full sympathy of his class. The "lifes" must always pay all damages incurred in the fun. But whatever the cost, the effervescence of wild fun is sure to break out periodically, despite the protests of the "authorities."

But despite all these "larks," goodwill and helpfulness prevail, and many League friendships formed are lifelong. Each student has a chance to learn that give and take is his best policy. The League furnishing a meeting-ground for youth from all parts of the land, they manage, during off moments and recreation hour in the lunch-room, to get a good deal of sport out of milder forms of fun than "hazing." In the good-humoured play of burlesquing one another's local peculiarities of speech, certain writers of American dialect and idioms might obtain valuable hints could they but listen. There they might hear the supposed "bur" in Western speech mimicked to perfection. The musical drawl and slurring over of certain vowels comes in for equal intonational play among the sons and daughters of the East. Sometimes the West and South will combine to turn the laugh on the Easterners. Then it may be the broad "a" of the New Englander that will be

ENTRANCE TO THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE—STUDENT BUYING FROM ITALIAN VENDOR.

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broadened into absurdity by both New Yorker and Westerner. The New Englander, of course, will promptly retaliate, reminding them both of their "lafs" and "hafs" and "cants," etc., and may end up with the story of the Chicago girl who, after spending a winter in Boston, returned home to confound her circle with her newly acquired pronunciation, and tripped up at last by calling her aunt an "ant."

When New York one day got beyond its "rights" in mocking the West, a witty wag from Ohio undertook to give the metropolis an object-lesson in its own popular pronunciation. With a significant wink at a compatriot, the Ohioan asked: "What did you have for dinner last night?"

"Turkey," was the reply.

"What! remember, sir, you are in New York; call it toikey."

Then, selecting the old saw anent the early bird catching the worm, the wag added a few more words of doggerel and made it read thus:

> The oiley boid catches the woim, which
> Squoimed in a poifect coicle, etc.,

and this he pinned up as an object-lesson, averring that it was a sample speech of the average New Yorker who had escaped being flavoured with Irish brogue.

The best thing about this sort of play is that no one takes offence; each is intent upon getting in the last laugh. Art is a rather cosmopolitan education in itself and eminently conducive to the spirit of impersonal play. As the season draws to a close, many a sigh is heard because of the break which necessitates a return home from the end of May till October.

The fun of the year culminates in the "Fakirs' Exhibition," the students' parody on the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, placed yearly during April in the hall of the Fine Arts Building. All students, whether "antiques" or "lifes," are invited to fake some one of these pictures; and as it affords a capital chance for pictorial caricature, most of them try. Only the best fakes are put on view. Most of this fun is quite juvenile, but a good deal of it is very clever and often displays a critical penetration into the weak points and pet mannerisms of noted artists. The instructors at the League hold "the boys" in strict subjection during the hours devoted to a judgment of their work. The dignity maintained is immense. The most waggish student dare not raise an eyelid in protest against the severest criticism from a master. The fake season gives the student his opportunity to puncture the weak spot in the master. There is no malice in it; it is rollicking farce pure and simple. During the couple of weeks of preparation for the fake show, when rhymes and ditties intended to rouse enthusiasm for it among the students are hung along the halls and stairways, the most dignified instructor may come upon a lampoon picture in which he may discern traces of his own lineaments above a rhyme setting forth his eccentricities as an artist. For example, an unyielding teacher in draughtsmanship, who is at the same time in his own paintings the most pronounced of impressionists, might this spring have seen himself outlined in the most impressionistic of attitudes above this bit of doggerel:

> He sits in a sea-green grotto,
> Mid buckets of lurid paint,
> And he paints the thing as it isn't
> For the God of things as they ain't.

In making their most atrocious fakes, the lads generally take care to select the work of some artist whose reputation is too secure to make their "swipes" and "roasts" more serious than would be the pouring of water on a duck's back. No picture in the past season's exhibit was more "faked" than Kenyon Cox's impressionistic "Warm Orange Reflections." Louis Loeb's striking portrait of Israel Zangwill furnished another target. It was lampooned half a dozen times, and one fake reproduction entitled "Is-a-real-Longbill" took the fake prize. Winslow Homer, Carroll Beckwith, William Chase and William Wilde were among the other artists of note most favoured by the jokers, while John La Farge's mediæval figures were parodied past description. Some of these fakes are so much a matter of impressional colour scheme as to make an idea of them in black and white impossible, while the massed effects of others would equally preclude their being

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photographed with success. Hence, they must be seen in the original to be appreciated.

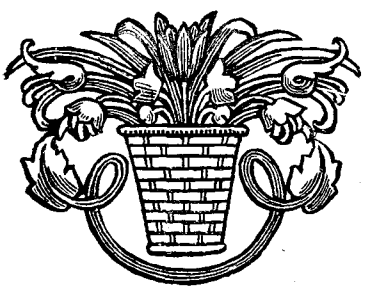
A brief quotation from the past season's fakirs' catalogue may show the *raison d'être* of faking:

"The Society of American Fakirs is a society for the promotion of cruelty to art, founded by Mr. Bryson Burroughs. Its chief mission is to criticise pictorially the efforts of the Society of American Artists at the time of their annual exhibit in April. . . . A fake is a cold, cruel, remorseless, ridiculous swipe on the hard labour of some defenceless American artist. A fake may be an exaggeration of some striking feature. It may be an intelligent criticism or it may be a flamdoolery. . . . You will have to guess what it looks like, as no profanity is allowed in the catalogue. . . . The object of the fakirs, besides making fakes, is to maintain in the League a scholarship for a deserving art student who is financially limited. The society is worth between five and six hundred dollars. The interest on this, with assistance from the League, pays the scholarship. We raise the money at the fake auction and by selling catalogues."

The fake auction is inimitably funny. The work of the thing is interspersed with jokes and music. Many of the students have good voices, and they train for the occasion. The carnival winds up with the fakirs' ball, a costume affair, in which the most unique dress takes a prize.

Altogether, the Art Students' League furnishes in itself an epitome of life in miniature. There, grave and gay, work and droning, plenty and pinching, together with every mark and degree of early environment, may be noted. It is a cosmopolitan spot, where individuality finds ample room to blossom, and where as thorough training may be got as in any school in Europe.

Mary Twombly.



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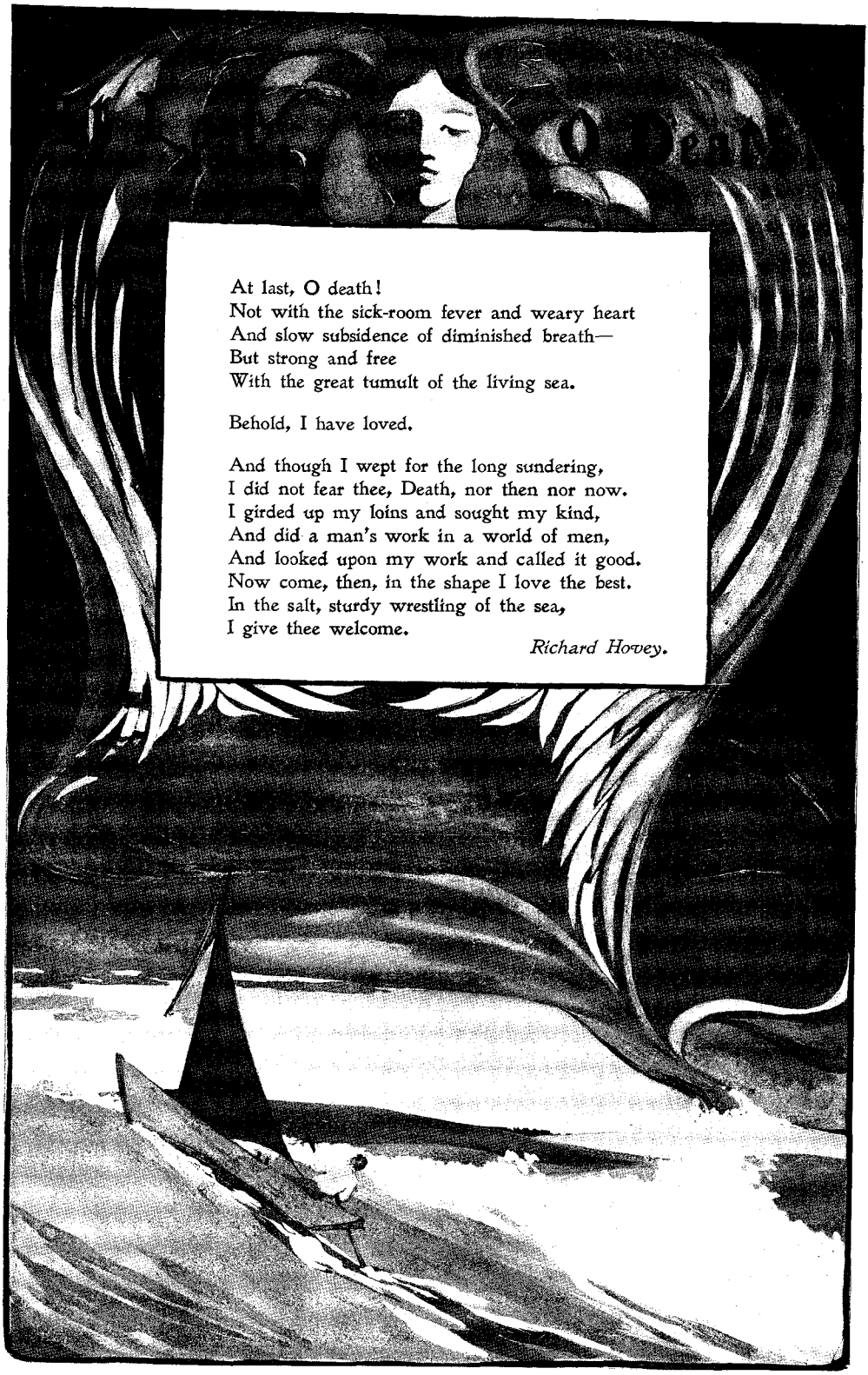

DRAWING BY MELANIE ELIZABETH NORTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This poem is believed to have been the last written by Mr. Hovey. Under the circumstances, it is curiously prophetic.

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CONTRASTS AND PARALLELS IN AMERICAN POLITICS, 1800 AND 1900

Superficially, the people of the United States at the end of the nineteenth century present the most violent contrast with the same people a hundred years earlier. In numbers, in extent of territory occupied, in wealth—in short, in all the material aspects of national existence the statistics show differences that make comparison ridiculous. When we consider, on the other hand, popular characteristics of a kind that cannot be expressed in mere figures the results are not necessarily so startling. That there is, relatively to numbers, more intelligence and general culture in the people of the United States to-day than there were a hundred years ago is a thesis that is more susceptible of debate than we are generally disposed to admit. For intelligence and culture are not to be gauged by the statistics of literacy. The ability to read, write and cipher through cube root is an inadequate test of intelligence; and the capacity and inclination to absorb the contents of the *Morning Diurnal* and the *Evening Yellow Boy* are but an indifferent evidence of culture. There is no possible doubt that the circulation and the influence of the newspapers and magazines are incomparably greater to-day than one hundred years ago. But it is not so clear that there is a proportionate increase in the power of men to overcome the difficulties of their environment —which seems the truest test of intelligence—or a proportionate increase in the disposition to prefer the things of the spirit to material good—which is the first fruit of culture. Certainly from the political point of view, an average of the millions who to-day read the daily *Diurnal,* or of the hundreds of thousands who have demonstrated the popularity of *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith,* would not result in a higher aggregate of the qualities useful in a citizen than a like average of the good people of the United States in 1800, who were lucky if they saw a newspaper once a week, or a new novel once in a lifetime.

From the standpoint of the modern American the people of the United States in 1800 were "slow." They were essentially some five millions of farmers, scattered thinly over the region between the Alleghanies and the coast. Commerce and shipping were maintaining a precarious existence on a moderate scale at Boston, New York and Charleston; manufactures were making some headway through the influence of Hamilton's ten-per-cent. protective tariff and the recently invented cotton-gin; but it was in agriculture—the general exploitation of the soil—that the character of the people found its most significant expression. The typical American—if there was such a thing—was the small farmer. It is said to be not otherwise to-day. But there is a difference. The farmer of the Mohawk Valley or Middle New Jersey or Southern Pennsylvania in 1800 had no railway or trolley bringing luxuries to his door and carrying his produce from it; had no Brussels carpet on his parlour floor and no organ on the carpet; rarely sent his son and never his daughter to boarding-school or college; and in general had no mortgage on his land. But he was fully the equal, possibly the superior, of his successor of to-day in intelligence, energy, self-reliance and general ability to master the circumstances amid which he found himself.

In one respect the average American of a century ago had an incalculable advantage over him of to-day; land was very abundant and very cheap. To-day, if the price of corn or cotton, or the importunities of a mortgagee, convince a farmer that he must have more or different land, the problem of getting it is serious. One hundred years ago, he had only to pack up and move to a new tract. The enormous resources of the region west of the mountains were just beginning to be appreciated and the movement toward the prairies was getting fairly under headway. With certain risks—the hardships of a long wilderness journey and the perils from malaria and Indians at its termination—which risks, however, seemed to exercise almost no deterring influence, the emigrant from the East might possess, practically gratis, any amount he desired of the most fertile land on the globe. To-day, no like resource is open to either the ambitious or

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the hopeless farmer. From time to time some relatively small Indian reservation is thrown open to settlement, and is snatched up by the hundreds of land speculators who have camped for weeks on the border, watching their chance. But the only promising opportunity of the farmer who, from choice or necessity, seeks to better himself is found in joining the endless movement to the manufacturing and commercial centres.

In the Western movement, which was setting in in 1800, was involved an important political influence, through the modification of the sectional antagonisms that from the earliest days of independence had been manifest among the people. Between Northern and Southern States the consciousness of conflicting interests and ideals was losing nothing of the strength which had been manifested in many incidents of the Revolutionary War and of the constitutional epoch succeeding. But even more keen than the antagonism of North and South had been that of East and West. Especially New England, whose people had passed distinctly beyond the pioneer stage of civilisation, found it quite impossible to comprehend the trans-Appalachian type of citizen—either in his personal or in his political character. John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson very well typified the contrast between their respective regions. Between the old Southern and the new Western States—Kentucky and Tennessee—there was, despite some very considerable friction from time to time, a fair degree of mutual sympathy; so that the normal array of sectional antagonism revealed the South and West opposed to the North and East. New England was already exhibiting the premonitory symptoms of that terror which inspired her frantic opposition to the Louisiana purchase. But while the statesmen and philosophers of Boston were giving way to the gloomiest forebodings as to the barbarising influence of the West upon the East, certain much more efficient Yankees were trooping westward to the margin of settlement and contributing their share to the development of a new section—the Northwest—which was destined to effect a striking readjustment of the sectional balance.

A hundred years ago, the "Ohio idea" was just making its *début* on the stage of American politics. To-day, the idea is familiar to us as denoting a particular availability for high office. Of the last six men elected President, four have been natives of Ohio; and the tale of Ohio men in conspicuous positions in civil and military life is too familiar to require mention. These facts of to-day have a very definite relation to the conditions at the beginning of the century. For Ohio, more truly than any other region, was the crucible in which was compounded that interesting entity, the average American; and the process of composition was just under full headway when the century opened. Southerners from Kentucky and Virginia, Middle States men from Pennsylvania and New York, and New Englanders from Connecticut shared in the inauguration of the first State government in 1802. Each of the old sections contributed to and found a substantial interest in the new State. But the conditions of pioneer life speedily wrought out of the various elements a new type, which determined the character of the Northwest. Yet even when the Northwest was fully developed there remained an individuality about Ohio. She was less remote in character and sympathy from the South, from the Middle region and from the East than the new States which grew up to the westward of her, and she accordingly has found proportionate recognition from all.

In respect to government, the United States at the end of the eighteenth century was, as compared with the present day, strongly aristocratic. This appeared in two ways. First, there was in all the States a property qualification for the suffrage and for holding office; so that the political people embraced only a part—and in several of the States a pretty small part—of the male population. And, secondly, the custom was still quite general of regarding as worthy of especial respect those families and individuals who by wealth and education stood above the average level. In but few regions was there the tendency, so common to-day, to look upon wealth or intellectual strength, especially if inherited, as establishing a presumption of unfitness for political service. The government of the country was, in fact, distinctly in the hands of the more substantial classes of the population; and this was as true of

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the State as of the Federal Government.

In 1800, the people of the United States completed the eleventh year of life under the Federal Constitution. That the central government had made a favourable impression on the masses of the population can hardly be asserted. The first and by far the most engrossing interest of the American of that day was in his State government. The organisation which in 1800 took up its abode in the woods on the banks of the Potomac was regarded as something abnormal—almost foreign. Even to-day the personal contact of the average citizen with the organs of National Government is practically limited to the post-office; but this institution is so intimately bound up with his daily life that the power which maintains it seems very close to him. A hundred years ago, a daily mail was a rare phenomenon, and in the average family the receipt of a letter was an epoch-making event. The mail-coach or post-rider that at frequent intervals passed through the country district had so little relation to the regular life of the inhabitants that the remoteness and abnormal character of the Federal authority was rather emphasised by his appearance.

To-day, it is the quadrennial convulsion of the Presidential election which at the same time best illustrates and most stimulates the popular interest in the Central Government. A hundred years ago, the incidents were quite unknown that nowadays convert practically a third of every fourth year into a business vacation and transform thousands of our staidest citizens into apparently incurable maniacs. In the election of 1800 there was no organised riot under the name of nominating convention; there was no months-long frenzy of mass-meetings, "spellbinders," torchlights and fireworks; there was no hurrying of campaign documents by the ton and dollars by the million into States where the voters' mind was supposed to be susceptible to the influence of either of these inducements. On the contrary, the election was regarded as an affair of high politics, in which the mass of the people had only a remote interest. The electors were still in a considerable measure what the framers of the Constitution designed them to be, a select body of citizens of each State, deliberating and determining, in the light of their own reason and patriotism, as to the bearer of the supreme official dignity in the Union. In twelve of the States the part of the ordinary voter in the choice of President ceased with the election of the State legislature. In only four did the people vote directly for the electors. But in no case was there a conclusive mandate from the voter to the elector as to the person for whom the electoral vote should be cast. In each individual State the concentration of votes on particular candidates was effected through consultation and counsel of the political leaders at the State capital, where the Electoral College met; and the wider understanding, through which a concentration of the votes in different States upon the same men was effected, was brought about through the activity and influence of Congressmen and others in high position at the Federal capital.

The democratising of the Presidential election through the development of the nominating convention is one of the most familiar facts of our history. Throughout the middle of the present century the men for whom the electors were to vote were determined in advance by the nominations made by delegates of the people. The popular will found a faithful expression in the action of the conventions. But at the present day there is clearly a reversion to the aristocratic methods of a century ago. The nominating conventions preserve—even accentuate—the forms of expressing the popular will. But it is becoming more and more rare that the candidates are in any real sense chosen by the conventions. The huge quadrennial assemblies of noisy delegates are ratification meetings rather than deliberative bodies; and the real choice of the names for which the *conventions* are to vote is as much now the work of a small group of men as was one hundred years ago the real choice of the names for which the *electors* were to vote.

It is quite unsafe, therefore, to conclude that because the average man has to-day so much greater a relative interest in the Central Government he has a proportionately greater influence upon its composition and action.

The growth in importance of the Cen-

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tral Government and all the incidents through which this growth is made conspicuous are associated, both as cause and as effect, with the evolution of parties. There were parties a hundred years ago, but the term suggested ideas quite different from those which it calls up now. Then, the essential thought was the common principle or purpose which drew the members together; now, it is rather the mechanism through which the triumph of a given principle or purpose is effected. The gradual but definitive appearance in every State of Federalist and Republican parties during the administrations of Washington aroused in the President the profoundest grief and alarm. His Farewell Address dwelt in Hamilton's most impressive language upon the dangers that impended from the spirit and methods of party. But his forebodings were aroused by what would now be looked upon as most legitimate and harmless differences of opinion on matters of public policy. In the denunciations of party to-day it is not the existence, but the lack, of such differences of opinion that forms the chief count in the indictment. The "machine" and the "boss" had not arisen when the present century began; but we may imagine with what wrath the Father of his Country would have descended upon a party that consisted of a compact and thoroughly equipped association of citizens, united not for the promotion of some known and definite policy, but for the organised and enthusiastic support of almost *any* policy that its leaders, from whatever motive, might decide to set before it. A party in search of an issue which has become a familiar phenomenon is a conception that would have been hopelessly unintelligible in the United States at the beginning of the century.

Party leaders there indeed were in that day. In a very large measure the gradual differentiation of the people into Federalists and Republicans had been due to the antithesis of temperament and ideals between Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. The influence of these two men had been paramount in shaping the issues upon which party lines had been drawn. Hamilton, openly active and aggressive with voice and pen, had so moulded the policy of the Government under the new Constitution as to emphasise the latent forces which made for nationality and strong central control. His whole disposition was aristocratic. He felt that the chief function of government was action, and that for action only few men in any society were well equipped. The mass of men must be taken bodily in hand and must be directed for their own good. Jefferson, on the contrary, was more the man of reflection, of subtle analysis and devious influence. His disposition was democratic. He believed in the competence of the mass of men to take care of themselves, and that government must, in general, be reduced to a minimum of activity. At the institution of the new government he had looked on aghast at the positive and forceful procedure of Hamilton. Helpless to thwart what seemed to him dangerous and wholly wrong, he had busied himself with cultivating the antipathy which Hamilton's course excited in many circles. Jefferson was a master hand in the subtle art of weaving prejudice and suspicion into philosophic opposition. When the wars of the French Revolution developed, and American interests became involved, he was easily able to see, and to inspire others to see, in Hamilton and his followers the representatives of that very system of aristocratic domination which the French people had cast off. That the Federalists regarded the English Government with especial favour was sufficient to confirm all that their adversaries felt to be true; and on the basis of this wholly foreign situation the Jeffersonian opposition assumed to itself the name Republican.

Federalists and Republicans, then, made the closing years of the eighteenth century resonant with the clamour of partisan strife. The distribution of party strength presents some striking analogies with that at the present day. Then, as now, the commercial and the financial regions stood opposed to the agricultural; then, as now, the regions where the blacks were numerous stood opposed to those where they were few; and then, as now—but even more than now—New England stood opposed to everything else—a thing *sui generis*. The magnificent constructive work of Hamilton in the organisation of the revenue and the banking system had set the large towns of the coast definitely in Federalist ways.

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The commercial aristocracies of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston looked upon Thomas Jefferson and all his works very much as the corresponding classes to-day look upon William Jennings Bryan. And, on the other hand, the farmers and pioneers of the "back country," as it was called—the two slopes of the Alleghany Mountains with Kentucky and Tennessee—conceived of Hamilton, Jay and the other aristocrats of the East as the same sort of man-eating monsters that the Kansas Populist to-day sees in the Vanderbilts, in Grover Cleveland and in Mark Hanna. The back country was from the outset Jeffersonian—the stronghold of the Republicans. The small farmer and the pioneer could very readily grasp the significance of the idea that every man must stand on his own basis and must be let alone by the Government. Especially strong was this conviction since the Federal Government had interfered with the inalienable right of every free man to turn grain into whiskey, and had actually sent troops into Western Pennsylvania to back up its interference and collect the hateful excise. The South was, on the whole, Jeffersonian and Republican. It was aristocratic in its general social structure and temperament; but it is a fact of universal historic record that a landed aristocracy, whose chief characteristics are philosophic ease and inertia, can never remain long in political accord with a restless and progressive aristocracy of commerce and finance. So the old States of the South, after a sufficient dalliance with the Federalists to establish the new government on a firm working basis, shifted over at the century's end, and struck that alliance with the "back country" which determined the politics of the nation for decades to come.

New England, as I have said, was *sui generis*—even more than to-day. Here Federalism was to endure even after the Federalist party was dead; and here the politics of the region a hundred years ago, like the history of the region to-day, were subject to a corrective, if not a controlling influence in the characteristics of the Adams family. It was just at the end of the last century that the famous quarrel between John Adams and the Essex Junto accompanied, if it did not cause, the downfall of the Federalists from power; to-day we see in the writings of Henry and Brooks and Charles Francis Adams a strong reflection of the family spirit, acting to qualify the judgments which the adulation of a literary posterity has impressed upon the history of New England Federalists, and of New England Puritanism in general.

The methods of party controversy a hundred years ago lose nothing by comparison with the present day in respect to trickery and general unscrupulousness. The press was then the main engine of influence; for the mass-meeting and the pre-election parades and the stump speech had not yet developed. Political clubs flourished and drank copiously in club banquets to the confusion of their adversaries. But while such methods of nourishing party sentiment were much in vogue, what we miss in the politics of the time is that systematic and unrelenting pursuit of the individual voter that is characteristic of party activity to-day. Parties, in short, like political life in general, were not democratised. The English idea of a party was still predominant. The ablest men of the country—the aristocracy of intellect—divided into two groups on the line of principle and temperament; the lesser men followed on the line of interest or emotion, but the essence of the parties lay far more in the leaders than in the followers. So the play of forces in electoral contests centred more about the former than about the latter. Politics were the game of big men rather than little; and though the pawns in the game included some of the littlest and meanest men on record, they were moved by some of the biggest. Candidates, and most of all, policies, could in those days never be determined, though they were vociferously and unscrupulously supported by men of the mental calibre and social instincts of some of our most pretentious editorial dictators.

Partisan politics, thus, were to a great extent an esoteric matter in the small circle of large men. With the removal of Washington's overwhelming influence from affairs, the rivalry of parties was speedily determined in favour of that led by Jefferson. The most fundamental reason for this was that Jefferson was easily the most efficient party man of his day. For eight years he had busied him-

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self steadily but unobtrusively in impressing upon influential men in all sections of the country his views of the public affairs and the public personages of the time. His methods were at the farthest remove from those which give political prestige at the present day. He never served in Congress and fathered a tariff bill; he never moved an audience to rapture by florid eloquence or sacrilegious metaphor; he never led a charge of dismounted cavalry against an enemy's entrenchments, to describe it afterward in magazines of large circulation; he never induced a corporation to contribute largely to a campaign fund, or contributed a hundred thousand himself; and he never packed a primary or bought a delegate. On the contrary, his chief activity consisted in violating what are now the most elementary rules for the conduct of a man with high ambitions—that is, he talked politics and he wrote letters. He talked and wrote to such purpose, however, that his inspiration sank deep into the thoughts of all who came at all under his influence. That his characterisations of those to whom he was politically opposed were wholly free from mendacity and malice can hardly be maintained. His letters, through unseasonable publication, brought him sore difficulty at times. When, for example, through the indiscretion of his Italian friend Mazzei, certain reflections upon the wisdom and political soundness of Washington got into print, Jefferson temporarily suffered. But the effect of his work as a whole was to create a widespread conviction that he thoroughly believed in the capacity of the mass of the people to govern as well as to be governed, and that in steadfastly sustaining him was the best hope of democracy in America. On this conviction rested the unity of the Republican Party.

The best party leader, then, led by dint of principle, and his position was one of unquestioned pre-eminence. Faith in Jefferson was the unqualified creed of every Republican, from the Congressman to the humblest voter. Among the Federalists, on the contrary, the question of leadership was undetermined. Hamilton was unquestionably the ablest man in the party, but his pretensions to lead were obstinately questioned by testy John Adams. And both these personages lacked the patience and tact that win confidence. Hamilton's conduct in the campaign of 1800 is an admirable example of leadership run mad. Irritated by the refusal of the President to submit to his views as to the Government's policy, Hamilton, at a moment when the Presidential campaign was at its crisis, wrote an elaborate pamphlet to demonstrate that Adams was unfit for re-election, and concluded it with the opinion that all the Federalist electors ought, nevertheless, to vote for Adams. This astonishing document was intended for the eyes of the Federalists only, and was expected to pave the way for the defeat of Adams by the action of the Federalist electors themselves. But the pamphlet fell into the hands of Aaron Burr, Hamilton's persistent adversary in New York politics, and it naturally was published. The effect on Federalist party unity was what might be imagined. But, in fact, this incident only made a matter of general knowledge the dissensions which had for some time rent the party and threatened its existence. It served to confirm the charge which Jefferson had so sedulously promulgated for years, that Hamilton was a despotically minded person, whose general attitude in public affairs was that of rule or ruin, and who was seeking, with the support of a small clique of narrow-minded Eastern Federalists, to maintain an oligarchic system under the forms of the Constitution.

Of all the prominent politicians of the day, Aaron Burr probably came nearest to the type which is now suggested by the name "Boss;" and of all the States, New York a hundred years ago enjoyed the pre-eminence she still retains for unprincipled politics. Yet conditions in those days afforded little opportunity for more than a remote suggestion of the "boss" and the "machine." Burr was distinctly a politician in the baser sense, in that his conduct was determined primarily by motives of narrow and personal interest. He was clever and resourceful, with a magnetism of manner that won friends among all social classes. He built up in New York City a personal following, which in discipline and efficiency compared well with the modern "machine." With this support he became in State politics a power that could deal on equal terms with the ancient family

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influences of the Clintons and the Livingstons. The climax of his career was the State election of 1800, in which he carried New York City against Hamilton in a spirited contest, and so determined the electoral vote of the State for the Republicans. Burr then became Vice-President of the United States; but, like many a later product of New York politics, he shrivelled to relative insignificance in the atmosphere of the national Capitol. In administration circles he inspired about the same kind of feeling and the same amount of sympathy that Conkling inspired under Hayes and Garfield, and Hill under Cleveland.

The eighteenth century closed, as the nineteenth is closing, with a great political revolution in the United States. The outward visible token of the earlier phenomenon was the election of Jefferson in 1800; the latter has been revealed with unquestionable clearness in the Spanish war and its consequences. Both alike embody fundamentally the work of self-conscious democracy. In the earlier, American democracy took its home affairs out of the hands of its local aristocracy; in the latter, it is manifesting a purpose to take the affairs of the world at large out of the hands of the international aristocracy.

The immediate issues on which the Jeffersonians triumphed over their adversaries suggest both analogies and contrasts that are curious in reflecting on present conditions. In March, 1798, President John Adams suddenly found himself in the position, to him so unwonted, of a hot popular favourite. The insulting action of the French Directory in the famous X Y Z affair was made public in that month, and a war message was sent to Congress. Popular feeling assumed at once as approving and demonstrative a form as in 1895, after Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan Message. Jefferson and all the French sympathisers were reduced to the same state of paralysis and helpless protest as were the British sympathisers on the recent occasion. A navy was promptly equipped, an army organised, and hostilities on sea were actually begun before Talleyrand realised, like Salisbury later, that something serious was likely to happen, and assumed a conciliatory tone. To all appearance the Federalists, riding on the wave of warlike popular feeling, were sure of a long lease of power. But Adams and his party profited no more than did Cleveland and the Democrats by the sudden gust of favour. The Federalists passed the Alien and Sedition laws, and by a brutal persecution of their adversaries gave Jefferson just the opportunity he could best utilise to justify the charges of despotism in Federalist policy.

The possibility of such legislation as the Sedition Act is in a way a most striking illustration of the contrast between the last century and the present day. The idea of anything criminal in saying or printing what is "false, scandalous or malicious" against the Government, the Congress or the President, is an idea that to-day could not command a single vote in either House. To a very large element of our population the failure to say or print such things would appear more worthy of punishment. But a hundred years ago not only was seditious publishing an offence; it was an offence that was most harshly dealt with by the courts. The judges were Federalists, and the Republicans had to suffer. Matthew Lyon, a Congressman from Vermont, with about the same perversity of taste and fluency of epithet as some of our Populists enjoy, was jailed for six months for asserting in substance that President Adams was a vain, pompous and avaricious old man, who passed by good men and appointed mean men to office. A dozen Republican editors were likewise imprisoned for attacks on the President that would now pass for ordinary campaign editorials, and a feature of several trials was vituperation of the accused by the judge that was quite on a par with that which constituted their offence. The proceedings before the German courts in respect to his Imperial Majesty, that are so astonishing to us to-day, are less repugnant to our sense of liberty and justice than those of the Adams administration under the Sedition law.

One issue that assumed much prominence a hundred years ago is now buried beyond all possibility of resurrection. In order to give some definite and formal expression to the sentiment hostile to the Alien and Sedition laws, Jefferson and his party followers formulated and had passed by the legislatures the famous

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Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798-99. In these was embodied either expressly or by implication the doctrine of State sovereignty—of the right of a State to nullify and prevent the enforcement of a duly enacted law of the United States. On the constitutional issue thus raised, the controversy was fierce and prolonged, and involved even so serious a side as the practical comparison of the fighting forces of Massachusetts and Virginia, in case a resort to arms should become necessary. But Jefferson and Madison were easily the most peaceable minded politicians in the world, and it can safely be laid down that an armed assertion of State rights was at the furthest remove from their thoughts. Yet the doctrine they enunciated was destined to a singularly conspicuous place in our history until it was snuffed out at Appomattox. To-day, nullification, State sovereignty and the compact-theory of the Constitution are as extinct as the Dinotherium and the Dodo. Even a very slight tendency to resort to the line of reasoning by which they used to be sustained subjects a public man to a journalistic commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. Witness the occasion on which Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, entered the lists against President Cleveland's summary suppression of the strike riots in Chicago in 1894.

When, in the autumn of 1800, it became apparent that the Federalists had lost the elections, and that Thomas Jefferson would be President of the United States, a profound despair settled upon those classes who imagined themselves divinely appointed to take care of the American people. The New England ministers saw in Jefferson a French atheist, who would probably abolish Christianity by decree and ordain, as the Jacobins had done, the worship of Reason. The Federalist leaders in Massachusetts were satisfied that not only religion, but also property, would now be overwhelmed by the general elevation of the mob to political power. In view of the coming dominance of the forces destructive of society, it was debated whether the respectable classes ought not to save themselves by steps that would preserve New England at least from the general cataclysm, even by cutting loose from the rest of the doomed States. That the ancient Puritan commonwealths should be exploited by the uncouth slave-drivers and backwoodsmen who constituted the bulk of the Jeffersonian party, seemed a fate that justified any means of escape.

The amazement and terror that were manifested at the reversal of policy on this occasion are paralleled in no small measure by the feelings that have been elicited by the recent expansion of our territory. And Boston is to-day, as it was a century ago, the storm centre of protest against the new policy. The prognostications of impending woe are no less direful and earnest than they were in 1800. All the principles and institutions that are the glory of our system are to be undone through the Philippine barbarians, just as religion and property were to be overthrown by the barbarians of Kentucky and Virginia. As France afforded the fatal example which was to lead us to destruction in 1800, so it is an insane frenzy to emulate Great Britain that is leading us to red ruin and the breaking up of the laws of to-day.

Senator Hoar and Mr. Edward Atkinson and the other earnest anti-imperialists have doubtless no less grounds for dread than had ex-Secretary of State Timothy Pickering and the Rev. Jedediah Morse and the other earnest Federalists. And the anticipations of the former will be just as nearly realised in the American democracy of the year 2000 as the anticipations of the latter are in the American democracy of to-day.

William A. Dunning.

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DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Shakespeare, always being "revived," has been attempted more ambitiously and successfully the last month than at any time in America in recent years. Modjeska in *King John* is still to come, but we have had within a few weeks Edward H. Sothern in *Hamlet,* Richard Mansfield in *Henry V.* and, on a lower scale of ability, but still interesting, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the West Side. The amount of Shakespeare that is to be seen in a country without repertory theatres depends, of course, on the desires of the stars. Since Booth and Daly have died, Miss Marlowe has dropped Shakespeare, and Modjeska fails to keep a company up to the New York standard, no prominent organisation has been playing Shakespeare regularly here. These recent experiments have given remarkable satisfaction. Unlike the *Romeo and Juliet* of last year, which could be praised mainly for good intentions, Mr. Sothern and Mr. Mansfield have succeeded so well that, if they keep on, Shakespeare will certainly be much more favourably in the public eye than he has been for a long time. Sarah Bernhardt will probably play *Hamlet* here this fall, which will add one more interesting study of the poet.

Hamlet is one of the six or eight plays of Shakespeare which have proved themselves equally permanent and constant on

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS HENRY V.

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the stage and in the library; whereas *Henry V.* is revived only at long intervals, and has little drama in it compared to its poetic and spectacular features. Great poetry helps give life to a play, as great thinking does, but both together cannot accomplish all the work. From *Egmont*, played a couple of times recently at the Irving Place Theatre, I should never have learned that Goethe could be absorbing on the stage. The fact, therefore, that *Henry V.* was a more popular success than *Hamlet* naturally calls for explanation. For one reason it is a novelty; not one person has seen the last *Henry V.*, Rignold, in 1879, where a dozen have seen Booth, Irving, Wilson Barrett, Tree, Forbes-Robertson, Bernhardt or some barn-stormer in *Hamlet*. In the second place, the public likes spectacles; and while Mr. Sothern's production was full of large and beautiful scenery, Mr. Mansfield's was the most remarkable scenic effort, possibly next to *Ben-Hur*, of recent years. It was conducted also with no less skill than magnificence. Crowds and the scenery did not get in the way of the action, partly because there was little action to impede, partly because the stage management was of the highest possible excellence; and as far as the long and beautiful speeches were concerned, it was much easier to listen to them with King Henry standing in the midst of realistic and dramatic scenes of war. Mr. Mansfield introduced the scene of Henry's return to London, first interpolated by Keene, and founded on one of the pieces of information given in the play by the Chorus; and this great exhibition of what can be done in the way of spectacle on the modern stage produced more enthusiasm than all the rest of the play. The scenery in *Hamlet*, on the other hand, in good taste as it was, had its drawback, because it broke the swift action of the play by lengthened waits. Mr. Mansfield, again, having only a series of scenes to deal with, was at liberty to shift them about, which he did; whereas, Mr. Sothern, being bound, as any right-minded manager would be, by the perfect dramatic order of the scenes in *Hamlet*, found himself rather overweighted with the number of them when put on in the modern manner. Of the two creations, it is hard to say which will stand higher in the end. Mr. Mansfield has had long experience in the intellectual drama, and he reaped the fruit of it, both in the perfect calculation with which he met the demands of the masses and of the educated people, and in the great public interest which was aroused before his play was put on. Mr. Sothern, on the other hand, identified with a much cheaper class of work, and having failed in *Die Versunkene Glocke*, his only ambitious effort, opened to a week of very bad business, but won such general praise that the second week of his fortnight in New York saw packed houses. Mr. Mansfield's Henry is unlikely to make essential developments. Admirable already, it calls out all the skill at this finished actor's command, and there is no doubt that it has fewer errors and more difficult accomplishments than Mr. Sothern's Hamlet. Mr. Sothern, however, by doing such unexpectedly strong and intelligent work on his first appearance in Shakespeare, gives rational hope that he may make his good work indefinitely better and leave a name in *Hamlet* to last after him. His power to improve is shown strikingly by the difference between his Heinrich and his Hamlet. In Hauptmann's play he did not seem to have an intimate conception of the nature of the tragedy, and his recitation was wholly inadequate. In *Hamlet*, a few months later, he came out with an ability to recite poetry with rapidity, unfailing metrical accuracy and a variety of intellectual comprehension rare indeed. To look the part better would be impossible. From the moment that Mr. Sothern spoke his first line and cast his first glances at the king and queen, I felt that a worthy creation had been given to the American stage. Here was a man who in other parts looked like Hamlet, who to a large extent seemed to have his temperament and who had studied the play so faithfully that he was on his first appearance capable of really illuminating many passages in the old masterpiece. Doubtless each point may at some time or other have been already made, but many were new and suggestive to me. Where he came short of what he is likely to accomplish if he remains in the part until it is second nature to him, was in welding all his many details into a few big tones of thought and passion. It is interesting to read *Hamlet* with

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foot-notes, but as time goes on Mr. Sothern's foot-notes will be in somewhat smaller type. Another possible improvement will be in giving up some nervous effects which are truthful to life, but not to art. I saw the play again at the end of the first week, and many faults of the opening night, especially in Hamlet's attitude toward Ophelia, his mother and the king, had been entirely removed. Mr. Sothern's version of the play is as good as could be expected. The crueller side of the young prince's nature is cut out by the omission of Hamlet's soliloquy while the king is at prayer, and of the whole Rosecrans and Guildenstern plot. Polonius and Laertes and Fortinbras are shortened, partly to make room for the less important but more popular scenes with Ophelia, partly because the actors in those rôles made little effect, although it must be confessed that the Polonius was better and the other two at least as good as Miss Harned's wholly incompetent Ophelia. The general level of the action, in spite of the fact that the queen also needed recasting, was so good, especially in the small parts like Osric, the Grave-diggers, all the players and the Priest, that with Mr. Sothern's own extremely

HEIDWIG LANGE.

interesting work the effect was so strong that I for one suffered comparatively little from anybody's behaviour except Miss Harned's. The truth is, that the play is so superb that it needs only a fair all-round performance to accomplish miracles, although, of course, it offers the greatest opportunities in the world for flights of genius.

Henry V. I enjoyed less, because it is inferior as a play, and praised more, because it was better done. The title-rôle being quite out of his natural line, Mr. Mansfield had to show much greater resources, and he did it. Apart from his ability as stage manager, he accomplished a great feat of art in getting so far inside of a part entirely unlike his natural temperament. We imagine Henry open, kind, spontaneous and warlike, half warrior and half saint, and Mr. Mansfield

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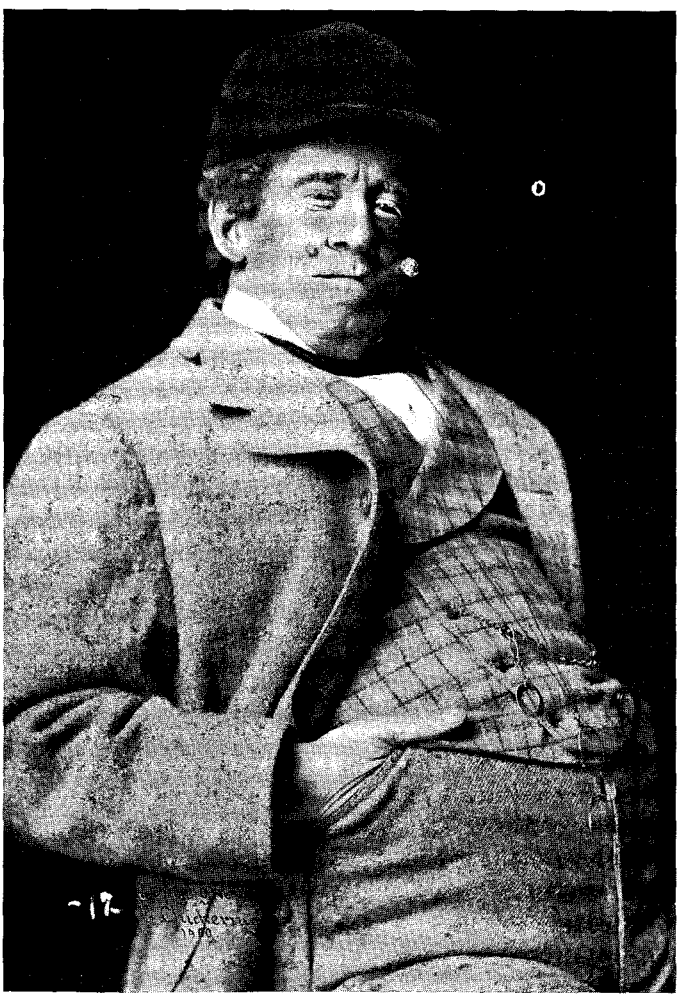
has always identified himself most completely with cynical or sarcastic characters. Again, it takes a large physique to carry off the big war speeches of the king easily; and Mr. Mansfield, with his small frame, needed to use every resource of art to dominate the scene. All these difficulties, however, were so nearly overcome, his speech, carriage and facial expression so far bent to his intellectual purposes, that he gave a picture of the generous and high-minded warrior, with which almost no fault could be found, except by those who care more to have the player's temperament fit their idea of the character than to have his mind properly represent it. Mr. Mansfield cut out some of the religion, and all the cruelty, from the part, but left it otherwise essentially what it is in the play. His support was very good, except in the comedy rôles, which, being rendered without their magniloquence and unction, were usually flat, although Fluellen was fair. From the excellent cast two stand out particularly—John C. Dixon, as the Archbishop, who could not have been better, in his much shortened part, especially in recitation, and Miss Florence Kahn, whose Chorus was the most beautiful thing in the whole performance. Prophesying about actors is hazardous amusement, but if I were to pick out, in the whole range of American players, just one actor under thirty who promised to gain a very high reputation, I should not



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS DAVID HARUM.

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hesitate a second before naming Miss Kahn. She has a something which makes for greatness. Most prominent of all stands out her keen intelligence, which has been shown before, and was shown again in her reading of the speeches in this play. With her analytic understanding of every meaning in her lines go scholarship, leading to absolute technical accuracy, and that much greater thing, imagination, which lifted her performance to a plane more entirely poetic than anything in the production. Physical qualities, however, do as much as mind in producing a great actor. Miss Kahn's form is graceful and holds attention; her face is as fluid as it is intelligent; and the only organ about which doubt remains is her voice. It is a beautiful voice, but in her work thus far it has not seemed to have a wide gamut.

A Midsummer Night's Dream was played for a week at the Grand Opera House, not expertly, to be sure, but well enough to show some of its merits as a stage play. Louis James as Bottom won whistles and cat-calls from the pillars of society located in the gallery, and while he acted with some comic breadth, what the gods really approved was the stage business of the poet. Modern scenic contrivances, allowing the fairies to make good entrances from trees and flowers and to gain by light effects, help this play, although there is the corresponding danger of sinking the poetry of the words, which was done, especially in this case, by excess of music. The

SCENE FROM "SAG HARBOR."

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Puck of Ethel Browning was quick and light, and it was something of a surprise to hear a West-Side crowd applaud

"What fools these mortals be,"

as well as

"And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously."

Altogether, observation of this unsophisticated but quick-witted audience still further convinced me of the advantages of having our national dramatic literature seen upon the stage, not only when it is prepared to meet the more exacting standards, but also when it is done for less critical audiences, but acted as well as the empty plays usually seen by the same people. I have never enjoyed anything at the Grand Opera House as much as I enjoyed *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Besides the advantages of having so much of our greatest literature shown to us in the form for which it was written, the month at the theatres has offered modern literature also. James A. Herne has acted in New York for the first time his *Sag Harbor,* the latest of a line of plays, including *Margaret Fleming, Shore Acres* and *Griffith Davenport,* which have given him a position with literary people held by no other American playwright. He has not been as successful practically as several others, because his plays are strong, not in plot, but in character, style and sober veracity. Although he does not read German plays, I believe, he has been working all alone in this country on a line parallel with one species of refined naturalism on the Continent which has had its largest dramatic harvest in Germany. *Sag Harbor* is not so good a play as some of those which have preceded it, yet it has a quality of artistic refinement which is not found to the same degree in any other American dramatist, and Mr. Herne's acting is the same perfect expression of his writing that it always has been.

Another native work is the stage version of *David Harum.* The novel seems to me to be a vital performance, quite unlike most of our made-to-order fiction of very large circulation, and worthy to stand with the creations of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. William H. Crane, in those external matters of detail which appeal to most readers of the book, fits the part perfectly, but he does not in any degree sound its depths or give the fulness of its humour. The playwrights have fixed up a plot of their own, more commonplace even than the plot of the book; but that matters little, since the characters of David and of some of his townspeople give the whole value of the story. Had the play been better made, it might, perhaps, like the *Old Homestead,* have been perennial; but, as it is, the immense practical success which is assured to it for this season and next must end soon after the immediate vogue of the novel has subsided.

Two American women wrote *The Greatest Thing in the World,* a feeble, confused and aimless object, which introduced Mrs. Le Moyne to New York as a star. The whole excellent cast acted well, but the main interest in the play was to see the demonstration that maternal love conflicting with a desire to remarry would be a hopeless theme upon the stage, even in the hands of abler playwrights. I saw this concoction in the evening, after enjoying Pinero's *Magistrate* at a twenty-five cent matinée at the Murray Hill, as much as did the laughing crowd, and thought again how many theatre-goers fashion leads astray.

Norman Hapgood.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

Some one who signs her letter "A Subscriber's Cousin" (we like that) sends us the following:

In the article reviewing *Unleavened Bread* in your July number, the author says: "It is the portrait of a woman *bred up* in a small American village." I do not intend to be aggressive, but simply in a spirit of investigation I desire to inquire if you have an excuse for the use of "up" in this sentence, and if so, may I know it?

Certainly. Consult any unabridged dictionary of the English language, and you will find "breed up" recognised as a legitimate compound verb sanctioned by established authority. Webster, for example, after stating that the verb "breed" is sometimes followed by "up," gives the subjoined citation from Locke:

"His farm may not remove his children too far from him or the trade he breeds them up in."

II.

The metempsychosic gentleman from British Columbia has again been heard from. His temper is a little ruffled as regards us, but he is grateful to those of our correspondents who have tried to account for his curious sensations on reading *To Have and to Hold.* Here is his letter, which requires no special comment.

In spite of your wonderful erudition, you have not the grace to admit, save in a vague and negative fashion, that in the instance of my letter you were rather too keen in your ridicule and much too previous with your recommendations. After having read THE BOOKMAN for over five years, nearly from its beginning, and noting the "I am holier than thou" spirit of the Letter-Box, it took a large amount of courage to approach you for information. Then to have that spirit crammed down my own throat is no great encouragement to risk your smug acerbity by a second attempt. However, I wish to thank your correspondents for their interest in my case of mental dyspepsia. As to the books they propose, *He Fell in Love with His Wife* I have not read. *The Head of a Hundred* may have had a remote influence on my recollections at the time of reading *To Have and to Hold,* but the insistent resemblance that troubled me I believe directly due to Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's story. Up to the point of his taking his wife to his home in the wilderness, Ralph Percy's romance is very closely akin to Dollard's, but there is one other character in *To Have and to Hold* whom I have met before in fiction—the Italian doctor with his black death. Perhaps your Silver Bay correspondent can aid me in my search for Nicolo's double.

III.

A robust Briton up in Campbellton, New Brunswick, who is evidently delighted over the collapse of the Boers, sends us on a post-card the following exultant gibe. As we believe in giving everybody a show, we print it without comment, only wondering how he came to think that we are an Aguinaldian.

BOOKMAN, how is H. T. P.? Has he gone to help Kruger or Aguinaldo? If he wants to be of any service to them, he had better make tracks for S. A. or Manila soon. How about the $18 that was left of the $1100 given to the Boer delegates for the Boer widows and children?

IV.

A denizen of the University of Pennsylvania (probably an undergraduate) sends us this brief query:

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN you employ the expression "the draughtsman's stylus." Ought not a Professor of Latin to use the form *stilus?*

Yes—when he is writing Latin.

V.

The cover on our June number still seems to interest thoughtful minds. A lady in Washington writes:

Please allow me to place myself upon record with the lady in Elizabeth, New Jersey, who considers your June cover "very, very artistic." This will break up the stand-off.

But "A Lover of the Eternal Fitness" writes three and a half pages from Cam-

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bridge, Massachusetts, to say, apropos of the same cover, that it exhibits "the taint of degeneracy."

My emotions at beholding it could be accurately portrayed only by the extensive and expressive vocabulary of the Editor of the Letter-Box; and I was actually afraid to open the magazine through the fear, happily unrealised, that the deterioration in the cover might have extended to the contents.

So, you see, it is still a stand-off.

VI.

A physician abiding in Tucson, Arizona, sends us the following:

For some reason I am unable to find pleasure in the short stories which I now find in the current magazines. It seems to me that there are practically no good ones nowadays. Is it your opinion that they are as well written as they were ten years ago, or am I to lay the blame on my personal change of taste?

We are inclined to think that the blame must fall upon this gentleman's personal change of taste. Good short stories, like good long stories, are always less numerous than poor ones; but we think that more good short stories are published to-day than at any time in the past. We advise our correspondent to recall among recent productions in that line the short stories of Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Wharton, A. J. Dawson, Josiah Flynt and Ambrose Bierce among others, and consider whether, after all, he ought not to revise his opinion.

VII.

We always like letters that require no comment. The following we like both for that reason and because it is amusing in itself.

Some time last winter you made some remarks on the mistakes of Richard Harding Davis, and later one of your correspondents made some remarks on your remarks. To pursue the same subject, have you chanced to notice a letter from Mr. Davis to the Chicago *Times-Herald*, published September 9 in that journal? The letter is a polemic against the Earl of Rosslyn—poor fellow!—and one of the sentences is this: "This reduces the matter to a question of veracity between he and I." Wouldn't that jar you?

VIII.

The following is from Oxford, New York:

Will THE BOOKMAN be kind enough to tell me, if its knowledge extends that far, the author and the month and year of the magazine in which it appeared, of the tale entitled *The Yellow Wall Paper*. It appeared some eight or nine years ago in a magazine named, I think, *The New England Magazine* or monthly or something of the sort. It appealed to me as a remarkably good tale of its kind, and I am anxious to secure it for my collection.

The Yellow Wall Paper was written by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson and published in the *New England Magazine* for January, 1892. It was reprinted last year by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, of Boston, in a little volume, the retail price of which is fifty cents.

IX.

Here is a suggestion from some one in Provincetown, Massachusetts:

I wish you could see your way toward publishing in each number a complete list of all the books issued during the preceding month—such a list to contain merely the title, author and publisher. It would render your paper of great value to many readers who may want to keep track of comparatively unimportant books and who now have to search laboriously through many papers.

We have already complied with this suggestion so far as to arrange for the publication each month of the titles of all the books received by us, which will, we think, pretty well cover the field of current literature.

X.

We have been writing these answers with a heavy heart, knowing all the time that it remained for us at the end to put ourselves into a sort of pillory. That time has now come, and we might as well have the thing over as speedily as possible. In the September number of THE BOOKMAN, among the Chronicle and Comment, occurred the expression "A great white rival nine on the football field." Two letters (we wonder that

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there have been no more) have reached us. In a penitential mood we print them both. The first is from Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Lampton will have an excellent opportunity to get off a "yawp" on the line "a great white rival nine on the football field," on the first page of the September BOOKMAN. Did the editor mean that a baseball "diamond" had been laid out over the "gridiron"? Or did he make just an ordinary mistake, like common people, and say "nine" instead of "eleven"? After such intelligent comment on "literary elevens" as we had in THE BOOKMAN last winter, we readers had expected better work. Your sporting editor must have been on his vacation.

The second letter is written from Peekskill, New York.

Do call in from his vacation your sporting editor, else cut out such copy as you use in your current number in Chronicle and Comment, speaking of Mr. Lampton—"if the young men of the Carlisle Indian Training-School have trounced a great white rival *nine* on the football field." Surely, Mr. Lampton is too well versed in athletics to sing of nine men lining up for a football match. To use a comment of your own, which I find further along—"This gives a beautiful illustration of the absurdity of the Editorial Method where employed . . . apparently with little practical outdoor knowledge of the subject.

We suppose that we had better explain how this thing happened. The paragraph in question was written by the Junior Editor of this magazine. Now, the Junior Editor knows a great deal about football, baseball, golf, tennis and other things of the sort—in fact, he knows more about them than it is well that any one should know. As he wrote the paragraph, the word "eleven" stood where the word "nine" now stands. The Senior Editor, on the other hand, knows very little about these subjects and cares still less, though even he is aware of the proper number of players who make up a football team. But somehow, in reading over this paragraph in the proof (not too carefully) a sort of amblyopia led him to see in it a reference to baseball instead of to football. Consequently, he changed the word "eleven" to "nine," and then went on complacently to other paragraphs and other proofs. This was not wise of him; for either he should have read the paragraph attentively or else he should not have altered it; and the result is that he is now in a sorry plight. All he can do is to express his regret and to stand up and take his punishment uncomplainingly. Suppose, now, we change the subject and go on as though nothing had happened.

LITERARY LONDON

While I write we are in the excitement of a general election. The result is still apparently a foregone conclusion, although less certainly so than was expected a fortnight since. The Liberals have come together and are fighting with great spirit. But by October 15 all will be over, and there is little reason to suppose that the book trade will be injuriously affected. The usual lists are now published, and they are at least up to a fair average. Instead of attempting to pick out the more notable volumes, I propose to say something of two questions which agitate the literary public. Both have been raised in a very definite form within the last few weeks.

The first question is whether new journals of a high class can be established successfully in this country. Let it be granted that the established papers may live without deteriorating in tone and quality. It is a considerable concession to make, but, on the whole, seems legitimate. But can the number be added to? Mr. John Murray has boldly commenced a half-crown monthly under the time-honoured title *The Monthly Review*. A journal of that name had Oliver Goldsmith on its staff long ago. At present we have at least four half-crown monthlies. They are supposed to be doing fairly well, not extravagantly well. It is known to me that one of them shows a

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profit of about £1000 a year. They suffer from diminishing receipts in advertisements, advertisers going for the large circulations. They also suffer, I think, very much from the free libraries. People read them there, and do not buy them. Still, they are fairly prosperous. Mr. Murray has done very well with his first number, having sold, I believe, some fifteen thousand copies or more. His editor is Mr. Henry Newbolt, best known as the author of some stirring war poems, and the contents of the number are good and solid. I have heard the *Review* criticised as dull, but in dulness there is strength. The vivacious and slashing reviews in our country have all come to ignominious ends, and the only periodicals of this kind that have any chance to live are the solid and instructive. I have no faith at all in the insertion of fiction or poetry or pictures or anything of the sort. But Mr. Murray has given us all these. Will his *Monthly Review* survive? Time will show. If it dies, we may fairly conclude that no fresh enterprise of the kind has much chance of flourishing, unless, indeed, a genius in editing rises up.

Take the case of the sixpenny reviews similar to your *Nation*. At one time the *Saturday Review* flourished greatly, and the *Spectator* was also an excellent property. For various reasons, which need not be discussed here, the *Saturday Review* steadily lost ground, and when the *Spectator* became Unionist it drew a large number of its rival's subscribers, and became very strong for a paper of the class, though never, I think, quite so strong as the *Saturday* was in its best days. Now we have several weekly reviews at sixpence, but I doubt whether there is real financial strength in more than one of them. Recently, however, Mr. D. C. Lathbury, formerly editor of the *Guardian*, an experienced and able journalist, commenced one under the not very happy title the *Pilot*. The *Pilot* is so far handicapped by being the organ of the extreme ritualist party in the Church of England, but in other respects it is exceedingly good, so good that I doubt whether it has a superior in the field. Will it live? Up to the present time the advertisements have been most unsatisfactory. Now that the autumn has come in they ought to be much better, and if it is supported in that way, it should have a good chance. If the *Pilot* fails, then enterprises of this kind will be thought very unsafe. My hope is that both the *Monthly Review* and the *Pilot* will flourish and that others will join their ranks.

It ought to be said that the amazing popularity of certain forms of cheap journalism has not proved permanent. For a time there was a practically unlimited demand for short complete stories at a penny. This has greatly decreased. Many publications of the kind have disappeared, and others are likely to follow. In fact, it is whispered that even the strongest journals appealing to the masses are in circulation much lower than they were a year ago, and it is quite possible that some new form of journalism has now to be evolved for the masses of the people.

The other question everywhere discussed among literary men is the reason of Marie Corelli's popularity. For a long time this author was treated with absolute contempt by everybody with any pretensions to literature. This was not wise. There must, as a rule, be merit of some kind where there is great circulation, and even if there were not, it is wrong to exasperate and embitter an "authoress." Miss Corelli replied ferociously to her critics, so ferociously that many people who never read her books were strongly prejudiced against her. Now, in the dull season, a book of hers, *The Master Christian,* has sold to the extent of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies, the largest genuine sale of a six-shilling novel that has been known in recent years. The book, I understand, is an attack on the Roman Catholic Church and on Roman Catholic methods and views in the Church of England. I have not read it, but I have heard it much discussed. Two of the ablest men I know declare that it has genuine merit, true passion and zest and life. Others speak of it with measureless contempt and disgust. I fancy Marie Corelli knows how to choose subjects which interest the multitude, that she herself has the faculty of becoming passionately interested in her subjects, that this interest communicates itself to the ordinary reader who is not fastidious, and that, in addition, she has a certain

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power of style and phrasing. She continues to meet with the old fury every criticism directed against her, and it cannot be said that her replies are always fair or convincing. One painful episode ought to be referred to, as it has been much misrepresented. Miss Corelli lived for years in the same house with her step-brother, the late Eric Mackay, who was known as a poet of some endowment. His temper and method resembled very much those of his step-sister. There was a strong attachment between the two, each taking up the other's quarrels. When Mr. Mackay died a year or two ago, Miss Corelli's grief, her sense of desolation, were not concealed. She engaged to write a tribute to Mr. Mackay's memory, to be published in a new volume of his poems. This tribute did not appear. When a slight comment was made on the circumstance, Miss Corelli explained that she knew very little of Mr. Mackay, that he had spent forty-five years of his life before she knew him, and her tone in speaking of him was strangely in contrast with that of previous utterances. It is now explained, apparently on authority, that Miss Corelli discovered after Mr. Mackay's death that he had been in the habit of claiming the chief merit of her novels, and this completely altered her whole feeling toward him. She makes haste to publish the fact that she maintained him and paid for the publication of his books, and the still more painful fact that he deliberately falsified his real age in filling up the entry for *Who's Who*. The whole subject is disagreeable in the extreme, and all the lesson one cares to draw from it is that if Miss Corelli has discovered that one whom she took for a chief friend was in reality a fool, she may be able to conceive that some whom she takes to be enemies may really be her truest friends.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's long-expected play, *The Wedding Guest*, was produced at the Garrick Theatre last night. It is now four years since this play was ready for production, but, strange to say, managers have been shy of it. It deals with the old and hopeless problem of a man who marries an innocent girl and who has to meet with his past in the shape of a deserted mistress with her child. The critics do justice to the great merits of the play, the brightness, the freshness, the humour and the sweetness of many passages, but they make the obvious remark that Mr. Barrie has not solved the problem. But is the problem soluble? Can anything be said save that death will in time lay all in the dust and leave things free for a new beginning? Mr. Barrie has so far yielded to the spirit of the time as to handle both in the play and in his new novel the strange complications of passion. He cannot touch any subject without putting it in a new light, but many of his readers and contemporaries prefer to meet him on the ground where he is an unrivalled master, the ground of elemental emotion and idyllic humour. But if there is any literary man living who may be trusted to surprise us, it is Mr. Barrie; and if he chooses to pursue new paths, he may very likely strike upon undiscovered country. There is about him that touch of the miraculous which is always the surest sign of genius. The play is evidently going to be a great popular success. We are not going to have much this year in the way of literary biography. One volume of interest has been published, *The Letters of T. E. Brown,* author of *Fo'c'sle Yarns*. Mr. Brown, I am afraid, is not so well known to the great American public as he ought to be, but some of his poetical work is admirable and charming, and has justly earned the highest suffrages. He is at his best in that kind of pathetic poetry which is made up of half sobs. There was a great flourish of trumpets about his letters, and we were told to expect in him a peer to Lamb and FitzGerald and Cowper and Stevenson. Unfortunately, the book turns out to be a great disappointment. It is quite readable, and contains many comments upon recent books. But Mr. Brown's gift was evidently not the critical gift; and though he wrote pleasantly, his letters have very little attraction. They want depth and intimacy and detachment and style. Notwithstanding, the book makes good reading, though there are few publications more objectionable than those posthumous works which lower the reputation of a dead author.

I hear great things of *Kim of the Rishti*. One eminent judge who has read it so far as it has gone says that it is the best thing Mr. Kipling has ever done,

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though he does not believe that it is much suited for serial publication. It will run to one hundred thousand words and be one of Mr. Kipling's longest books. It is known that from an early date in his fame Mr. Kipling has wished to write a long novel. He planned one book under the title of *An Officer and a Gentleman* about ten years ago, and another, which was partly written, under the title *Mother Maturin,* but neither has come to anything.

Some of our literary men are standing for Parliament, though not so many as was expected. Mr. Anthony Hope, who is a strong Radical and has warm sympathies with the Boers, meant to stand for a seat in Scotland; but owing to the unfortunate development of a heart affection, has been obliged to give it up. Dr. Conan Doyle, however, is a candidate for Central Edinburgh in the Unionist interest, and has pleased the electors very much by his frank, downright manner. Curiously enough, Mr. J. M. Barrie was asked to contest the same constituency as a Liberal, but declined. I have hopes, however, that Mr. Barrie will before long enter Parliament. Dr. Doyle's opponent, as things stand, is Mr. Brown, the head of the great firm of Nelsons. Mr. Augustine Birrell is standing for a division of Manchester, having chivalrously abandoned a perfectly safe seat in Scotland. I believe both sides of politics will wish Mr. Birrell success. The House of Commons and the country have discovered that under his humour there is much seriousness and much wisdom. The news agencies give long reports of his speeches, and in the House of Commons he is attentively listened to. I was told the other day by a former Cabinet Minister of the Liberal party that when the Liberals formed their next Cabinet, Mr. Birrell would stand an eminently good chance of a place.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

HAMPSTEAD, September 28.

LITERARY PARIS

Two forgotten poets have just died, almost simultaneously. One, Louis Ratisbonne, was decidedly an old man, having already passed his seventy-third birthday. In literary history he will be mentioned simply as the friend and literary executor of Alfred de Vigny, whose posthumous works, *Les Destinées* and *Le Journal d'un Poète,* were published by his care. Of his own productions, one, about thirty-five years ago, was received with rapturous applause. It was a collection of poems and fables for children, *La Comédie Enfantine.* It remains one of the best books of the kind in the French language. But the French language does not lend itself easily to poetry for the young, and is comparatively poor in that kind of literature. Ratisbonne also wrote a verse translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia,* and it is not a bad piece of work by any means.

Gabriel Vicaire, who was born in 1848, was much more of a poet than Louis Ratisbonne. He belonged to the group of Parnassian poets, and two of his volumes, *Émaux Bressans* and *L'Heure Fortunée,* are worthy of something better than the oblivion into which they have fallen. He was not without wit, and perpetuated one of the most delicious literary hoaxes of the latter part of the century. At the time of the greatest activity of the Symbolist and Decadent schools there suddenly appeared, under the name of Adoré Floupette, a small volume of verse, *Les Déliquescences.* The new poets went into an ecstasy of admiration. Some of the younger ones proclaimed themselves *Déliquescents,* when suddenly it was discovered that *Les Déliquescences* were simply a joke, that there had never been such a man as Adoré Floupette, and that the admired poems were the works of two *Parnassiens,* Vicaire and his friend Honoré Beauclair! As soon as the truth was known, the little volume was even more popular with the opponents than with the adherents of the new school, and was considered excellent satire.

Neither Vicaire nor Ratisbonne ever belonged to the Academy, though the latter was once, I think, a candidate. The

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Academy itself has been rather quiet of late, but it will be heard of before long; first, we are to have two *séances de réception*, Faguet's, which will take place in December, and Berthelot's, which will follow in February. The latter will certainly be a great occasion. Berthelot intends to speak boldly in the name of positivistic science, and he is to be answered by Jules Lemaître, who has thrown to the wind his amiable scepticism of yore and cast in his lot with François Coppée and his clerical followers.

The Academy also intends as a body to be the reverse of silent in the battle which is now raging about the French grammar and French spelling. The Higher Council of Public Education and the Ministry have decided in favour of great leniency in examinations in regard to certain forms which up to then were considered serious offences against the French language. The famous old *règle des partiries* almost goes to the wall. The French Academy, which was entrusted by Cardinal de Richelieu with the preservation of the purity of the French language, has appointed a committee which is to report upon the wisdom or unwisdom of the proposed changes. The public is rather puzzled, but seems to be ready to pass by the administrative document and to stand by whatever decision comes from the Academy.

While the Academy is thus standing guard over the French language, the Comédie Française is doing all it can toward spreading it in its noblest form among the crowds which have been attracted by the Exposition. I have already called attention to the beautiful literary matinées that have been organised in the Trocadéro Palace. One of the most recent ones was devoted entirely to Victor Hugo's poems. I need hardly tell you what a treat it was to hear the lyric masterpieces of the great poet interpreted by the greatest elocutionists France, and perhaps the world, possesses.

While I am writing about the Exposition, I wish to mention, among its incidents, a curious and very effective innovation in political oratory. In the mammoth banquet of September 22, when over twenty-two thousand guests sat down to luncheon under one enormous tent, President Loubet delivered a speech, which was received with tumultuous, but withal intelligent and discriminating applause. Still, it was perfectly impossible for the speaker to be heard by any but a small part of the audience. The fact was that each guest had found beside his plate a printed copy of the speech, which was afterward read by Monsieur Loubet. With the speech in their hands or memory, the guests had only to look to the "table d'honneur" in order to know just what the President was saying at a particular time, and to give their applause just to the sentences which had won their approval. I commend this method to any campaign orator who has to address an audience in Madison Square Garden. But, perhaps, campaign orators do not care for discriminating applause.

The Exposition is responsible also for the most remarkable book of the month, *L'Histoire de la Presse Française de 1789 Jusqu' à Nos Jours.* The author of the book, Henri Avenel, had been asked by the Minister of Commerce to prepare for the Exposition a report of what had been done by the press during the century. Hence the book. It is an exceedingly readable performance, and the intelligence of the text is helped by hundreds of illustrations, including no less than two hundred and fifty portraits of journalists, from Camille Desmoulins down to Édouard Drumont. Between these two extremes Chateaubriand, Paul-Louis Courier, Armand Carrel, Émile de Girardin, Godefroy Cavaignac, Prévôst-Parodd, J. J. Weiss, Henri Rochefort, etc.

Two other historical books have to be mentioned, one a remarkably amusing sketch of the career of Bismarck, by Henri Welschinger, which opens a series, *Ministres et Hommes d'État,* published by Félix Alcan; the other a book which is both a work of permanent interest and a *livre de circonstance: L'Histoire de la Liberté de Conscience en France Depuis l'Édit de Nantés,* by Professor Bonet-Maury, of the Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Paris.

If we pass from Protestant to Catholic France, we find *La Civilisation Païenne et la Morale Chrétienne,* by P. Reynaud. The book has an eloquent preface by Father Didon, very likely the last pages

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written for the public by the celebrated Dominican monk.

No less than three excellent monographs figure among recent books. In the *Série des Grands Écrivains Français,* Émile Boutnoux, the eloquent professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, publishes a masterly volume on Pascal. Another professor, Pierre Brun, to whom we owe the most authoritative book on Cyrano de Bergerac, presents a somewhat modified view of Stendhal's career, thanks to new documents discovered by him in the south of France. The third monograph deals with a man about whose life we do not know very much—Socrates. The author, Monsieur Piot, who opens with this volume a series of *Grands Philosophes,* has, however, managed to give a very full volume about him without drawing upon his imagination.

Whether the same kind of praise can be given to Camille Flammarion for his last work, *L'Inconnu et les Problèmes Psychiques,* is an open question, but what is beyond doubt is the fascinating character of the book itself.

Poets and novelists have been very active of late. *Fleurs d' Aube* is a collection of truly poetical poems by a young woman, Madeleine Paul. She does not belong to the new school; the influence of Lamartine and Musset is clearly discernible in her lines; she cannot as yet lay claim to great originality, but she possesses the gift of expressing sincere emotion.

I own to a peculiar tenderness for Émile Blémont's *Les Gueux d'Afrique.* His poems will not be very pleasant reading for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but perhaps the warlike Colonial Secretary does not read French. Émile Blémont, *à propos* of the South African War, very aptly recalls the memory of the Beggars of Holland, who defeated Spain. But he has to sing of unsuccessful effort, alas!

Paul Fort's *Les Idylles Antiques* is one of the best specimens of what can be achieved by the new school. What he writes, when judged by the old standards, is simply rhythmical prose, but it is decidedly harmonious, and it is so far removed from Monsieur Jourdain's prose that it is hard to see how any one can refuse to call it poetry.

Love has certainly not yet been discarded as an uninteresting subject by the French novelists. Read those titles: *Une Flambée d'Amour, Les Princesses d'Amour, L'Amour du Prochain, Amour! Amour!* The authors, Masson Forestier, an amusing story-teller; Judith Gautier, the gifted daughter of Théophile Gautier, the interpreter of the Chinese soul; Pierre Valdagne, a somewhat optimistic moralist; and Pierre Weber, a merciless satirist, are about as different from one another as can be, and yet they all gather around the statue of the same little god and worship at the same shrine.

M. Paul-Hyacinthe Loyson chooses a sterner subject and writes about *L'Évangile du Sang;* this is, I think, the literary *début* of the celebrated Père Hyacinthe's son.

Pantalonie is a series of pleasing, fantastic sketches by Camille de Sainte-Croix; *Sérein's Siene,* a very strange, I should say rather impossible, narrative, by Ernest La Jeunesse. It is not a Sunday-school book. But nothing can be more "unobjectionable" than Pierre Moël's historical romance, *La Filleule de Du Gueselin.* To lovers of bright souvenirs I recommend Senator Denormandie's *Temps Passés, Jours Présents.* It is a charming book. Those who enjoy *tough* reading may tackle Léon Brunschwigg's *Introduction à la Vie de l'Esprit. Il y en a pour touts les goûts.*

I am able to announce that *La Grande Encyclopédie,* the publication of which was undertaken a number of years ago, is nearly completed. The twenty-eighth volume is about to come out of the press. Two more volumes will bring the work to a finish, and they are likely to be out before the end of 1901.

Adolphe Cohn.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER LIX.

Patient, loving mother, to whom life had been one of sacrifice in behalf of her only boy, once a source of deep humiliation, now an object of pride. She sat that afternoon in the little room sewing by the centre table, and as usual the task concerned one of my garments. I entered with quick step, with happy heart, with no misgivings concerning the result of my mission. The gratification of my desires had been to her a source of great pleasure heretofore; never had she denied me a request that was right and that could be conceded; why should I anticipate disappointment now?

"Mother"—and I seated myself beside her chair—"I am now twenty-one years of age. I have secured a good position, where advancement is certain, and where I shall get yet higher honours. In order to prepare for the course I have mapped out I must leave Stringtown in a few days. Before going, however, I wish to speak with you concerning a very important subject."

My tone was such as to lead the hearer to cease sewing. "Go on, my son," came the answer.

"Mother, you know that I have been offered an assistant position in chemistry in a University. I hope to make a better home than this for you in a few years, and to give you a final life of peace and rest. For me you have worked your fingers sore, have slaved since I can remember."

"You must first make a happy home for yourself, my boy; that should be your object, one to which, in case necessity requires, your old mother may come to end her days. But for a time at least I shall not think of leaving Stringtown. Look forward to a home of your own; seek no higher ambition. You will some day meet one you can ask to go with you to the end of your journey, and be with you, to love you and be loved. This I hope to see accomplished before I die."

"I have met her already, mother," I said in elation, "and I came to ask your permission to speak to her, to get your blessing on both of us and your favour for her."

She ceased her needlework. "So soon, my son! Are you not hasty? I thought and spoke of the future. I had no suspicion of this love; you did not tell me that you had found a sweetheart in the North."

"Nor have I."

"You keep no company with Stringtown girls. It has been remarked that you have never sought their graces."

"No, and shall not. I am in love, but my loves lies neither in the direction of a girl in the North nor in Stringtown. I seek the girl who lives with Cupe and Dinah, the girl called Susie."

My mother dropped the garment she held in her hand. I saw that she was surprised, yes, more than surprised.

"You do not mean it, Sammy."

"Mother, I speak the truth. I love Susie deeply, intensely, better than life."

"Susie who?"

Cruel question that. My mother, she to whom I came in absolute confidence, she, too, emphasised the word *who*, and as unmercifully as had any Stringtown girl. I arose in anger, indignation for the first time toward my mother entered my heart and I flung back the hateful word.

"'Who?' why, Susie, only Susie, and I who am concerned most of any care for nothing else. Some day she will be Susie Drew, and then I'll beat the face of the man who says 'Susie *who?*' to me, and I'll teach the—" but my mother had spoken the word *'who'*—I did not finish the remark.

"My son, you must listen to your mother. Have you asked the girl to marry you?"

"No."

"She is an adventuress—yes, worse, a girl without character, one who has no friends among respectable people, who is shunned by the village girls and neglected by the village boys. Her history is one of shameful birth, if report speaks true; to be disgraced by birth is unforgivable. Subsequent environment has added nothing to remove the stain, she has been negro bred. Listen to your mother, my dear boy, visit no more the girl you think of now."

"And this from you, mother!"

"Yes; I am old enough to speak advisedly. You are young, a pretty face excites what you

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think is love—it is puppy love, my child, and when the face is out of sight will soon fade away. You cannot realise that to marry that girl will be to blast your life and disgrace your mother. How did this artful adventuress manage to entangle you, to draw you on? She's a dangerous girl. Surely the villagers do not know of the affair, else I would long since have been informed of it."

"Mother, I cannot take this kindly even from you. I must have my say. I am now of age, no longer a child. Susie is as pure and holy as was ever girl or woman. She has been unfortunate in birth; she does not know her father, much to his shame and not to her disgrace; her life has been a dreary, lonely one, and her companions have been her books and the negroes. From the one she has profited, the others have served her well—be it said to their credit and to Stringtown's discredit. You say that she is pretty. I agree; no other girl is as lovely as she. You say that I am possessed of 'puppy love,' that when the face is gone the love will fade away. This I deny; while beats the heart that loves that girl, the love I bear will grow stronger, deeper, more fervent. You say that to marry Susie will be to blast my life. I welcome the day that brings that evil touch. You argue furthermore that my marriage to the girl I love will disgrace you, my mother. And why? Because of an unwritten law that scoundrels make and society follows, that reaches even such as you, and does not credit you, who seek to save discredit from your son. You called that girl an adventuress, but the facts are that your son made the advances. I sought her, but no encouragement did she give. I forced my attentions on her, and she met them coldly, and you know that any home in Stringtown would have been opened to my presence. She has been wronged by you. I must speak these truths, even though you be my mother. No longer a child, I tell you this, you my mother."

At this point my anger gave way. I should not have spoken so cruelly, and yet I had done so impetuously, wildly. I sank on my knees by her side, and as if I were again a child buried my face in her lap while tears, born of humiliation, indignation, disappointment and sorrow, gushed from my eyes. Gently did the hand of the mother stroke my hair; back and forth, as when a boy, did that hand again smoothe the hair on either side of my head and occasionally move down on the forehead.

"Listen to your mother, Sammy. Disgrace that falls upon and lingers over the name of woman cannot ever be brushed away."

"But she has done nothing, this forlorn girl; she is helpless."

"The world makes no allowance for the fact that the girl is not at fault; she is unfortunate, and must accept the odium that rests upon her name. Does not the Bible say words to the effect that the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children?"

"Don't make me hate the Bible, mother!"

"My child!"

"Listen now to me, mother." I arose and seated myself on my chair, calm, composed. "I shall leave Stringtown to-night—yes, this very night. My vacation commenced this morning; to-night it ends. Never, unless duty calls, will I return to Stringtown, unless you give me permission to go to Susie as a suitor, free to ask her to be my wife, or unless Susie permits me to visit her. I have made a fool of myself in my usual way, that of thoughtlessly acceding to a request that I should never have granted. I intended to ask Susie to be my wife to-day and then to ask your blessing; but thinking only that you would approve of it, I agreed to ask your consent first."

"Thank the Lord, my child, that some far-seeing friend, one who comprehends the effect of social disgrace, has prevented this terrible mistake. Whoever he or she may be, my heartfelt thanks and gratitude go out to him or her. Had you not made this promise, you might now have been in the toils of the adventuress."

"You have blessed the girl; for this I thank you," I said, but added no further word of explanation. Then I arose and strode back and forth across the little room; the emotions of the past hour gave way to a cold determination to never again make a confidant, not even of my mother.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind. Suddenly I turned to my mother:

"I shall take the bus this evening for my new position. My trunk is scarce unpacked. I shall leave Stringtown *now*."

CHAPTER LX.

I stepped into my room and wrote a note which, hastily sealing, I addressed with the simple word *"Susie."* What else could I have used, what else but "Susie *Who?*" Then I called a boy from the street and gave him twenty-five cents to deliver it immediately. The letter was permissible, for although I agreed not to call on her, I had not promised the girl that I would not write.

Love letters, I have heard, are not as a rule very edifying to others and are seldom very

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creditable to their authors. This, my first, last and only love letter, I shall, however, venture to reproduce, for I have no fear but my critics will look kindly on the faults of a letter that shows in its rambling composition the conditions under which it was written:

SUSIE: You say that I wronged you in inducing Mr. Wagner to educate you. To this assertion I now take no exception. To miseducate may be to harm the recipient. You think that you have been led by that education to see yourself disgraced. With this I take issue. By reason of it you perceive better the sins of men and women who make social laws to protect the strong and oppress the weak, to elevate the villain of a father and damn his innocent child. I shall leave Stringtown this afternoon on the evening bus, and by your command I go without calling on you. You induced me to promise to leave to my mother a question that concerned myself more than all others, you bound me to an oath that I cannot break, but which your discriminative eye foresaw would lead to my defeat and to my present distress. For this I blame you. Let, then, my charge against you balance the one you hold against me. And now to the future. I leave Stringtown anxious to complete the sentence which, incomplete as it is, I shall hold sacred until my mother gives me the privilege of returning to your side or until you permit me to come and finish it. I obey my mother because you command it, otherwise I should firmly insist on using my own good will; you know what that will is. I swear that it shall never change while life lasts.

Sincerely yours,
SAMUEL DREW.

Then I turned to help my mother pack the trunk that a few days previously came with me from the North. In a short time it was strapped and rolled to the gate. I bade her farewell, and at last as the shadows lengthened started for the bus which, delayed by an accident, late that afternoon rolled into Stringtown. As I mounted the box to the familiar seat beside the driver, old Cupe shuffled to my side and thrust a letter into my hand, then left me without a word. The four-in-hand rolled off, stopped a moment before my mother's door, where my trunk was thrown aboard, and then rumbled on again. Once more I saw my mother standing with handkerchief to her eyes, but this time I felt that had she cared more for her boy and less for the traditions of society, joy might both have brightened her face and gladdened my heart.

Then I opened the letter that lies now before my eyes, a letter that might have been written by a woman of thirty years, and read as follows:

Mr. Samuel Drew.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter, I will say that in my opinion you wrong your mother. She should not be blamed for loving you too well to permit you to disgrace yourself. I am unfortunate, through no act of my own, it is true, but yet unfortunate, and I know it. Were I in the place of one of your Stringtown girls, and she in mine, I would probably shun her as now I am shunned. The mark of shame rests over my life. The social rules that govern people cannot be changed, nor should they; for to relax social vigilance would be to open the door to crime and immorality. I have racked my brain over the matter, have read and studied social science, and although I am young, the subject has concerned me for years. You have my thanks for your good will—this I have told you before. You will merit them the more if you look to your own future, and forget the past so far as it concerns me. Undo your hasty, thoughtless pledges, strive to excel in good deeds and leave the negro-bred girl Susie to pass in peace wherever chance or duty leads her. Mr. Drew, you are far above me. Of all the persons I know, Red Head alone stands in actual sympathy and on an equality with such as I. Let, then, my life be spent in sympathy with those to whom such as I must be in touch, let the unended sentence you have three times commenced rest unfinished forever.

Very truly yours,
SUSIE.

While I was engaged in reading the letter the driver stopped in order to arrange a defective piece of harness on one of the horses, and as I raised my eyes I saw Red Head beneath a tree by the right-hand side of the road. Tall, erect, lithe, he stood not more than twenty feet from me, gazing directly into my face. A sensation akin to pity for the young man came over me, a kindly feeling for one neglected as he had been. I raised my hat politely and bowed. But he, without any recognition whatever, gazed stoically into my face and whistled. Then the devil touched my heart, and in a low tone, that was the more effective because of this fact, I asked: "Why do you not go back to the mountains; cannot you handle a Springfield rifle yet?" He made no reply, and I continued: "How about that mountain feud? Holcomb will get tired of waiting for you to grow bigger."

Indifferent to the taunt, he stood motionless. The coach now moved on, and as it did so I spoke the meanest words I ever used: "You're very willing to talk fight, you who dare not go back to the mountains where lives old man Holcomb." But even this brought no return; like a statue he remained in the shadow, watching the stage on which I sat, watching it until

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around a bend in the pike the lumbering vehicle disappeared from his view.

Three days before this old Dinah had been called by her charge, Susie, to come to her room, where in study and in reading much of the girl's time was spent.

"Dinah, you promised once to tell my fortune; I am ready now to learn it."

"De 'pitious time am heah, chile. Come ter de grobe by de spring house, Missus."

In the shade of the thicket the girl took part in the deferred fortune play of the old negress. "Tole Dinah who yo' t'inkin' ob, chile."

The girl dropped her eyes. "Of the future, Dinah."

"*Who* yo' t'inkin' ob, I say? De future kin keer fo' etself."

"Let the fortune tell you who."

"An' et kin tell an' kin ansah too."

The old woman entered the thicket, and in a short time returned holding in her hand two delicate little yellow vines, each about four feet in length. They were the rootless extremities of slender vines that she had broken from their places. The girl watched her intently. "Chile, dis am a sign what nebbah fail —de lub-vine sign." She held the tendrils before the girl. "Which ob dem yo' gwine ter name de Red Head Boy?"

The girl touched the vine on the left. "An' am de uddah de Stringtown boy in de Norf?"

The girl nodded her head. "Yes," she said.

The old negress then carefully proceeded to wind the two vines side by side, in exactly the same manner, about a smooth, horizontal limb, mumbling as she did so. "Monstrous keerful mus' be de pusson who try de lub-vine sign, de sign what nebbah fail. Chile, yo' call fo' de fortune dat Dinah know how ter tell; am yo' es ready fo' de sow'er an' de sadness, ef dah be sow'er an' sadness, es yo' be fo' de joy?"

"Yes."

"Case Dinah doan make de fortune, else dah 'udn't be no sow'er ner sadness fo' de honey chile. Min' yo' dis vine?" She took hold of the vine Susie had named Red Head.

"I see it."

"An' dis one?" she touched the vine allotted to the Stringtown boy.

"Yes."

"Come back ter de vines when de sun am sot free days from now. Min' yo' den de vine what am growin', an' de vine what am dead. Yo'll lub de boy ob de libin' vine, an' be de honey gearl ter de boy ob dat vine; de uddah boy'll go his way ferebah. Min' yo' de lub vine, chile; et am de sign what nebbah fail."*

And so it is that at sundown of the third day, just as the Stringtown stage on which I sat moved out of the village, the girl of whom I thought stood beside the limb where had been coiled the two living vines, but where now were twined two lifeless, shrivelled tendrils. She stood with bowed head and close-clasped hands, and, try as she might, could not suppress the tears that came to her eyes. Foolish as it may seem to others, these negro signs are realistic to one reared in the atmosphere and surroundings that had been her part in life. Then she patiently unwound one of the dead vines, one only, and with great care, for it was very frail, coiled it about her thumb and forefinger. Turning from the spot where hung the other vine, neglected, the girl moved slowly to the cabin, took from her dresser the pencil drawing to which was still pinned the faded rose, and placed the withered tendril upon it. That evening's shade and gloom closed down, leaving the outcast girl of Stringtown alone with her keepsakes.

Scroggins, a Rocky Mountain stage driver, eccentric old man, made a lucky investment in the stock of a Western mining claim, and suddenly became very wealthy. He at once gave up the vocation that he had followed for twenty years and began to "take it easy." First he made a tour of the Colorado cañons, and then wandered among the homes of the Cliff Builders; but the dwelling places of that lost people were to Scroggins only a group of hovels in stone. The spirit-cry that penetrates the minds of cultivated men who stand on the hallowed places of a race vanished from earth was by him unheard. Next, Scroggins turned his face toward the South. Here he found the famous Everglades to be dismal swamps, the bayous only sluggish creeks flowing in natural ditches. The great piles of shells in Florida, those bivalve monuments that speak of prehistoric gluttony, and add another paragraph to the long story of man's relationship to the animal, excited less movement in Scroggins's ossified brain than did a single oyster on his dinner plate. The fact that the Mississippi River runs on a ridge of earth made up of gravel, sand and clay, in the depths of

*The author saw this love-vine test made by an old negress in Southern Kentucky. The vine used is a slender, herbaceous tendril, which, like the Mexican potato, has the power, in moist weather, of growing to considerable length after being cut from the root.

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which lie great trees and fragments of wood whose lost histories stagger the mind of him who attempts to estimate in years the period of their growth, was to Scroggins a matter of far less moment than was the capacity of the cuspidor in constant use at his feet. What concern was it of this Western gentleman whether the male or the female of the sugar-cane had been lost in ages past, or whether the plant is barren? What was it to him whether the banana ever had more than the rudiments of seed as shown in the black specks imbedded in the fruit pulp? Nothing. 'Twas enough if sugar and bananas were at hand when he wished them.

Then he journeyed to the North and through the central West. Gazing day after day at the endlessly unrolling panorama, he yet gave no thought to the magnitude of his country or the richness of its people. The waste of plains with countless buffalo wallows and groups of nimble prairie-dogs, the fields of corn, those vast-spread evidences of man's industry, all were unappreciated by Scroggins. The relics of the Ohio Mound Builders, when pointed out by a car acquaintance, seemed to him nothing but mud piles, and very small ones.

Then he fled to the land of snow, to that part of America where the tongue is French, the land "New France," and yet over which the flag of England floats. But he drew no inspiration from the endless legends that spoke of lust and sin, unsullied love and religious fervency, nor from relics that told of war and suffering, crimes and horrors, martyrdom in behalf of the Church, and of life's devotion to home and country. Yet did he gape in amazement at the two-wheeled calash of Quebec, in which he sat much as a mouse might in a broken pumpkin shell. And as he jolted over the Heights of Abraham or stood 'mid the ruins of Château Bigot, he thought less of all these than of the clumsy cart, and its driver curiously seated on the dash-board.

Then he sought Boston, where he innocently passed the art museums and libraries to stand entranced before the window of a harness shop.

Scroggins had travelled the country over searching for an "easy place," and his journeyings had but served to illumine more conspicuously the fact that if we do not make for ourselves an easy place as we go, none is to be found lurking in infirmity's path at the journey's end. With an unlimited bank account this old man was homeless. Homelessness is the mother of discontent, and discontent is the enemy of happiness.

Finally, Scroggins turned his steps toward the place of his birth, in which no relative now remained, no acquaintance of his youth. He found the native village grown to the size of a small city. The creek, that he had pictured seeing again as he knew it when a boy, ran through a tunnel under the new town. How could he anticipate that years would age a village as well as a man? The clear waters of that brook of long ago wherein he once caught speckled trout were filthy with sewer-slush.

Gone were the modest homes and their picturesque surroundings, devoured by the heartless cannibal that man misnames "Progress of Civilisation." The orchard on the hillside had been destroyed to make room for a poorly ventilated stone court-house; the very hills had been shaved down and the valleys filled up; seemingly no landmark remained to tell the heart-heavy man of localities that were precious in former times; so with lengthened face, lost in the land of his birthplace, Scroggins wandered back and forth a stranger in a land of strangeness. At last he stood disconsolate on the pavement in the centre of the new city, a city that seemed to him the creation of a dream. Half a century had gone by, but the interval that separated the boy from the man was as a line. On one side of this line memory showed the happy child of yesterday; on the other stood the miserable man of to-day. He could not grasp the hand of any friend, for in all that city there was no friend to Scroggins; he could not appeal to any familiar face in nature, for man had seemingly left no landmark to smile upon him.

"Tell me," said he to a passer-by, "tell me where I can find—the"—— What should he ask to find? Stammering, he repeated, "the, the"—then hesitatingly completed the sentence with the word—"graveyard."

"Which graveyard? The old or the new one?"

Scroggins was puzzled, for his question had been only an emergency question; the answer was as unexpected. He looked at his vein-furrowed hand; instinctively he ran his fingers over his wrinkled cheek; an appeal that spoke of unspeakable helplessness came over his face. The stranger stood expectant.

"The old graveyard is the one for me, I guess," he falteringly replied.

"Come," said the stranger, for Scroggins's appearance and manner had touched a sympathetic spot; "I will lead you."

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In a short time they stood before a close board fence, in the central part of the city. The guide opened a door and pointed within. As Scroggins turned his back to the street his companion saw a tear trickle down his rough face; no word was spoken; the door closed behind him, and Scroggins stood in the graveyard of long ago.

Yes, this graveyard alone survived out of all the past; and had it not been for the protection of the church, this too, must have long since disappeared. This little graveyard beneath the shadow of the church which, scarred and weather-worn, stood in its edge, with boarded windows, as if its eyes were closed to the present, this graveyard and church alone were left to Scroggins of all the village he had known. Here the hills and ravines he had seen as a child were as he knew them then, only they were now more thickly surmounted by green hillocks; man's heartless civilisation had not as yet presumed to desecrate the village graveyard. Slowly Scroggins passed from tomb to tomb. For the first time in his late wanderings he became concerned in art, a phase of art that has interested mankind of all nations and conditions—the graveyard art; the only cosmopolitan art, the only art that lives. Scroggins read the names of men and women whom he had known as children, read them slowly, and muttered to himself as he did so, then passed on to stand and decipher again. Occasionally he found an old, old stone, where he remembered to have once knelt bareheaded beside an open grave in that awe-spell that childhood feels in presence of death, and at last he reached a little mound that stood in a long row of little mounds. Here he suddenly stooped, opened his clasp-knife, and scraping the green moss from the small brown-stone slab, slowly deciphered in the weather-softened surface the words:

Jennie Scroggins,
Poorhouse Child,
Only Sister of
James Scroggins.
Died June 10, 1809.
Aged ten years.

Old Scroggins sank prone upon the ground. The stone, damp and water-sogged at the base where, with trembling hands, he had just scraped away the last bits of moss in which squirmed little brown worms and fat sow bugs that had never before been disturbed, was no longer before him. His fingers, from which the open knife had dropped, rested against the chilly stone at its base, but the coldness of the tombstone's earth-soaked dampness was unfelt. The old man lived in the past; he was young again—young in the very face of the confronting evidences of his age. He thought no longer of the wrinkled face, he saw no longer the knotty finger joints, nor the swollen veins on the back of his hands, which were covered with the brown hair of old age. In his mind the great trees in the graveyard shrank to saplings; they too were young once more. The wheel of time had turned backward; the city without was again a village; Scroggins was a boy.

He remembered how he and a tiny little girl were brother and sister. He could not recall the mother or father; if ever he had a parent no mention was made by others of that fact. Even the children with whom he played evaded the subject; if they knew the story of his life they did not speak of it. So far as he knew, his sister and himself were the only Scrogginses in the world, and lived together in the poorhouse; but they were unaware of class distinctions and felt no humiliation over the fact that they were poorhouse children. They had themselves to love; and to each the love of the other was the love that most children scatter over father, mother, brother and sister.

She had been sleeping nearly fifty years, and he was now sixty years old; but under the influence of this memory-touch the past and the present met. Together they played their childish games, together they ran of errands and occasionally earned a penny, which, as their expenses were paid by the county, they kept for themselves. Thus it was that their little store finally grew to a few silver dollars, and at last the silver pieces were changed for a gold coin. Happy day! Old Scroggins had found again the easy place in life, resting in a graveyard, thinking of the poorhouse.

Scroggins, the miserable man, who had never smiled since he became a millionaire, smiled again in the form of Scroggins the poorhouse child, as other miserable slaves to money may smile and laugh if they will but throw the present aside and live in the past. Blessed be the illusion that brought a smile to tough old Scroggins! He chuckled and giggled over the events pictured in the passing panorama that revived the pleasures of other days; he romped and danced on the poorhouse green; he lolled in the grass of departed summers; he rolled the snowballs of vanished winters.

Ah, the smile disappears. Has the illusion vanished, is Scroggins himself again? No.

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He is still an air-castle child—but Sister Jennie is sick.

The physician at first said, "A cold only," but Jim felt that it was more; an approaching shadow had spoken in advance to his responsive child's heart, and before the doctor suspected danger the boy knew that death was surely coming. He tiptoed up and down the cheerless corridors, or brooded in the hall before the silent room. At last the doctor became alarmed, and showed it in his face.

Little Scroggins could not doubt that expression. He slipped away and took from its hiding place the one gold coin, the treasure of two hearts, and waited at Jennie's door. When the doctor appeared, the boy without a word thrust the coin into his hand and pleadingly looked up at the sober face of the helpless man. Tears sprang to the latter's eyes. "No, no, child, I cannot take your money," and he handed it back and turned away. "Please, doctor," murmured little Scroggins; "other boys hev mammas and papas, but I hevn't anything else but sister."

The doctor silently grasped his hand and led him into the room. "Kiss sister good-night," he said. The boy threw himself beside the bed, stroked the silken tresses and caressed the thin hands; the girl smiled, speechless. The hair of his child-sister (phantom tresses now) was again beneath old Scroggins's touch. "Sister, sister, speak to me!" Beneath that memory-touch and under that spell his hand smoothed the neglected grass on the little hillock.

A stranger wandered to his side and stood over him. Evening had now fallen, and the twilight and the stranger together found withered old Scroggins kneeling over the neglected grave of the child of long ago, muttering: "Speak ter me, sister; speak ter me!"

"The night is nearly here, my friend," said the man; "would we not better depart?"

As Scroggins arose, the child life in which he had been revelling vanished, the tombstones came again to view, and without a word he turned his life-weary footsteps toward the busy world that outside the graveyard fence was treading its own way past this cemetery, toward another.

Scroggins sought his room at the hotel and sat long in meditation. Then he rang the bell and demanded that the landlord be sent to him. Upon his appearance Scroggins stated that he desired the mayor of the city to call on him. To this the landlord demurred, stating that it was more befitting that Scroggins should seek the mayor.

"You may be right," said Scroggins, "but ef the mayor don't come ter this room in less than an hour this blasted city loses a gift."

The landlord looked at him incredulously. Scroggins took out his watch, and in reply to the questioning look said: "One hour, I says, one hour."

The landlord hesitated; either the old man was in deep earnest or demented. His appearance, however, certainly did not indicate that he could distribute large blocks of money.

"Five minutes hev passed," said Scroggins.

The landlord was indignant, but, too artful to offend a guest, he said: "My good man, be reasonable. This is untimely; it is the mayor's supper hour; is there necessity for such haste?"

"You hev lost a minute," said Scroggins testily.

"What reason have I to believe that you can or will fulfil the promise you make?"

"The proof will be given when the hour hes passed. Ef the mayor don't visit me within the hour a stunnin' gift is lost ter this city, and you will hev acted the fool."

"Well," musingly said the landlord, "this is a strange occurrence. If I call the mayor"—he hesitated.

"You're a gump ef you don't," retorted Scroggins.

"If I call the mayor," continued the landlord, "I may become an innocent party to a practical joke"—

"Ef you don't call him you may bet your life you will," said Scroggins.

"To a practical joke or a tragedy," said the landlord, completing the sentence.

"Five minutes more are gone."

The landlord eyed Scroggins from head to foot; an ordinary, comfortably dressed old man, with weather-beaten face. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Scroggins, the poorhouse child."

"What are you?"

"What am I?" repeated Scroggins. "What am I? A stage driver from the Rocky Mountains."

"I'll not call the mayor."

The landlord turned to the door. Scroggins thrust the open watch before his face. "Forty-three minutes are left you yet," and as he did so, the sharp-eyed landlord caught sight of its workmanship, its make and finish. He stopped and said: "I will go."

Scroggins was not surprised at the landlord's decision. He had learned that the mayor boarded at that hotel and could come to him without trouble. In a few minutes that dig-

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nitary entered, accompanied by the landlord.

"My friend," said the mayor, "can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," said Scroggins; "you kin relieve me of some money. Sit down."

The old man hitched his chair opposite, so that their knees touched.

"Be quick, my good fellow; I've got an engagement shortly."

"I hevn't but little ter say, but I want ter say it bad. I ain't a book-learned man, and I ain't gifted with a smooth tongue, but I kin tell what I feels, and I hev got feelin's es well es city chaps."

"Of course, my good fellow," said the mayor, in a kindly tone.

"What I wants ter tell you most is thet it don't do no good fer a feller ter git rich unless he keeps at work er unless his money *makes* him work. There ain't no fun in settin' down and lookin' at nothin'. There ain't no comfort in travellin' like a wild goose. There ain't no use in tryin' ter eat up a million dollars when a feller ain't got no appetite and only one stomach. Mr. Mayor, it is a mistake ter git rich unless you hev an education that will let you think, er help you keep on workin'. I ain't got no education and can't think of nothin' but stage drivin'. I hev tried ter enjoy myself with everything thet money will buy, but, Mr. Mayor, it ain't no use. I don't see nothin' but thet old stage on the gulch road. I sits and tries ter think like educated men do, I listens ter the talk of people around me, but it ain't no use. I can't think. Now, Mr. Mayor, I intend ter help other people ter think, I wants ter go back ter the stage line, and I don't want any more money ter bother me. I hev drawn the lines on the horses until I am old, and I wants ter die a-holdin' of them. Sence I left the job thet I held fer twenty years I've been miserable, damnation miserable. I hev seen the horses, the cliffs, the creek, the stage, the passengers on the gulch road every day and every hour sence I was fool enough ter leave the gulch line. I sees and dreams about them when I sleeps. I can't think of nothin' else. I wants ter be jolted on a stage, but I don't want another feller ter drive; I wants ter hold the lines; I wants ter go down Boulder Hill ag'in; I wants ter freeze my fingers in the winter and brown my scalp in the summer. I wants ter feel the melted snow trickle down my back, and I wants ter scrape the frost off my whiskers. I wants ter fight and git shot by rangers, and shoot back ag'in, too. It don't make no difference, Mr. Mayor, how rich an ignorant man is if he hes sense enough ter keep on workin' after gittin' rich; but ef he tries ter quit work an' enjoy himself by lookin' at things with his eyes an' thinkin' with his soggy brain, he air a fool. He can't think of nothin' but work, he don't know nothin' else. I'm goin' back to the gulch."

"But, my good man, you are old; your place is filled by some other man; perhaps you cannot get it again."

"Stranger," said Scroggins, "there ain't no question about gittin' the place. Yer see, I wasn't quite sure 'bout the outcome of this trip when the claim panned rich and I started East, and so I said ter myself: 'Scroggins, mebbe you'll want ter come back ter rest yourself a-sittin' on the box ag'in'. I didn't want no questions raised about the resting-place, an' so I jest bought all of the stock of the gulch line. Mr. Mayor, I owns the line now. When I walks up and picks up the ribbons, there won't be no agent ter say: 'Put them down, Scroggins.' "

The eccentric old man's story seemed as yet to have no connection with the visit of the mayor, who adroitly intimated as much.

"Yes," said Scroggins, "I am comin' ter the p'int. I wants ter leave a million dollars ter build an Eenstitute on the hill near this city, ter teach young people how ter think. It air a sin ter grow old and not know how ter think. I would rather hev thinkin' sense than money."

"Do you wish to endow a university?"

"Adzacly. Stone front, marble hall, granite portico, slate roof. I proposes ter buy the land, ter build the house, and then ter leave a million dollars ter run the thing with."

"You astonish me, man! Can you be in earnest? Are you responsible for your remarks?"

"I leaves this place to-morrow night fer the gulch line. I am responsible fer what I says, and I hev only one favour ter ask, and that ain't a big one. We might es well come ter the p'int. It air this. The poorhouse directors shall hev the right ter app'int a trustee in the Eenstitution."

The mayor was puzzled. Could the man be accountable? Scroggins, quick in reading faces, caught the trend of his thought. "Bring the lawyer and the jedge to-morrow mornin', Mr. Mayor, and you will see if Scroggins air drivin' straight." He pointed to the door. The mayor and the landlord bowed themselves out.

Scroggins sat down and chuckled to himself. From time to time he clasped his hands as if he were holding the lines of a coach. He next went to the door of his room and locked

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it, then removed his coat, unbuttoned his suspenders, tied their ends to the chair in front, grasped his umbrella as if it were a whip, and with his face aglow sat on a stool belabouring the chair in front with the improvised whip. Drawing first one line and then the other, old Scroggins sang a crude ditty, then scolded at a misbehaving horse, and finally tumbled the chairs and himself together on the floor in an imaginary wreck.

"There ain't nothin' like it," he cried, enthusiastically; "these damn fools sittin' round and readin' about other peoples' consarns, talkin', gossipin', *thinkin'* fer pleasure—ha! ha! thinkin' fer pleasure—air welcome ter the money. Scroggins air goin' back ter the gulch line."

The next night Scroggins started for the gulch stage line, but before doing so he established to the satisfaction of the parties in whom the trust was placed that he could fulfil his assertion concerning the million dollars. Not only did he make a bequest of that amount as an endowment, but he added sufficient thereto to purchase the hill site and fifty acres of picturesque ground, and to build a university. All the details were arranged, the trustees selected, and the method of filling vacancies was established according to the advices of the judges of the court, who were called to the conference and were to appoint two of the trustees. Then old Scroggins spoke as follows:

"Ye ask ef this is ter be called the Scroggins University? I wants it ter be remembered thet I ain't a-doin' this fer glory. There ain't no glory ter me in anythin' but drivin' the gulch stage-coach. I don't want no name of Scroggins, neither, stuck about this hill university. There ain't no disgrace in the name Scroggins, but I ain't a-givin' this money fer sech objects es thet. Scroggins ain't stole no fortune, he ain't pinched no widders and orphans, an' he ain't broke up no man's business fer ter git rich. He ain't ashamed of nothin' he hes done, and there ain't no reason ter give money in order ter stop people talkin' about his meanness er ter buy his way inter heaven. There air just one reason fer givin' this money ter this university. It air so thet young people may learn how ter think. It air a blessin' ter be able ter git pleasure out of nothin', like these book-larned thinkin' people kin do. I hev seed fellers without a dollar in their pockets stand in the gulch and talk about grand scenes and mightily enjoy thinkin' about what wa'n't nothin' ter me but a deep holler and a high stone cliff. I hev seen young ladies sit on top of the stage and git more good out of life in goin' through the gulch once than Scroggins got in travellin' over every foot of this blasted country. This air because these folks can think and Scroggins can't. When a feller hes an empty pocket and a head full of thoughts he kin be happy. When a feller hes a million dollars, and no thoughts outside of a stage-coach team, he ain't happy unless he air holdin' of the lines. It air a farce ter tie the name of sech a feller es me ter sech an Eenstitution. Give it any name you please. Scroggins ain't askin' no return and he ain't buyin' no man's good will, he ain't stole no money, and he ain't tryin' ter put no family inter good standin'." He hesitated, stuttered and stopped abruptly.

"Proceed, Mr. Scroggins," said the mayor.

Old Scroggins rubbed his hands together as if they were cold; he muttered to himself as if arguing a point: "Mebbe I am wrong," he said, at last; "mebbe I am a *leetle* wrong. There *is* one thing I'd like one of the Scrogginses ter have ef it kin be done."

"What is it, Mr. Scroggins?" asked the mayor.

"Over in the graveyard, the old graveyard, there air a little grave in the poorhouse row." Scroggins took out his pocket-book, carefully unfolded a paper and slowly read:

Jennie Scroggins, Poorhouse Child,
Only Sister of
James Scroggins,
Died June 10, 1809.
Aged ten years.

"Thet air on the stone. It war put there nigh onter fifty years ago by order of a boy who spent the only piece of gold he hed ever handled fer thet stone. Ef et air possible, ef there ain't no objections ter a poorhouse child lyin' in the university grounds, Scroggins would like fer what is left of thet darlin' ter be moved inter a shady spot in the new grounds and ter hev the old stone sot over the head"—

Again he hesitated, as if embarrassed, then continued:

"And ef it air not askin' too much, when the lines of the gulch stage are dropped out of Scroggins's hands, old Scroggins would like ter lie beside thet girl what hev slept nigh onter fifty years."

"There certainly can be no objection," said the Judge of the Superior Court.

"Thank ye," the old man answered. "Scroggins don't ask nothin' more, ef a little cheap stone, jest like the other, be sot alongside it. Here is the writin' ter go on it;" and from the

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same pocket-book he took another piece of paper, on which was awkwardly scrawled:

James Scroggins, Poorhouse Child,
Only Brother of
Jennie Scroggins.
Died Driving the Gulch Stage.

CHAPTER LXI.

Into this University I, the Stringtown boy of other days, stepped with embittered heart and rebellious spirit. True is it that ambition still possessed me, but not such ambition as should have animated a poor widow's son with my prospects. The professor whom I was to assist greeted me kindly, and I found him to be a charming old man, engrossed in the love of his science. He took pains to introduce me at once to those of his colleagues who still lingered about the University, although most members of the faculty were now enjoying their vacation elsewhere.

"You please me very much, Mr. Drew," he remarked during our first audience. "Not many young men would sacrifice their summer vacation as you have done in order to acquaint themselves with the exacting details of a new work. It speaks well for your future, for while genius is often useful and sometimes leads to fortune, the men who make successes of their lives are those who work while others rest. Surely it must have required more than a little self-sacrifice on your part to leave your mother, your friends, your—" he glanced slyly out of the corners of his eyes—"your sweetheart!"

"Let it pass," I answered; "forget that I came before duty called me. I shall do my utmost to credit myself in the future." Many were the compliments the old man gave me, for my daily application pleased him, and when the president returned from abroad, the professor praised me in my very presence. He informed the president that I had sacrificed my vacation and devoted my entire time to the University work, "and," he added, "credit for the changed condition of the laboratory and chemical department is due to his personal efforts." But I thought of the girl who once stood before me in the path near Stringtown, and the events that had followed the request she made; of the bitter spirit and heart madness with which I came to this work; and realising how unearned was the praise bestowed upon me, demurred.

"You are mistaken," I said. "I deserve no credit."

"Tut, tut, boy! and to whom is the credit due?"

The answer and the question were alike unexpected; the eyes of both were quizzing me.

"To Susie."

The old man chuckled, and slyly poked the president in the ribs with his thumb, a thing I did not expect to see a dignified professor do to a great president.

"And who is Susie?"

That hateful term again, "Who is Susie?" Could I never get away from it? But regard for the men led me to be decorous now and to suppress my indignation.

"She's a girl, and lives near Stringtown."

Again the professor chuckled. "Let the credit be with Susie;" then he added: "Let us hope the time may come when we may meet Susie in the University."

"She'll never come to this University while I am here, and never again will I visit Stringtown while she is there. We are nothing to each other, for she will not have it so. I beg you, though, to give Susie the credit for my early appearance, and pass the matter forever."

"Pardon us, Mr. Drew; we unintentionally touched a tender spot; pardon our thoughtless familiarity," said the professor. They passed from the room and I turned sadly to my work. But I could not help thinking that the old professor reminded me very much of Judge Elford, and I could but wonder how the dignified president of a University could be punched in the ribs without being offended.

The death of good old Professor Longman, who died after a short illness, left me, in the middle of a subsequent session, in charge of the classes, and faithful attention to my duties, together with the commendations he had bestowed upon me during his life, led the trustees subsequently to appoint me to the vacancy, to which, knowing well my youthfulness, I did not presume to aspire. But it seems that the president also declared in my favour and was not afraid of young blood. He appeared personally before the Board and expressed himself to that effect, which left them no reason, had they been so inclined, to seek elsewhere for a successor. Hence the Announcement of the University, following the death of Professor Longman, bore my name as Professor of Chemistry, and thus it was that I became unexpectedly honoured; but of this I need say nothing further, for I was now a man, and knew that hard work had earned for me the position.

The middle of the session following my appointment as Professor in Chemistry found me one day sitting in my private office reading a letter from my mother. It contained the usual

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loving messages, and the neighbourhood gossip was also brought to date. But its ending, which I reproduce, cast a shadow over my heart:

Mr. Nordman, the old gentleman who lived beside the pike south of Stringtown, died suddenly this morning. He had been very feeble all the fall, but otherwise seemed to enjoy good health. He was attacked with a misery in his stomach immediately after breakfast, and died soon after the doctor reached his bedside.

I held the letter listlessly in my hand and mused: "Now he, too, will lie in the little graveyard behind the house." And musing thus, the single shaft in the family graveyard appeared before my mind-sight; that shaft to the south of which rested his child, the Southern soldier, and to the north of which lay the Union son. And next came to mind and sight the form of Mr. Nordman, the day before I left Stringtown, when he led me to the spot where rested his two boys, the idols of his heart. And then recurred the words of advice he gave me as we parted: "The grass grows no greener, the violets bloom no earlier, over the one than over the other. 'The wah is over, Sammy.'"

"The war is surely over now for you, Mr. Nordman," I said to myself, and then turned to my work.

CHAPTER LXII.

The lectures passed day by day, the laboratory classes were drilled, as usual, and yet that sentence of Mr. Nordman rang in my ears and came unbidden to mind when no cause seemed to excite it.

Is not this the way men go crazy? Is not the possession that an idea or a sentence takes of the mind of man the start that leads to lunacy? Be this as it may, the figure of Mr. Nordman seemed constantly before my eyes, his words rang ever in my ears, and try as I might I could not beat them out.

"What had Mr. Nordman to do with me, that the announcement of his death should thus concern me?" I asked this question, and then argued that this domination of my mind by his form and voice was simply the result of habit, a fit of melancholy permitted it, a sour stomach, perhaps, induced it. Surely, Mr. Nordman's death was of no greater concern to me than was that of many other men in Stringtown who had died since I knew the village. Then came a second letter from Stringtown, a letter in a strange hand, but which bore the well-known Stringtown postmark. It was written by the attorney who had prosecuted old negro Cupe in the trial wherein he was freed by Right of Clergy, and I learned from it that the writer was again the prosecuting attorney of Stringtown County. Let me give the letter in full:

My dear Professor Drew: As prosecuting attorney of Stringtown County, it becomes my duty to engage an expert chemist in behalf of the Commonwealth. Can I secure your services? The case is one of importance, and knowing you as I do, and knowing, too, the esteem in which you are held by the people of our county, I hope that you will consent to serve us. We wish an analysis made of the contents of the stomach of Mr. Nordman, whom you probably remember. I will add that I guarantee your fee, which will be paid by the administrator of the estate. Please let me hear from you at once.

Sincerely yours,
Z. B. Putten.

I turned to my desk, and at once accepted the offer, giving explicit directions concerning the manner in which the suspected parts were to be secured, sealed in the presence of witnesses and then expressed to my address. The letter posted, I turned to my books and sought the sections devoted to the detection of poisons, after which I sat in meditation. Do not "coming events cast their shadows before?" How else than on this hypothesis can I account for the persistence with which I had been pursued by the form and words of Mr. Nordman? Then came the thought that in the course of events duty would demand that I go once more to Stringtown. Duty calls, and while away in her behest I may chance to meet Susie.

Then I mentally thanked Mr. Putten, the prosecuting attorney, for his confidence in my ability, and did not feel unkindly toward Mr. Nordman for the part he had taken in my personal affairs.

But when the express package reached me, that wooden-bound box securely encased in hoop iron, a sensation which I cannot correctly voice in writing came over me. And when my assistant opened the box and removed from it the large glass fruit jar closely wrapped in stiff manila paper and sealed with red wax bearing the official stamp of the sheriff, I felt a sinking of the heart; for I was not accustomed to handle such fruit as that jar contained. But a duty is a duty, I thought, and a gem from the Jewish Talmud came to my mind:

A man along that road is led
Which he himself desires to tread;

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and for the first time I questioned if my repeated use of the word duty, in connection with this affair, was not due to an attempt on my part to argue my conscience down. But it was too late now to retreat. Ambition as well as duty bade me go on. Then another verse from the Talmud formulated itself unbidden and rang its changes in my mental ear:

Ambition as its fate, death and the grave await.

"Open the package, Charles," I said to my assistant, "remove half its contents, securely close and seal the jar containing the other part and place it in a cool situation in the laboratory cellar." He did as directed, and I turned to my test tubes and reagents.

Systematically did I progress in the task I had undertaken—the examination of the contents of the jar with the object of discovering if it contained a poisonous body. No necessity exists for a record of all the details of the process. Be it enough to state that no mineral poison, no inorganic poisonous acid, was discovered, nor yet the organic prussic acid, which, by reason of its evanescent nature, was the first substance I attempted to locate. Neither silver, lead, gold nor salt of any other metal was present. There was no trace of an arsenic compound nor of any group yielding poisonous compound acids. The most exacting tests gave negative results only, and at last I turned to search for the vegetable bodies known as alkaloids, which, as a rule, are so energetic in action; strychnine, morphine, atropine, being typical of the class. It will be seen that these bodies embrace the most fearful of the poisons, and, I will add, are detected as a class by certain well-known reagents.

Charles stood with chin resting nearly on my shoulder and watched the first drop of the sensitive test liquid slip down the side of the test tube and strike the surface of the acidulated solution I had made from the suspected material. As the two liquids mingled a white cloud sprang into view, and as the denser drop of Mayer's Test sank slowly down into the yellow liquid, following the inclined glass tube to its very bottom, a white cloud marked its pathway, and when the liquids were shaken together a milky solution resulted. Another and yet another drop of the test solution was cautiously added, and the liquids successively mixed, producing yet deeper milkiness; and at last, under the gentle agitation of the turbid liquid, changed into a clear solution holding clots of dirty white precipitate, which, when the tube was allowed to rest, settled to the bottom in a heavy layer.

I turned to my assistant, but no words were necessary; to one conversant with alkaloidal tests this reaction characteristic of the group needed no explanation. Our eyes spoke the message that needed no tongue to interpret. But not content with this, I took successive but very small portions of the filtrate and tested them severally with other reagents for the alkaloids, with unmistakable returns from all. Then, as I made a careful record of the result in my note-book, I said: "The next step is to identify the alkaloid."

"I would expect strychnine," my assistant remarked, "for I have worked much with strychnine, and these precipitates are like those of strychnine."

CHAPTER LXIII.

"That point must be determined," I replied. "It may be morphine or a mixture. I shall not prejudice myself concerning it." And in the end, after several days had passed, I was fairly well satisfied, although there were some points in connection with the chrome sulphuric acid test which puzzled me. The blue violet colour surely did appear, but it was not as characteristic as I should have liked. But after I obtained white micro crystals of an alkaloid on a slide which gave the reaction, and a mixed precipitate also, which did the same, I said: "You were right in your prediction, Charles; strychnine must be present, and such shall be my testimony before the Court of Stringtown County."

But that evening, for the first time, a question arose in my mind. It came during the dinner hour, when a thoughtless companion asked an idle question that I could not answer, and so turned lightly aside, but it led me to question. I arose from the table and sought my room. I picked up a light novel, but could not interest myself in its contents. I turned to *Chambers's Miscellany,* and by chance opened Volume II. to the record of cases wherein many men had suffered death on circumstantial evidence that in itself seemed with each case to be conclusive of guilt, but which afterward was shown to have been erroneous. That work gave me the shivers. I turned to the Bible, and read part of the Book of Job and laid it down. I picked up a translation of the Talmud, and caught but one sentence:

With the measure with which man metes to men,
It will be measured to him again.

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I closed the book, drew on my overcoat, and in a gathering winter storm started for my laboratory. It was dark, very dark, and yet I went on in the night, for that verse and my disconcerted emotions impelled me to go then and to go there. Lighting up my room, I took out the reagents and the suspected liquid and carefully verified the reactions. I opened the books that are authority on phytochemistry, and studied the pages word by word. Closing them, I stood in thought; then with my hand on the pile of volumes, spoke aloud: "If there be error in this work which I have done, *you* are at fault, not I. But why should I question; am not I a disciple in science and is not science infallible? Is not the chrome reaction of strychnine one of the certainties in chemistry? Even to your bitterness have I tested you," I said, addressing the liquid before me. But still a doubt possessed me, a questioning that would not have been had I possessed enough liquid to obtain large, pure crystals of strychnine; nor would it have been a question in face of the reaction, had no human life been at stake. I raised the window and leaned out of the opening; the scattered flakes of snow that were falling struck my heated forehead, imparting a pleasant tingle with each tiny contact. The cool air was refreshing, for my brain was hot. Dark were the other buildings in the University grounds, dark was the country beyond, for my private laboratory was situated in the second story and permitted a view of the distance. Across the field of my vision came then a stream of moving lights; the night train from the South was approaching, and I watched it until the animated creation disappeared from view behind the building, and next I heard it whistle for the station. Feeling better now, for the cool air and the diversion of thought had relaxed my nerves and soothed my brain, I turned again to my task, determined to go once more with great care over the work and end it. How many minutes I devoted to the manipulation I do not know—it must have taken half an hour—when came a ring of the bell of the outer door. I raised the window, and saw by the feeble light of the transom beneath that two figures stood just outside the entrance. Two of my friends, I conjectured, and with this thought in mind spoke: "Open the door—it is not locked—and follow the lighted hall to my room, No. 13. You need not knock, open the door and enter."

Again I turned to the tube I held in my hand preparatory to the final test, my back to the door, and was thus employed when it opened. A voice I once knew so well, but had thought never to hear again, spoke: "May I come in, Dr. Drew; I would speak to you."

I turned my head. There stood Susie, and behind her, in the background, appeared the familiar face of old Cupe. No pen can record the sensation that came over me, or rather, I should say, overcame me. My hand trembled as I replaced the tube in the rack and next extended it to the girl. "Miss Susie," I said, as I asked her to be seated, "this is unexpected."

Unintentionally I glanced at the clock; the girl's eyes followed mine. "The hour is unseasonable, Professor Drew. I appreciated that fact, but the train was behind time, and I must return early to-morrow morning." She spoke reservedly, and I replied in a similar tone.

"To what do I owe the honour of your visit, Miss Susie? Please be seated," I added, for she had not yet taken the proffered chair. But she made no movement. Standing before me, more beautiful than when in her rustic simplicity last I met her, this girl from Stringtown gazed straight into my eyes, and by that glance threw back into my life the wild love of other days, the love that had never been suppressed, but which, long encysted in my heart, needed but the sight of its creator to cause it to burst again into life.

"I came to meet you, Mr. Drew," she replied, "to ask a question—yes, to beg a favour."

"If in my power to confer, you need but ask to have it granted, Susie."

A smile came over her face, a smile that flitted on the instant. "You have my thanks in advance for your good will; and yet I have not named the favour."

"Susie," I impulsively replied, "your will is law to me. Tell me what you wish."

"Promise me that you will not visit Stringtown until after the next session of our quarterly Court."

I stood in astonishment. "Why do you ask this?"

"Promise me not to come."

"But I have legally contracted to testify before the Court. I am bound to appear. Duty demands it, Susie."

"And does this recently made duty to others so easily overcome your thrice-volunteered pledge to me?"

"My reputation demands that I attend that Court as an expert witness. I shall advance my position as a professional chemist by so doing."

"It is but a little favour that I ask, and already you have promised to grant it. Do you value more your self-ambition than your word to me?"

"I cannot break my contract."

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"A friend of yours bids me say a word to you in case I fail, a friend who knows of my visit here."

"And who may this friend be, Susie?"

"Judge Elford. 'Tell Sammy that I say the American expert chemist is not an honour to science. Tell him that if he values his reputation, while conditions are as now, and chemists sell themselves to the side that pays them gold, to decline to take an expert's part in this or any other case. Tell him that I say keep away from Stringtown during the coming Court session.'"

"The judge has spoken too late, and you came too late, Susie. I am powerless. See"—I pointed to the apparatus about me—"for days have I worked on this Stringtown poison case, have recorded the results, am ready to testify to the facts. I *must* go to that Court; duty calls me."

"And so by means of these glasses you have established the nature of events that once occurred in Stringtown. A man you have not seen for years has died, and you propose to swear concerning the cause of his death?"

"Yes."

"And may I ask, do the sign-glasses augur good to the living, or is the omen such as to lead you to Stringtown to swear a man onto the gallows?"

"Susie, this is not sign lore, this is science. Long since I wiped out of my nature those superstitious signs and omens of which you speak, but which have now no credence with me. This is science, I say, and science speaks unerringly concerning that which is; she tells, too, of things that have passed and predicts those yet to come."

"But you did not answer my question. Do the glasses say that Mr. Nordman died of poison?"

"Yes; but I beg you to keep the fact to yourself. I should not tell you this."

The girl dropped on her knees. "No! I say no! he was not poisoned!" All her composure, her irony, her sarcastic tone of voice, vanished. She wrung her hands, and kneeling thus appeared for the first time a pleading woman, with the heart emotions of a woman. "No, Mr. Drew, I say it was not poison, even if your science swears it!"

"Compose yourself, Susie."

"You are the only man I fear; no other chemist can come to Stringtown County and impress a jury of our people as your words will do, or antagonise them as they may do. Say that you will not come! grant me this favour!"

"I cannot."

She drew from her bosom a folded paper and took from it a pressed and dried blue flower. "When we stood in the path near my old home in Kentucky the day we last met, you gave me this flower, and of your own accord told me that if ever I wished a favour and presented this flower the favour should be granted. 'Whatever it may be and wherever I shall be,' you said, 'you have but to ask.' I bring you now the flower, and on my knees I beg you to fulfil the promise made the country girl long before you contracted with Mr. Putten to read for him the signs in the glasses. Is not the word given to me in the years that have passed as sacred as the legal contract you made but a few days ago? I ask you to drop this case, to come not to Stringtown during the next term of Court. Believe in me, Mr. Drew; accept my pleadings before you do the signs and omens that you read in these tubes and vessels. I am alive, I have breath, consciousness and love. Those vessels are dead, insensible. Will you not take my word before that of lifeless objects, which I, who live and reason, say have not told the truth?"

"I cannot. Ask anything else but this. See, that blue-violet colouration is the result of a reaction of strychnine." I held the vessel and applied the test before her eyes.

Dropping the withered flower on the floor, she arose and placed her foot upon it. "And this you call duty, this breaking of a sacred promise given to one who treasured your words and had no hope for happiness beyond the bare words you then spoke, and those other unframed words you wished to utter. You speak of duty, but this manner of duty that you are acting I call murder, for your words will hang an innocent man!"

"Of whom do you speak, Susie? whom am I to hang by my evidence?"

"Do you not know?"

"I do not."

"Red Head. He is charged with poisoning Mr. Nordman, and lies now in the jail of Stringtown County."

Suddenly there came into my heart a sensation akin to exultation. Red Head, my antagonist of former times, my rival yet, charged with murder, and the evidence resting in my hands to convict him. Once I had a doubt concerning the reaction for strychnine; I came this very evening in a questioning mood, for some things concerning the colour were not quite clear; but there was no doubt now.

"Susie," I said, and I spoke with deliberation, "do you remember the evening Red Head held my hands together and sneered in

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my face, the evening in your home when I told him that never again would I fight him after the manner brutes fight? Do you recollect that I said the time would come when I could use my brain instead of my fists, and predicted that brain would win? Do you recollect this?"

The girl no longer shrank from me, she no longer stood in supplication, but with erect head and flashing eye she answered back: "And this you call the triumph of brain over muscle? The unsophisticated country boy who lies in the jail of Stringtown County's seat is to be hung by you, the talented professor of chemistry in this great University! The prisoner is defenceless, the magic of your art is beyond his grasp or comprehension, and yet he is as innocent as he is defenceless. When the noose tightens about his throat your position as a chemist will be established, you say. God help you, man of science, you who permit ambition to trample down your love for woman, to crush your humanity to man, to break the sacred pledge given in confidence to one who trusted you!"

"Susie, as sure as the sun ever shone I found strychnine in that specimen. As God lives, I swear this."

"And if it should be proven not to be strychnine?"

"That day or night—yes, that very hour, I will pay the penalty with my own life. I know how to mix potions that leave no mark and yet do their work promptly. If this be not strychnine my life goes out."

She turned to the negro, seemingly without having heard my fearful pledge. "Bring the money, Cupe; other inducements than the pleadings of a lone girl must be made to affect a man bound to science."

The negro came forward, bearing a valise, from which he took a heavy box; this he placed on the table near me. "Ma'se Sammy, et am de gol' out ob de ole chist in de grabeya'd. De false bott'm what de little key op'n'd cubahed what de sheriff couldn't fin'."

He opened the box; it was filled with gold coin; never had I seen so much gold, never before had such wealth been within my grasp.

"Take it all, Mr. Drew, and spare Red Head. I ask you to fulfil the promise made me years ago, and I bring you here a fee that will exceed many times that paid by the prosecutor of Stringtown County. By right of priority, by right of a sacred promise, by the professional touch of gold, I ask that you serve me and not the Commonwealth."

"You humiliate me, Susie. I cannot sell myself for gold, you know it."

"Take it all, and keep away from our Court. Let the boy live."

"I shall go to the Court of Stringtown County and testify to the truth." My eyes were fixed upon her face, my voice was firm and determined. She saw that no hope remained.

"You will regret this decision, but I now say never shall your evidence hang Red Head."

"But if he is proven guilty?"

"He must not hang. Now I shall seek the man who will listen to the appeal of justice, who can stand between this uncultured country boy and the scaffold. I came to you of my own will, not by the counsel or consent of Red Head. He defies both you and your art; he said to me: 'Go to the moun'ns of East Kentucky, take this letter'" (she drew a letter from her pocket) "'find the man addressed an' say to him thet Red Head lies in the jail of Stringtown County, charged with murder thet he did not do.'"

I reached out my hand; she did not put the letter into it, but held it before my eyes so that I could read the superscription.

OLD MAN HOLCOMB,
BALD KNOB, KENTUCKY.

She turned to depart, preceded by Cupe, who bore the heavy package of gold; but before she closed the door I spoke yet once again: "Susie, the night is dark; excepting this feeble negro you are alone. Will you not accept my company to your hotel or the railway station? Let us forget that we have had this difference. May I not go with you, Susie?"

"I have no fear of any living person. Of the dead there is no danger." Then she spoke again one last word of appeal. "Mr. Drew, as you value human life—and more lives than one must go if Red Head dies—I beg you not to come to the next Court session of Stringtown County."

I shook my head.

"On your own account I plead with you, do not run this great risk. Grant me this little favour."

Again I refused, and the next moment, alone with my thoughts and with my science provings, my beaker glasses, test tubes and reagents, I stood questioning the future.

(To be concluded.)

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BOOKMAN BREVITIES

The G. P. Putnam's Sons are bringing out a new novel by Grace Denio Litchfield. It is called *The Moving Finger Writes,* from Omar's line, and, as the title suggests, is an interesting and psychological study of the destiny which is the inevitable result of character. Miss Litchfield has written several novels as well as a volume of verse, and this book is said to be in advance of her previous work.

A little novelette of a hundred odd pages comes from a new writer, Gertrude Potter Daniels. The story is entitled *Halamar,* and it is published by the George M. Hill Company. Jean Halamar, an actress, has married a man of wealth, who allows his mother to wreck their happiness. There is a good deal of human nature in the characterisation of the man and wife, and a good deal of fiction in a peculiar and improbable climax.

A rather remarkable title for a novel is *Words That Burn,* which, according to the title-page, is "a romance by Mrs. Lida Briggs Browne," published by Daniel E. Briggs, of Utica, New York. Apparently this is a family affair, and the photograph and autograph of the author, which serve as a frontispiece, give the book a home-like appearance.

Among the religious books of the month from Thomas Whittaker is a collection of *Essays,* by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, which should not be overlooked because it bears the stamp of religion. In the essays one finds a broad-minded point of view which is linked with modern Christianity. In the chapter on "The Morals of Sex" we can fancy the horror with which the following passages may be looked upon by some persons:

> The religion of Christ ought by now to have recovered from the sickly taint of asceticism with which the mummified corpse of dualism infected it in the Thebaid centuries ago. The monk and cloistered nun have never been altogether sane. . . .
>
> We may as well face the fact that marriage is coming more and more to be thought of as a mutual contract between two self-contained persons than as the absorption of the wife's personality by the husband's. And Christianity has done this by transforming the woman from a possession into a person. Do we wish that undone? If not, then all the exhortation of the "conservative"—who is the man with his eyes in the back of his head—all his exhortations to bring back what he calls "the primitive basis of the marriage bond"—is idle. The sacred marriage estate lies before us, not behind.

Dr. McConnell, who is a well-known clergyman of the Episcopal Church, has a gift of making himself very interesting on subjects which are usually treated in the stupid way that is often mistaken for the learned way.

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company have brought out four small books of essays in an attractive white binding. They are entitled: *Spiritual Lessons from the Brownings,* by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.; *Some Ideals in the Education of Women,* by Caroline Hazard; *The Problem of Duty,* by Charles F. Dole, and *The Art of Optimism,* as taught by Robert Browning, by William de Witt Hyde.

The J. B. Lippincott Company are the publishers of a pocket-edition love story, entitled *The Dancing Master,* which is translated by Pauline W. Sill from the French of Adrien Chabot. The dancing-master was a queer little man with a mincing step and a resemblance to one of Hoffman's quaint characters. In the school where he taught dancing there was a beautiful young woman, "who directed the kitchen, inspected the linen, and in the infirmary was a veritable Sister of Charity." The queer little man, with a heart which knows not age, loved Juliette. "The passionate declaration of the little dancing-master had disturbed the even tenor of her way—with but a touch had transformed her from saint to woman, loving and lovable. The avowal of one man had revealed her feelings for another." And this is the theme of the story.

A story doubtless suggested by the life of Cecil Rhodes is *A Millionaire of Yesterday,* by E. Philip Oppenheim and published by the above firm. "Nobility is great, art is great, genius is great, but the key to the pleasure storehouse of the world is a key of gold!" says one of

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Mr. Oppenheim's characters. And yet it was not money which brought happiness to Scarlett Trent. He counted his life and the consummation of his greatest schemes a failure without the love of a certain woman. The book, while not deserving of any serious consideration, contains an interesting plot which arrests one's attention.

It is rather strange that the author of *With Hoops of Steel* should be a woman, who, according to the title-page, is Florence Finch Kelly. The story itself is thoroughly masculine in its theme and in its treatment. It tells of the plains of the far West, of cattlemen and ranchmen, and of man's friendship for man. In fact, it is just the sort of a story that usually comes from a man. Nevertheless, a woman has written it and written it well. The book, which is attractively illustrated, is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

It is pleasing to note that the author of *The Love Affairs of An Old Maid* has dedicated her new novel, *The Expatriates,* to her husband, Arthur Hoyt Bogue. Mrs. Bogue, who is at present living in New York, intends to continue her literary work and her author's readings.

David Harum is responsible for a great deal. Every little while a book comes out which is compared to Mr. Westcott's novel, and which, if unlike *David Harum* in many respects, is at least indebted to him for its existence. Now Lee and Shepard are publishing a story by Charles Clark Munn, entitled *Uncle Terry, a Story of the Maine Coast.* It is said that Mr. Munn is fitted to do for New England what Mr. Westcott has done for rural New York.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are the publishers of Lafcadio Hearn's new book, *Shadowings.* Under this weird title there is a collection of weird and romantic tales told in Mr. Hearn's charming and poetic style. In his dedication, Mr. Hearn writes to his friend, Paymaster Mitchell McDonald, of the United States Navy: "Herein I have made some attempt to satisfy your wish for a few more queer stories from the Japanese." Mr. Hearn's work will receive serious consideration in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN.

The same firm have also brought out an entertaining novel, *Sigurd Eckdal's Bride,* by Richard Voss, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. The scene is laid in Scandinavia, and the story is one of thrilling adventure and dramatic climaxes.

Mr. Lloyd Bryce is a facile writer, and his stories are easy and agreeable reading. Messrs. Harper and Brothers have recently brought out two books by him—*Lady Blanche's Salon,* a story of some souls, and *Friends in Exile,* a bright little tale of "diplomacy, coronets and hearts."

Miss Lyda Farrington Krausé, better known as Barbara Yechton, has published through Houghton, Mifflin and Company *Fortune's Boats.* The story has been running serially in *The Churchman.* Miss Krausé never fails to give one a pleasing picture of the freshness and the purity of girlhood.

Among the attractively illustrated books which are being brought out at this time are *Old Touraine—Life and History of the Famous Châteaux of France* and Victor Tissot's *Unknown Switzerland.* These books are of particular interest to those who have travelled through these countries. The books are from the press of James Pott and Company.

In Mr. Francis Bellamy's introduction to *The Duke of Stockbridge* we learn that Mr. Edward Bellamy wrote this story in 1879 at the request of a local newspaper in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. The story deals with the revolt of the debtor-farmers in 1786 against an oppressive State government.

When the story was completed he refused the offers of publishers, and determined to delay its appearance as a book until after the publication of *Looking Backward,* which had now taken pressing shape in his mind. *The Duke of Stockbridge* was the projection of his sympathies into the form of art; but he knew that, if published then, it would be received merely as a novel, and its depth of meaning would be perceived only by few. Therefore, it seemed better that this tale should wait until he had given, in his next book, his formal and unmistakable definition of proper human relationship.

. . . Shortly before his death he decided upon its publication; and the editing, which should have been finished by his own unerring taste, has been carried on by another, with sensitiveness, if with clumsier hand.

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The book will be published immediately by Silver, Burdett and Company.

The same firm will also publish Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* and *Blue Shirt and Khaki,* by Captain James J. F. Archibald, the war correspondent. Captain Archibald has followed the American Army for many years. He has just returned from the Transvaal, where he was with both British and Boers.

Mr. William S. Booth has compiled for the Macmillan Company a pamphlet entitled *Notes for the Guidance of Authors,* which should prove of value and practical assistance to those without experience. Mr. Booth tells how to prepare a manuscript, how to correct proof, how an author can aid a publisher, and, in fact, explains everything that an author should know about the preparation of his manuscript and the make-up of his book.

Two attractive gift books which have been published by James Pott and Company are *Beautiful Thoughts* from Robert and Elizabeth Browning, arranged by Margaret Shipp, and *Stories From Dreamland,* by William H. Pott. These stories are written for children, and are charmingly illustrated in colour by George W. Bardwell.

From reading *The Image Breakers* one gathers the impression that Miss Gertrude Dix is a laborious and industrious writer, and that just at the present time she is taking life very seriously. And when women grow serious they usually develop strong socialistic tendencies, mingled with a desire to settle the sex question forever. Somewhere in the story Miss Dix says: "In their changed relations she foresaw the sacrifice of much that was precious to her. In her very shrinking from the path, the path seemed clear to her. Her nature, afraid of too much joy, found a certain safeguard in pain. In her profound distrust of herself, her passionate desire for purity of motive, thorns under her feet were dearer to her flesh than flowers." Now, when a woman feels like this there isn't much to do—only it is a pity to write three hundred pages about it. The book, which is thoroughly inoculated with socialism, is published by the F. A. Stokes Company.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers of Mr. Duffield Osborne's *The Secret of the Crater.* Somehow we have a sense of ingratitude in turning the last pages of the story. Such careful work, such elaborate planning and no meagre imagination, too, have gone to make it. It is so excellent, and, alas! we find it so little enjoyable. Are we, perhaps, sated with adventures in lost islands; and may not other fresher readers enjoy where we have only coldly admired? There is a valiant American; there is a lovely princess of Carthaginian descent; there are the usual and some unusual obstacles to their union, with, of course, triumph in the end. But the fighting is well worth watching, if you get concerned about the interests at stake.

Mr. B. Murray Gilchrist has written a novel, entitled *The Courtesy Dame,* which Dodd, Mead and Company have published. We have a feeling in reading his new story that he has expressed what he wished to express. He has not wasted words, though he has sometimes used the wrong ones. The book gives one a certain sense of power. Of its intimate knowledge of Old-World country life in the Midlands, those who know his former work need not be told. Frankly, we do not think it a very likeable book. We are too often put in mind of a slight infusion of Mr. Hardy with a plentiful admixture of Mr. Benjamin Swift, and yet the result is Mr. Gilchrist's genuine own. Even the affectations are his own, and, therefore, to be in a measure respected. The subject, a very painful one, should have been treated with more dignity. The story reads like one out of the *Group of Noble Dames,* unduly expanded, with the sentiment increased to hysterical point and all the delicate irony omitted. The pushing of the girl into other men's arms by the man who is desperately in love with her is a horrible tragedy, and yet we have not the feeling that it is even dealt with seriously. A book with vigour and character, this nevertheless, which wrings admiration in spite of our antipathy.

It is a wonderful thing, the art of Henry James. Just a few penstrokes, one of his interminable and baffling sentences, and there is a situation flashed upon us, or a character made to reveal itself in half a dozen lines! It is an art which defies analysis. There it is; let

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us be thankful for it, and be thankful, too, if we live in a different world. For they are not pleasant people sketched for us here. Henry James takes a harsh, somewhat cynical view of life. But whatever he sees, there is no mistaking the ruthless fidelity with which he reproduces it. The secret of writing the "short" story, as distinguished from the compressed, long story, is said to be to know what to leave out. If this is so, we are, indeed, dealing with a master of the art. A book like this is in no sense easy reading. Much is left to the imagination of the reader, and the crabbed and involved sentences make a heavy demand on his attention. But those who regard fiction as more than a pastime will find *The Soft Side* well repay their study. The book bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company.

The World Railway Publishing Company have brought out a stirring historical romance, entitled *The Romance of Gilbert Holmes,* by Marshall Monroe Kirkman. It deals with the situation in Illinois and the Mississippi River in 1838. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis are among the characters of history introduced.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

STONEWALL JACKSON. By Carl Hovey. In the Beacon Biography Series. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

JOHN BROWN. By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. In the Beacon Biography Series. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

SAM HOUSTON. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. In the Beacon Biography Series. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

STEPHEN DECATUR. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. In the Beacon Biography Series. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS. By Charles W. Chesnutt. In the Beacon Biography Series. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

Stonewall Jackson and *John Brown* are two little biographies which are very creditable to this usually excellent series. It is no light task to give an adequate impression of an eminent man in twenty thousand words. Mr. Chamberlin and Mr. Hovey, however, have succeeded admirably in giving a picture of their men. They have done so by a strict use of the objective method in biography. Each has allowed his interesting subject to stand for itself. The amount of comment in each book is short and incidental; and the emphasis is laid upon putting significant facts in such relief as to show Stonewall and John Brown as they were. Mr. Hovey's style is so "boiled," so reduced to the essential, so much care is taken to select the most direct path, that sometimes the cultivated purpose of the author is apparent. Mr. Chamberlin writes more easily and flowingly and yet sticks very constantly to his subject. John Brown appears in his devoted grandeur in the course of an easy, simple narrative. The career of the pious, picturesque man who failed in business in early life, took up late a great cause, became a bushwhacker and a guerilla for a holy purpose, and fell at Harper's Ferry, is put in a sympathetic, interesting, perspicuous way. Perhaps the most effective part of the book is the account of Brown's interview with Senator Mason and others when he lay wounded and bleeding after the failure of the Harper's Ferry raid. Mr. Chamberlin well says that the report of the conversation as it appeared in the newspaper at the time is a classic; at least, the selection made by Mr. Chamberlin from that report bears out his statement. Mr. Hovey brings out equally well Stonewall's character—his mingled hardness and goodness, his piety and independence. It is made clear how a man can advocate no quarter in war and yet love all mankind in a practical, if not an emotional way. Jackson's military genius, on the other hand, is not quite so adequately pictured. The lightning speed and iron firmness of the hero in action—qualities which make him a phenomenal figure in the public consciousness—do not picturesquely appear in the book, although they are stated well.

The other three books are to a greater or less extent examples of failure in biographical writing. *Sam Houston* is a poorly constructed book. The method is confused and rambling. So many points in connection with the history of the time in which Houston played so striking a rôle are touched upon without adequately explaining them that Houston himself does not stand forth in a central light. It is not a simple, connected account of a related series

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of events with a view to elucidating the character and career of the hero. The faults of *Sam Houston,* however, are faults of workmanship rather than of taste and style. It is the taste and style of the other two books —*Stephen Decatur* and *Frederick Douglass*— which are most noticeable. Each of these books is full of superfluous matter, of unnecessary, voluminous comment and of an uncritical hero-worship. Mr. Brady, in his *Stephen Decatur,* comments continually on the character of his hero, and in very much the same way in the different parts, does not, therefore, show the development of the man, ostensibly (as a matter of delicacy, as it were) glides over the faults and takes the obviously "patriotic" point of view, which is fitter for the poet than for the historian. His language is unchosen and conventional, and the commonplace quality of the sentiment sometimes approaches the naïve point. "Oh, the pity of it!" he abruptly writes after the description of Decatur's death, and ends with the following bit of false rhetoric: "High, brave, loyal and splendid, the great commodore stands before me, a glorious figure; and I salute him, 'The Bayard of the Sea.'" *Frederick Douglass* has all the faults of *Stephen Decatur* and others in addition. It has the sentimental vice of trying to make more of Douglass because of his race than as a man he deserved; and the frequent eulogies take so much space that we are justly indignant at not getting more information. He begins by devoting a valuable page to the very questionable statement that "if it be no small task for a man of the most favoured antecedents . . . to rise above mediocrity, . . . it is surely a more remarkable achievement for a man of the humblest origin . . . to win high honours and rewards, . . . to be deemed worthy of enrolment among his country's great men." On the contrary, it seems to me, that at a time when so many able abolitionists were eager to see the good in any black man and give him all possible help and make the most of his qualities, the possibility of distinction was much greater than under ordinary circumstances; and then, too, Douglass, with his really good abilities, shone more brightly in comparison with the degraded blacks than if he had been white and consequently forced into higher competition.

Hutchins Hapgood.

CHINA'S OPEN DOOR. A Sketch of Chinese Life and History. By Rounsevelle Wildman, M.A., Consul General of the United States at Hong Kong. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA. By George B. Smyth; Rev. Gilbert Reid; Charles Johnston; John Barrett; Robert E. Lewis; Archibald R. Colquhoun; M. Mikhailoff; Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford; His Excellency Wu Ting Fang; Demetrius C. Boulger; General James H. Wilson; the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke. Reprinted by permission from the *North American Review.* New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE. An appeal by her greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with endorsement by the present Emperor Kwang-Su. Translated by Rev. S. I. Woodbridge; with an Introduction by Rev. Griffith John, D.D. New York F. H. Revell Company.

These three books on China are all of intense interest at the moment, and two of them are of permanent value. *The Crisis in China* is of the least importance. It is made up of a collection of short articles reprinted from the *North American Review.* There are chapters on the causes of anti-foreign feeling, on the partition of China, on the struggle for reform, on political possibilities, on the Eastern crisis, on China and the Powers, on mutual helpfulness between China and the United States, on the American policy in China, and others on like topics, all of them by writers who have reasoned opinions on the present chaos in China. The very variety of their conclusions accents the fact that, in general, Occidentals are profoundly ignorant of Chinese character and methods, and fail to realise the multitude of causes that have led to the present situation. Out of this chaos some order has to be drawn. Some workable plan must be found by which China may go on, and under which foreign countries may maintain permanent peaceable trade relations with the Empire.

The main lesson of all these books is that no settlement can be permanent that is not just and right. At the moment of writing these paragraphs it is reported (probably erroneously) that the Germans in China intend to demand the surrender to the Powers of five leaders of the late onslaught on foreigners. If this is not true, it is, at least, generally believed. Imagine a similar case in a European war. Imagine the Germans demanding the surrender of the French empress in 1870, in order that she might be tried and be beheaded as a preliminary to peace proposals! In 1870 France lay at the feet of Germany. If any one supposes that the allied forces now in Peking have a prostrate China at their feet, these books will serve to dispel the illusion.

Mr. Wildman begins his excellent book with the words, "Chinese history becomes interesting when you know, or think you know, the Chinese." The author has lived in the East, in official positions, for a dozen years; and he gives us a picture of the Chinaman—a being

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without nerves, indifferent to the suffering of others or to his own, frugal, industrious, patient, conservative, filial to parents, reverent to ancestors, a good citizen (in the two millions of Canton's inhabitants there are but two police courts, which hold their sessions only in the afternoon), a brave soldier under good leadership, punctual in paying his debts, his word as good as his bond; or, on the other hand, especially in the official classes, mendacious, untrustworthy, astute, corrupt, avaricious, built up of intrigue, yielding only to *force majeure*.

Ten of the fourteen chapters are devoted to a summary of the history of China from 2852 B.C. to July, 1900, and the work is admirably well done. The essential facts of this long history have been compressed into a few pages and the proper historical perspective (to European eyes) has been preserved. At the same time these chapters are written in a light and agreeable style, which is, under the circumstances, something of a feat. If the history were accompanied by a full chronological table of events and dynasties, it would be a great convenience to the reader. Outlandish names and utterly unfamiliar events are hard to fix in the memory without some such apparatus.

There are a few paragraphs that, perhaps, need revision. I am writing far from books of reference, but I think that the statement (p. 106) that China was never a seafaring nation is contradicted by the fact of her trade with India, which was well established long before the days of Marco Polo. Kublai Khan was able to send an army of 100,000 men to Japan in seagoing junks. Perhaps, again, the significance of Kublai Khan's request to the brothers Polo to bring Christian teachers into China is underestimated; and the influence of the Jesuits at the Chinese Court in the time of Louis XIV. certainly is. It seems that Christianity might have become established as the State religion twice in China's history if it had not been for Western apathy.

Mr. Wildman's chapter on the commercial outlook is very interesting on several accounts. The Chinese are not anxious for our Western goods. Their conservatism stands in the way. "Gunboats, earnestness and diplomacy will," Mr. Wildman says, "give us our place in the Chinese market;" "the fear of the warship is the beginning of trade;" "there is only one kind of diplomacy that the Chinese understand, and that is brute force. You may temper it with justice, but the force must be plainly in evidence." Mr. Wildman's pages on "Leases and Land-Grabs" by the nations and the present situation in China seem to suggest that justice tempered with gunboats might have been a better policy than the one recommended and actually adopted—namely, gunboats tempered with justice. It is impossible to lay too much stress on the fact that the Chinese are not Guinea negroes nor red Indians, and that no settlement of China can possibly be permanent unless it is founded on justice, nor unless the Chinese themselves recognise the settlement to be so founded. A thousand years of their history, as recited in Mr. Wildman's own book, proves this fact again and again.

What the Chinese are and what the best of them are now earnestly seeking is told in the very remarkable book of the Viceroy Chang, admirably epitomised and translated by Dr. Woodbridge. This is a volume that should be in the hands of every one who wishes to understand China, and especially in the hands of every American statesman who desires a lasting settlement of a profoundly complex problem. Chang is, so we are told (and his book proves the saying), "a man of profound scholarship, wide information, great mental energy and restless activity. He is endowed with a strong will and no little courage and daring. As a public officer he is distinguished for his loyalty, his purity and unselfish devotion to the good of the people and to the well-being of the empire. The love of money does not seem to be in him. All the wealth that flows into his *yamen* is spent on public works and public charity. He is one of China's greatest men." His book was written just after the Chino-Japanese War, and is now first translated. "It met with such an enthusiastic and eager reception by the Chinese that we can safely estimate the number of copies distributed at a million." The quotations are from the writings of Christian missionaries. Their estimate is fully borne out by the book itself. Here we see that China has at least one great reformer, and that he has a magnificent following. The Viceroy Chang is a reformer of the most radical type and a statesman as well. He insists on the maintenance of all that is good in China, and points out the road to betterment in the state, the army, the school. He is liberal. The way to advance is to "reform the government and not everlastingly to combat other religions." He is practical. His object is to protect the empire, the religion (Confucianism) and the race. To these ends he recommends intercourse with other nations, the acquisition of useful knowledge, foreign travel, the establishment of the right kind of schools (China is full of schools now, but not of the right kind), study of foreign institutions, extensive translation of

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books, newspaper reading, reform of methods, practical instruction for the farmer, mechanic and merchant—and for the army, development of mines and railways and religious toleration. The immense programme marked out is explained and enforced with eloquence. In the first place, its details are shown to be consistent with justice, with tradition and with the best interests of China. These essential points having been settled, the means of carrying out each part of the programme are discussed. The qualities of the patriot and of the statesman are combined in an ideal plan, worked out in practical form. If American diplomacy in China succeeds in gaining time, such men as the viceroy and his million of influential readers (for his readers belong to the ruling class) will support the emperor in his cherished plans of reform. American gunboats could not be better employed than in enforcing their plea for time and scope. No permanent solution of the Chinese problem can be reached except through the Chinese themselves, and the reform-party, though strong, needs the support of the foreign powers.

Edward S. Holden.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN PROSE. A Popular Handbook to the Greater Prose Writers of the Century. By W. J. Dawson. New York: T. Whittaker. $2.00.

The title of this volume will be misleading to one who expects from it a discussion of how modern prose came to be what it is. The sub-title would express the book's real scope and purpose, except that it is distinctly a misstatement, for the first four authors treated—Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke and Gibbon—all died before the century began. The selection of authors in a volume of this kind is at best arbitrary, but since Mr. Dawson did go back into the eighteenth century we cannot help wondering at the absence of Addison and Steele, whose names are, perhaps, the first suggested by the title; since he deals with Emerson, it seems strange that he should not even mention Hawthorne or Irving; and we have surely a right to expect some treatment of Pater and Matthew Arnold in a volume which devotes a chapter each to Froude and Robertson. Mr. Dawson reserves the *Makers of Modern Fiction* for a future volume, and republishes a former volume, devoted to the *Makers of Modern Poetry*. The parcelling out of such a man as Goldsmith on this threefold plan would seem to involve a treatment of him in all three volumes, or a very meagre estimate in any one. But Mr. Dawson's interest is merely in the man and his message, and he treats whom he pleases in whatever place and manner he pleases. He is essentially a hero-worshipper. His two chief heroes are Johnson and Carlyle; but the lesser lights which surround these two come in for such unqualified praise that it seems as if the author were saying of each in turn that he was the greatest of them all. This wholesome admiration is refreshing in an overcritical age. It does one good to see Mr. Dawson's enthusiasm over Dr. Johnson, faults and all, and then to turn in the next chapter to his sympathetic and delicate appreciation of Goldsmith. After all, the most conspicuous thing about the book is not its limitations, which are many and obvious, but its all-round justice. Mr. Dawson always sees life from the standpoint of his hero, and champions him against all comers. Even Gibbon, for whom he has less enthusiasm than for any of the others, is defended with what reads like a delightful bit of *naïveté:* "It is impossible to grudge Gibbon the two or three thousand pounds which he received from the Government, when we recollect the sort of men who grew wealthy through the lifelong plunder of the public purse."

This love of his heroes is the cause of some fine, suggestive expositions and of one serious blemish. The chapter on Froude is inserted merely for an opportunity to exclaim against his "most mendacious of biographies," and to defend Carlyle again in his relations with his wife, though too many futile pages had already been devoted to that subject. Mr. Dawson is almost pathetic in his reiteration of the statements that the Carlyles lived together "upon the most delightful terms," that "no two persons ever loved each other more tenderly than these two," that "it was simply because these two were so much to each other that the slightest variation of temperature in their affection was so keenly and instantaneously felt by each," and that the "reported infelicities . . . depend on the testimony of one or two witnesses whose word is worthless." After such complete partisanship one almost wonders at Mr. Dawson's daring to admire Macaulay, yet the faults in Macaulay's *History* are as vigourously defended as the same faults in Froude are condemned. In fact, poor Froude is nothing but a scapegoat; his condemnation is as absolute as the appreciation of the others is unqualified. In spite of his partiality and positiveness, indeed largely because of them, Mr. Dawson's book will be found an illuminating and stimulating introduction to the authors treated.

Henry David Gray.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE EXPATRIATES. By Lilian Bell. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Lilian Bell has written a very readable and clever novel, and in *The Expatriates* has found a title fully as happy as *The Exiles,* under which Mr. Richard Harding Davis introduced the personages of his romance of Americans living among the strange surroundings of Tangier. The years which the author of *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid* spent in Europe have not been wasted. She went frankly for the purpose of "copy," and she found it, with the result that she has given us an interesting story of the American colony of Paris—of that life where the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Arc de Triomphe meet. She has broadened much since she wrote *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* and *The Under Side of Things,* and in the novel at present under discussion she combines the brightness and ease of her earlier books with a certain charm and strength which comes of maturity.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Lilian Bell is now Mrs. Arthur Hoyt Bogue. There is an interesting story in connection with the manner in which she gathered much of the material for *The Expatriates.* When she went to Paris, she was launched, through fortunate introductions, into the smartest Parisian society. Pretending that she spoke no French, purposely avoiding Americans and making herself as inconspicuous as possible, she obtained the most unvarnished opinions of herself, of her behaviour, her personal appearance and of Americans in general. After some particularly choice criticism she would ask for a translation, and would be sweetly told that her neighbours were merely remarking that she had lovely hair.

A writer with sufficient sense of humour to enjoy this is certain to turn out something that is worth reading. Lilian Bell understands types, although at times she is prone to exaggeration. She also sees clearly through patriotic eyes the faults of her own countrymen and countrywomen, and has written of them with a frankness which is likely to call considerable criticism down upon her head. With an appreciation of what is dramatic material, Lilian Bell has seized upon the notorious fire at the Bazar de la Charité for the opening chapter of her story. This is, so far as the present writer knows, the first time that the frightful catastrophe of the Rue Jean Goujon has been brought into fiction; and in *The Expatriates* the event and the grim and terrible irony attendant upon it are treated with fine, tragic power:

> The next day the papers contained lists of the dead and injured—all women. Then people began to whisper, then to murmur, then to speak openly. Accusation followed innuendo, until Paris society was on the verge of complete disruption. Some challenges were made, but these opened up such a series of internal wars that the newspapers finally announced that it was a woman's bazaar, and that no men had been present, . . . but in spite of no men having been present, day after day one saw carriages, with servants in deep mourning, arriving in the Champs Élysées and the Bois, containing dignified old men done up in bandages guiltless either of blood or healing salve, while padded young dandies wore their arms in splints with admirable patience and fortitude.
>
> Paris discreetly winked the eye and paid visits of condolence and went to masses for the dead women, while continuing to receive the living men.

The Marquis d'Auteuil, his mother, the marquise, and his sister, the comtesse, are creatures brimming over with malice and treachery. Their intrigues with the Hollendens, rich Americans and expatriates, form the plot of the story. Maria Hollenden is a type not new in fiction, bearing a very close resemblance, for instance, to the Miss Hunks of Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby,* a hideous creature, mentally decadent. She is under five feet in height, "with brown claws for hands, arms the size of a lamb's leg and a brown, stringy neck." It is this monstrosity of a woman who ultimately becomes Madame la Marquise d'Auteuil. The Marquis naturally does not relish his prize. In a witty moment of cruelty he expresses himself as not daring to be married in the Madeleine "for fear the little monkey should be frightened, and run up one of the columns." About Maria's sister Rose, whose pink freshness is like a fragrant perfume, there is something big and fine and unconventional. She towers above the faded and jaded Frenchwomen and commands attention and admiration from the time, at the beginning of the story, she rescues an unfortunate woman from an unpleasant situation in Chicago until, at the American Ambassador's reception in Paris, she compels the guests to do homage to the flag which once floated over the battle-ship *Maine.* True, Rose is a somewhat spectacular heroine, but perhaps for that reason she is sure to be a popular one. The Marquis d'Auteuil tries to compromise Rose. He fights a duel in consequence, and ultimately marries her unfortunate sister,

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whose wild passion for him causes him to hate her. The poor woman wills him her fortune, and then goes to a tragic death on the ill-fated *Bourgogne*. This, by the way, is another dramatic scene in which the author has made use of recent history. Mr. Hollenden sums up the situation rather cleverly in the following passage, which brings the story to a close:

I wouldn't have missed coming to Paris for a good deal. It's been an eye-opener. And I wouldn't have missed knowing the comtesse. She's been an education to me. Her family, in one way or another—mostly the other—have got enough money out of my family to last them comfortably for life. I've given her diamonds worth a fortune. But she's welcome to them. I've been a mark, nothing but a mark, for all Paris. I've been overcharged at every shop, every hotel, every restaurant I've gone into. I believe the news of my arrival was spread through the police. I've paid for broken windows I never looked through, broken chairs I never sat in, dishes I never ordered, and drinks I never saw. Whenever I go to a hotel, they look over the repairs they need, and put 'em in my bill. I've paid commissions and taxes and extras and sundries until I wonder now how I could have been such a fool. I've alienated my children's affections, and sneered at my native land, and made more kinds of a damned fool of myself than *any* man ever did before. And I'm broken-hearted, John. I'm wrecked. I've got only one ambition left in life, and that is to get *home*. I want to make up to my children for all I've done to them. I want to see the flag again—I tell you, man, it takes the French to make you appreciate Old Glory. I want to shake the dust of this infernal town off my feet and get back to honesty and sincerity. The honest rascality of American business methods that I've fought all my life is like the teaching of the Bible compared to the slipperiness of the French. I feel mean to think that I stayed over here while war was going on. I've subscribed ten thousand dollars in Rose's name for the sick soldiers, and I'm going home to make those children hold their heads up again.

Flora Mai Holly.

THE WEST END. By Percy White. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

Mr. White opens his story with these paragraphs:

Among the minor compensations of Providence for the encouragement of human endurance it has been granted to the man endowed with humour to discharge mean and unhonoured offices, if not with enjoyment, at least with a certain retaliatory sense of personal satisfaction.

To have acquired the art of laughing at ourselves is to have mastered the elements of the least depressing form of practical philosophy.

Now, Mr. White has acquired this art. He pictures the little weaknesses and the petty vanities of human nature in a really humorous manner, and with it all there is a kindliness which is very attractive. The story is told by one Rupert Atherton, a "little, lame, insignificant person," who records the rise of the Treadaways, "one of those pushing, energetic families of the later Victorian period, which are the flower of our commercial energy and the blossom of industrial success." Rupert is a student of types, clever, cynical and diplomatic, and he makes good "copy" of every one he meets. The story tells principally of John Treadaway, a wealthy and prosperous manufacturer of jam, and Mrs. Treadaway, a beautiful woman "in the Indian summer of her youth," who enter London society through a side door. They rapidly develop in the smart set—that is, in a set "where smartness is only another name for middle-class friskiness." Nothing is exaggerated, and in consequence the reader finds genuine enjoyment in the types presented and in the atmosphere, which does not depend upon any one person or upon any particular situation. It is also interesting to note that the author, although an Englishman, writes with admirable frankness of the South African War. The Treadaways have a son and a daughter, and it is Rupert's mission in life to keep their affairs straight. The first sorrow which befalls Sir John Treadaway (note his title!), and which brings about the climax of the story, is when word comes from South Africa of the death of his son:

. . . Sorrow sat as strangely on that prosperous, resolute countenance as a meek beggar-maid in a plush chair of state. The blow to his stalwart pride was a double one. He had lost his son, and his faith in the all-conquering mission of the British Empire had been shaken. Who knows? He may even have felt that his own strong grip on material success left shadowy cravings clamorous and unfed. Like the rest of England at that critical moment, he feared that the rulers whom he had trusted were guiding a confiding people into the quicksands. The doctrine of British infallibility had been rudely shaken; the pompous ideals, which he mistook for patriotism, were mournfully draped with crape.

THE PLAIN MISS CRAY. By Florence Warden. New York: F. M. Buckles & Company. $1.25.

When the title of a book announces that the heroine is plain we may be sure that she is possessed of mental qualities which enable her to surpass in every way the beauty to whom the author will certainly introduce us; and *The Plain Miss Cray* is not unusual in this

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respect. Far be it, indeed, for Miss Warden to disappoint us in any particular; she knows what her readers expect, and she deals out her sensationalism in a generous and most agreeable manner. Her books remind one of fortune-telling by cards; there is always the dark or light "lady friend" who will prove treacherous, the journey in the past or future, a letter, a secret, a fortune, a robbery, a sudden death —her deaths are very sudden, being as a rule murders—and last, but by no means least, a villain, none of your strayed-for-the-first-time-never-do-it-again villains, but a deep-dyed Sing Sing-for-life type, of gentlemanly and airy manners, who usually avoids, by a most opportune demise, the disgrace of hanging. In this, her latest book, we have the murder; but here robbery is replaced by bigamy, and the gentle perpetrator of this crime is so guileless and shrinking, so entirely unselfish in the matter, and so evidently influenced by older and more calculating heads that her second husband promptly forgives and forgets all and loves her more madly than ever. In this century of ours, it isn't what one does, but rather how one does it.

From the description of the house where Miss Cray, the heroine, and her friends are staying, we expect to be introduced to sliding panels and underground passages or, at the very least, a trap-door leading to some murky vault; but the author shows her versatility in having the house remarkable only for its general neglect and dampness, with a potato patch for the sole decoration of the front lawn. Mrs. Jesmond-Cray, the heroine's mother, is very amusing as the indefatigable matchmaker, whose ruling passion is quite palpable, and the plain-daughter is a bright, sensible, wholesome sort of a girl, who makes a much better match than her pretty sister. The imperturbability of all the characters in the face of the most thrilling and extraordinary events wins our intense admiration, and we draw a breath of satisfaction and relief when all is happily adjusted, the mateless one mated, the villain out of the way forever, and the heroine in the arms of her lover.

THE BENNETT TWINS. By Grace Marguerite Hurd. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Miss Hurd, a new writer, has in this book done good work. She has written a book without a purpose, without a problem, without psychological subtleties and without a meaningless title. In other words, she has written a bright, humorous and healthy story to be read by those young persons who are young enough to enjoy this sort of a tale and by those old persons who are old enough to be rather weary of problems. The Bennett twins were a sturdy, self-reliant pair of orphans, not yet eighteen, who determined to try an experiment. The experiment was prompted by their ambitions, for one of the twins, Don, longed to be an artist; and Agnes, with dancing eyes and little curls, full of life and mischief, longed to be a singer. So they leave their home in Maine and go to New York. To be sure, they have but a hundred dollars between them, but they have pluck and youthful determination. There are amusing descriptions of the little studio which they rent and which they have such fun in furnishing, and very lifelike pictures of the art school and the art students. Failure meets them, but does not vanquish them. Their sense of humour is always near them to help them out and to make for them numerous friends. There is nothing in the story that is not pleasant and wholesome, and the Bennett twins deserve the success which doubtless awaits them.

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THE BOOK MART

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1900.

September is an important month for the bookselling trade generally, not only because it marks the commencement of autumn business, but because also the amount and features of the business transacted are to some extent indicative of what is likely to follow during the remainder of the season. It was not expected that the month would be of the record-breaking kind, for notwithstanding the fact that business so far has been remarkably good, this year is not an ordinary one, and estimates of trade during election times are naturally conservative. It is well that such is the case, for although the month was, relatively speaking, a good one, and not below the average as regards sales, yet the feeling is pretty general that it might have been better. It is easy to perceive among booksellers, although existing, perhaps, at present only in a slight degree, a disposition toward caution and a hesitancy when buying stock for anything beyond current needs, and this condition is not likely to be removed until the election is over.

Sales of popular books are increasing daily now, and it is already evident that holiday trade in this class of literature will attain enormous dimensions. It is worthy of notice in this connection that at this time last year interest was centred in practically three books—namely, *David Harum, Richard Carvel* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* which led sales to an extent far beyond any of their compeers. This year interest is spread over a large area, and while there are no books selling so largely as the two first named sold then, sales are more even and better right down the line, the aggregate of, say, the first twenty books, being just as large as it was last year.

New publications last month were even more numerous than is usually the case in September, and several of what will be the leading books of the season appeared. Those which are starting off best are *Uncanonised,* by Margaret Horton Potter; *Alice of Old Vincennes,* by Maurice Thompson; *The Master Christian,* by Marie Corelli; *Sons of the Morning,* by Eden Phillpotts, and *Quisanté,* by Anthony Hope. A still larger output is promised for this month, and, in fact, the publishing season seems to be a little more forward than usual, which is a decided advantage to both publisher and bookseller. Besides this, it is an important factor in the chances of a book which contains the elements of popularity for it to be published as early in the season as possible. It gives the public a better opportunity to get acquainted with it.

General demand is good at present and remarkably uniform. Country business is brisk and calling for all classes of books, from popular fiction to cheap sixteenmos, and library trade likewise shows an upward tendency.

The older favourites among popular fiction, such as *David Harum, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* are keeping up their sale in a remarkable manner, and are still prominent in the list of best selling books. A marked increase is apparent in the demand for *Eben Holden* and *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,* and both books are likely to become even more prominent in sales.

The following is a list of the books which led the demand last month:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Uncanonised. By Margaret Horton Potter. $1.50.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Handsome Brandons. By Katherine Tynan. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

Battling for Atlanta. By Byron A. Dunn. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, August 20 to September 20, 1900.

Were a census of opinion to be taken throughout the trade, it would doubtless result in the verdict that the past month has been the quietest throughout the present year. It is to be hoped that low-water mark has at length been reached, and indeed as we write indications are not wanting that the tide is now on the turn, although it would certainly be hazardous to prophesy, with a Parliamentary election in view, any extensive improvement in the near future.

The complaint is very general that the book-buying public have for a considerable period limited their purchases to fiction, quite to the neglect of the more solid kinds of literature. The 6s. novel is still the *pièce de resistance,* and has composed almost the total amount of business transacted. *A Master of Craft,* by W. W. Jacobs; *Winefred,* by S. B. Gould; *The Fourth Generation,* by Sir W. Besant; *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg,* by Mark Twain, together with others by popular authors, have appeared and have sold well. They have, however, been quite overshadowed by Marie Corelli's *The Master Christian,* the sales of which have been phenomenal.

Works on sport have continued to be in steady demand. The scholastic world has been in evidence, although there does not appear to have been such a large demand for this particular class of book as has been experienced in former years. The number of translations from classical authors are, however, a distinct feature in the present educational season, and the various subjects of Geography, History,

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and Science now treated in the graded reader form are so numerous, most of them enjoying a brisk circulation, that it is extremely difficult to designate any as preponderating.

There has been no work of importance upon China issued during the month, but some of the works previously mentioned in these columns have commanded a steady sale. *With the Boer Forces,* by C. H. Hillegas, has sold well, and *The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed,* by C. H. Thomas, has been in frequent demand; while *The Absent-Minded War,* by a British officer, still continues to move briskly. Sales of sixpenny reprints, although diminishing slightly as the holiday season closes, have been very extensive throughout the month. They occasion, however, a large amount of extra labour and packing with a minimum amount of remuneration. A gentleman having recently entered a West End shop and purchased one copy, cost price 4½d., requested that it might be sent to his address, situated at a distance of about one and a half miles. Verily the public have been educated to expect good value for money expended!

The advent of the *Monthly Review* takes place as we go to press, and a fair amount of orders have been placed for the first number.

The following is a list of books most in demand during the month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)

Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

Senator North. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (J. Lane.)

The Attaché at Peking. By A. B. F. Mitford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)

A Courtesy Dame. By R. M. Gilchrist. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Meiklejohn's Educational Works.

The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

Putnam's Sons:
- Literary Hearthstones. Marion Harland.
- The Bible in Spain. George Borrow.
- A History of Greece. Evelyn Abbott, M.A.
- Ned Myers. James Fenimore Cooper, with an Introduction by G. Pomeroy Keese.
- A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. Parke Godwin.
- Sons of the Morning. Eden Phillpotts.
- Later Love Letters of a Musician. Myrtle Reed.
- Meditations of the Heart. Annie Josephine Levi.
- The World's Orators, vols. 3, 5 and 6. Guy Carleton Lee.
- Education and the Philosophical Ideal. Horatio W. Dresser.
- The Diary of a Dreamer. Alice Dew-Smith.
- The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. Friedrich Nippold.

Saalfield Publishing Company:
- The Madonna and Christ. Franklin Edson Belden.
- Indian Club Swinging. Frank E. Miller.
- Tess, an Educated Chimpanzee. Martha E. Buhre.

Harper and Brothers:
- The Moon Metal. Garrett P. Serviss.
- The Pageantry of Life. Charles Whibley.
- The Expatriates. Lilian Bell.
- Chloris of the Island. H. B. Marriott-Watson.
- The Son of Carleycroft. Theodore Burt Sayre.
- The Idiot at Home. John Kendrick Bangs.
- His Wisdom, the Defender. Simon Newcomb.
- Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture. *John Duncan Quackenbos.*
- The Dishonour of Frank Scott. M. Hamilton.
- Conversations with Prince Bismarck.
- The Lost Continent. Cutcliffe Hyne.
- St. Peter's Umbrella. From the Hungarian of Kálmán Mikszáth.
- The Infidel. M. E. Braddon.
- Charming Renée. Arabella Kenealy.
- Friends in Exile. Lloyd Bryce.

Brentano:
- The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama. W. L. Courtney.
- A Royal Rhetorician. King James VI. and I.

Health Culture Company:
- The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features. By twenty physicians and specialists, edited by Albert Turner.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
- Paul of Tarsus. Robert Bird.
- The Referendum in America. Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.
- Afield and Afloat. Frank R. Stockton.
- Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power. Imbert de St. Amand.
- Buddha and Buddhism. Arthur Lillie.
- Oliver Cromwell. Theodore Roosevelt.
- Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.
- The Outdoor Handy Book. D. C. Beard.
- Brethren of the Coast. Kirk Munroe.
- The Jack of All Trades. D. C. Beard.
- The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. Frank R. Stockton.
- The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. Frank R. Stockton.
- Stories. Frank R. Stockton.
- The Golden Legion, or Lives of the Saints, as Englished by William Caxton.
- The Girl and the Governor. Charles Warren.
- Fairies and Folk of Ireland. William Henry Frost.
- Periods of European Literature. Edited by Professor Saintsbury.
- Among the Himalayas. L. A. Waddell.
- Paul Jones. 2 vols. Augustus C. Buell.
- A Christmas Sermon. Robert Louis Stevenson.

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The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Thomas Nelson Page.
The World of the Great Forest. Paul du Chaillu.

D. Appleton and Company:
The Boers in War. Howard C. Hillegas.
The Storied West Indies. Frederick A. Ober.
A Private Chivalry. Francis Lynde.

R. H. Russell:
A Hand-Book of Golf for Bears. Frank Verbeck. Verses by Hayden Carruth.
Song of a Vagabond Huntsman. Charles Lever. Pictured by William A. Sherwood.
The Folks in Funnyville. Pictures and Verses by F. Opper.
Americans. Drawn by C. D. Gibson.
Knickerbocker's History of New York. Washington Irving.
The Moon Babies. Verses by G. Orr Clark. Pictures by Helen Hyde.
The Ballad of the Prince. Alice Archer Sewall.
A New Wonderland. L. Frank Baum.
Down South. Pictures by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., with a preface by Joel Chandler Harris.
The Little Boy Book. Helen Hay. Pictures by Frank Verbeck.
A Child's Garden of Verse. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Nanny. T. E. Butler.
In and Out of the Nursery. Eva Eickemeyer Rowland. Pictured by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

F. A. Stokes:
Quisanté. Anthony Hope.
Sport in War. Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell.
The Image Breakers. Gertrude Dix.
Wounds in the Rain. Stephen Crane.
Robert Orange. John Oliver Hobbes.
Love and Mr. Lewisham. H. G. Wells.

World Railway Publishing Company:
The Romance of Gilbert Holmes. Marshall Monroe Kirkman.

Whittaker:
Essays. S. D. McConnell, D.D.

Henry Holt and Company:
Source Book of English History. Guy Carleton Lee.
The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. W. M. Thackeray. Edited with an Introduction and Explanatory and Critical Notes by William Lyon Phelps.
Men of Marlowe's. Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
John Thisselton. Marian Bower.

Truslove, Hanson and Comba:
The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell.

Fords, Howard and Hulbert:
Kelea: The Surf-Rider. Alexander Stevenson Twombly.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
The Wall Street Point of View. Henry Clews.

James Pott and Company:
Stories from Dreamland. William H. Pott.
Beautiful Thoughts from Robert and Elizabeth Browning, arranged by Margaret Shipp.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
The Circular Study. Anna Katharine Green.
An Eagle Flight. Dr. José Rizal.
American Fights and Fighters. Cyrus Townsend Brady.
The Fugitives. Morley Roberts.

Century Company:
St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas.
The Strenuous Life. Theodore Roosevelt.
The Century Book of the American Colonies. Elbridge S. Brooks.
College Administration. Charles F. Thwing.
Hugh Wynne. S. Weir Mitchell.
The Gospel of Wealth. Andrew Carnegie.
The Golden Book of Venice. Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull.
Pretty Polly Perkins. Gabrielle E. Jackson.
Josey and the Chipmunk. Sydney Reid.
Hard-Pam. Geraldine Bonner.

Doubleday and McClure Company:
The Dumany's Wife. Maurus Jokai.
The Little Bible. J. W. Mackail.
Through the First Antarctic Night. Memoirs of Countess Potocka. Edited by Casimir Stryienski, translation by Lionel Strachey.

Eaton and Mains:
Choosing a Lifework. Lewis Ransom Fiske.
Illustrative Notes. Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D.D. Robert Remington Doherty, Ph.D.

Baker and Taylor Company:
The Real David Harum.
The Salt-Box House. Jane de Forest Shelton.
Making a Life. Cortland Myers.
Expansion. Josiah Strong.
Short-Story Writing. Charles Raymond Barrett.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:
Half a Dozen Thinking Caps. Mary F. Leonard.
The Play Lady. Ella Farman Pratt.
Playground Toni. Anna Chapin Ray.
The Art of Optimism as Taught by Robert Browning. William de Witt Hyde.
The Problem of Duty. Charles F. Dole.
Some Ideals in the Education of Women. Caroline Hazard.
Spiritual Lessons from the Brownings. Amory H. Bradford. D.D.
Literary Essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Selected and edited by George A. Watrous.
The Model Prayer. G. B. F. Hallock.
The Heresy of Parson Medlicott. Omogen Clark.
When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door. G. H. C. Macgregor.
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1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Conquest of Arid America. Smythe. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Bennett Twins. Hurd. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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